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# The Spirit

of Woman In the Moon

A New Age Literary News Magazine

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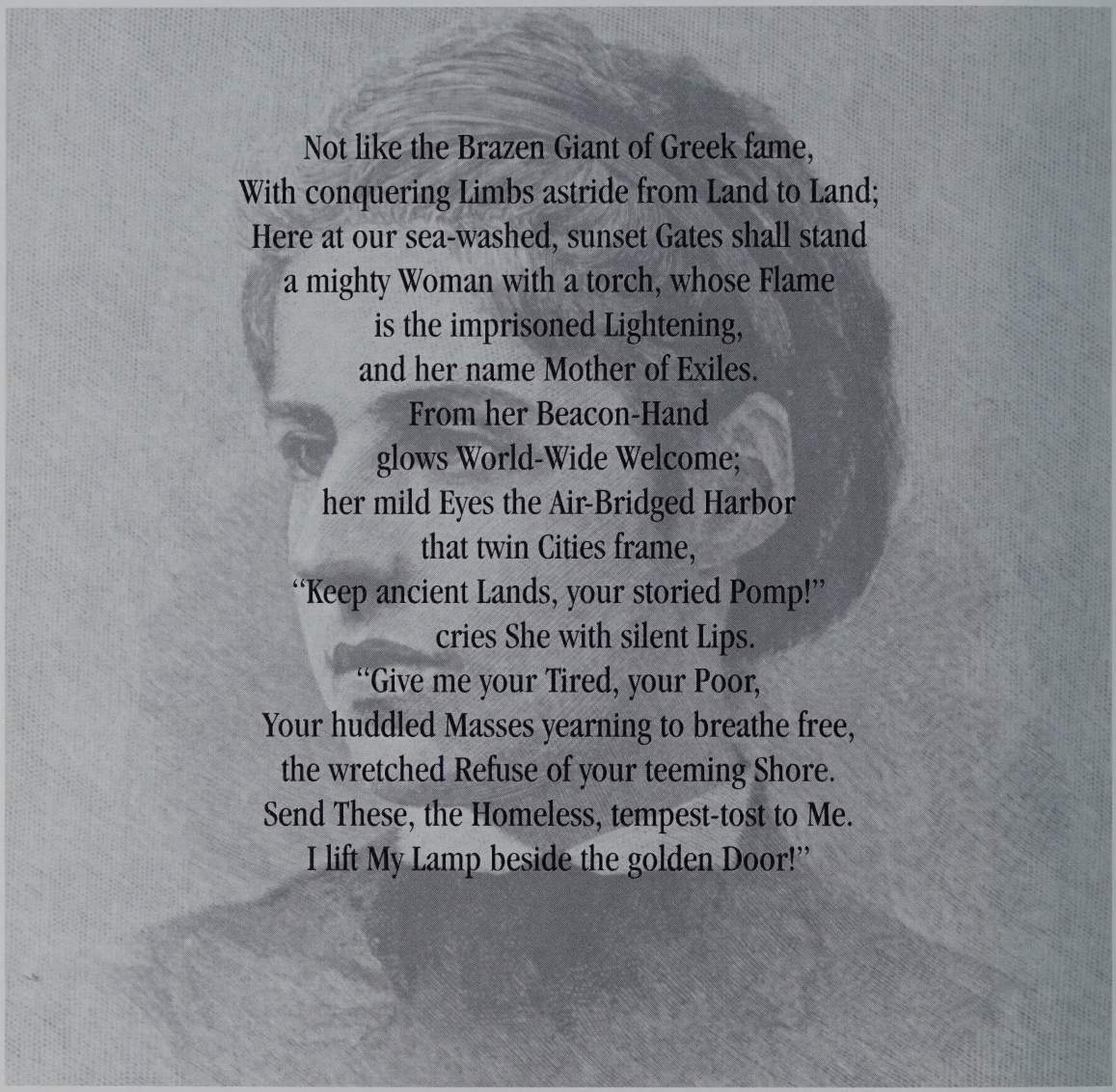
# The New Colossus

## (The Statue of Liberty)

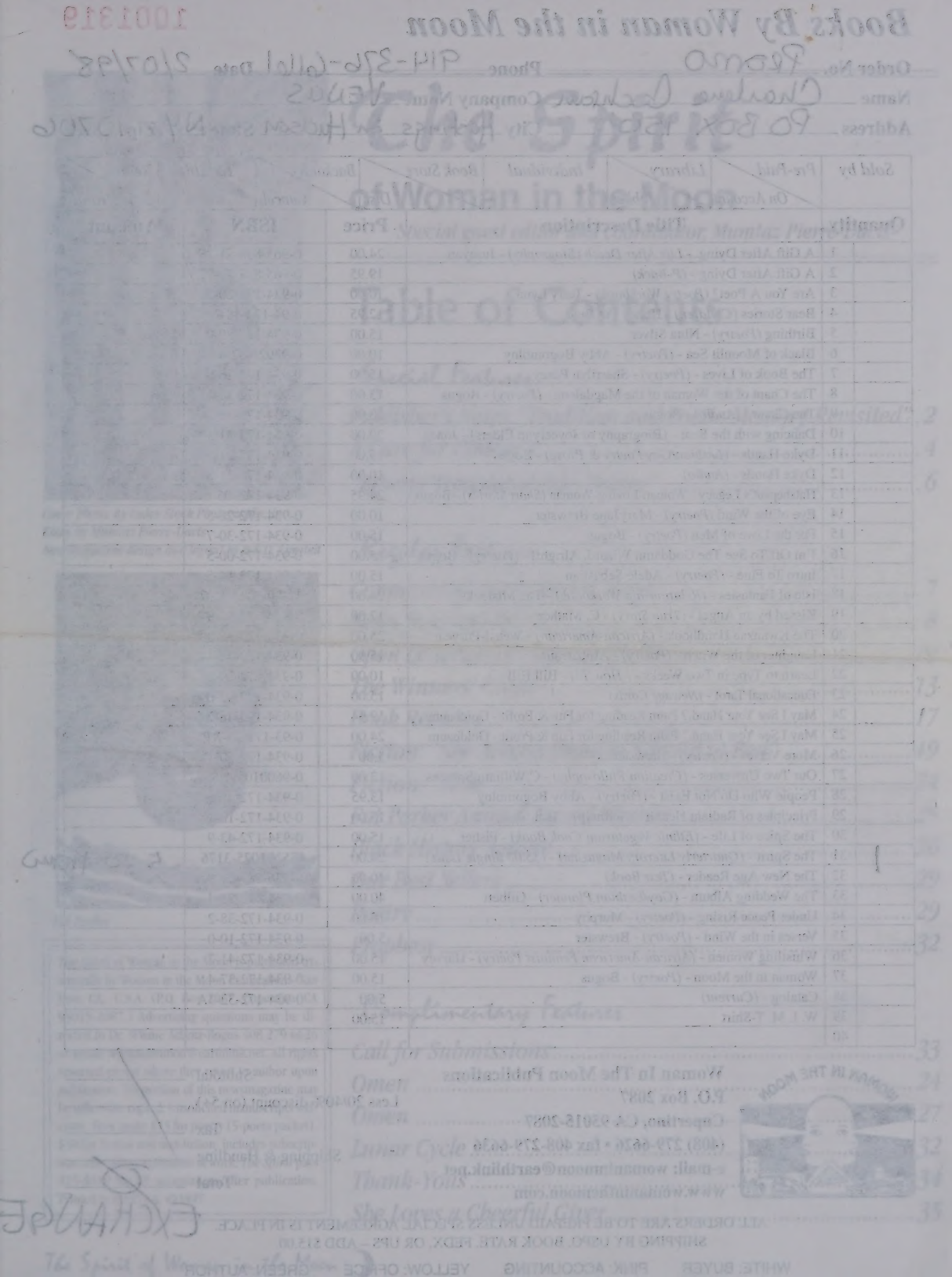


Not like the Brazen Giant of Greek fame,
With conquering Limbs astride from Land to Land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset Gates shall stand
a mighty Woman with a torch, whose Flame
is the imprisoned Lightening,
and her name Mother of Exiles.
From her Beacon-Hand
glows World-Wide Welcome;
her mild Eyes the Air-Bridged Harbor
that twin Cities frame,
"Keep ancient Lands, your storied Pomp!"
cries She with silent Lips.
"Give me your Tired, your Poor,
Your huddled Masses yearning to breathe free,
the wretched Refuse of your teeming Shore.
Send These, the Homeless, tempest-tost to Me.
I lift My Lamp beside the golden Door!"

The tablet, with her sonnet to the Bartholdj Statue of Liberty
engraved upon it, is placed upon the walls
in loving memory of

Emma Lazarus

*Born in New York City, July 22, 1849*
*Died November 19, 1887.*



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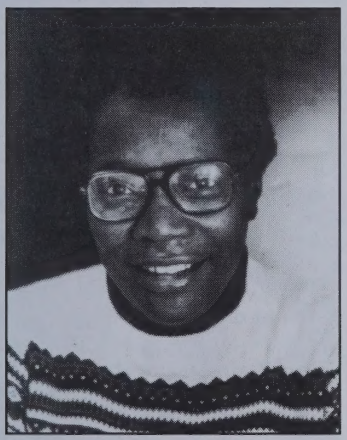

*Pat Parker*

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# The Spirit

## of Woman in the Moon

*Special guest editor and coordinator, Mumtaz Pierre-Davis*

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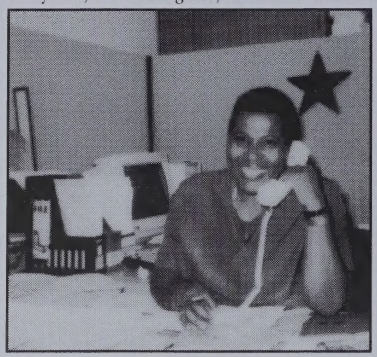
# Publisher's Notes

## 'TRADITION AND POETIC MEMORY' REVISITED

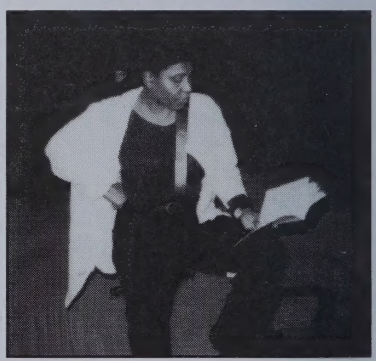
(AN EXCERPT FROM PREFACE TO THE CHANT OF THE WOMEN OF MAGDALENA WITH NEW NOTES)

I love stories and I love poetry; I learned to appreciate both, simultaneously, at my mother's knee (well, in the vicinity of her person). The graduate of ninth grade only, but schooled enough to recite from memory Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "The Song of Hiawatha," my mother, quite unknowingly, exposed a small Black girl in a very unpoetic Chicago flat (circa 1956) to the narrative lyric poem: "By the shores of Gitche Gumee/by the shining big sea Water" .. . . I can still hear in the dramatic pathos of her slightly imperfect recitation, a kind of doleful, but rhyming soap opera recited to keep her company as she went about her chores. Unaccountably, but already attuned to the music of words, I grasped the music in those words she recited in such a way as to depose the harsher realities of urban living. Ours was a two, bedroom attic apartment in a neighborhood that was in transition, falling to ruin. The land of the narrative poem beckoned with its rhythms, its heroic figures, its exotic ambiance. Its tale and song allowed me escape from the tortures of being the middle child and the only girl between two boys; the fights after school for my glib tongue, the agony of hearing my parents fight over money, over encouraged interlopers, over my father's drinking, over anything that made it harder to live without reasonable comforts in the mid-fifties. The narrative poem allowed me to escape the pain— that which I could recognize; it became my offensive and refuge. I did not try my hand at it then, but I searched for it. Worlds of words, ideas, plots and rhyme opened up before me. One of my favorite discoveries was Ogden Nash's "The Adventures of Isabel." I was a poet becoming.



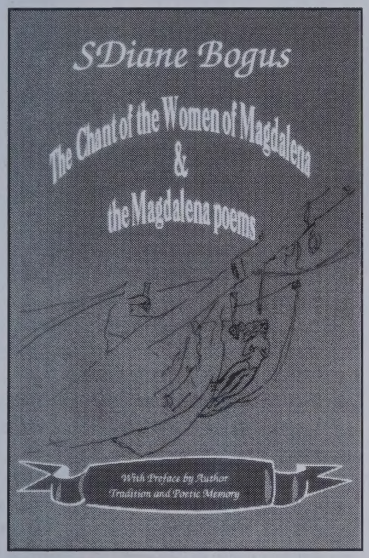
Since then, I have come to see that I was as much made a poet as I was born one. In another essay, "To My Mother's Vision," I have discussed my first compositions so I won't reiterate here. The narrative poem of America, though hardly a genre revered since the nineteenth century, seems to be that which America remembers best. "The Night Before Christmas," ("A Visit from St. Nicholas"), "Casey at the Bat," and "Richard Corey," come to mind. These narrative poems are remembered because they are part of a story-telling tradition that speaks of joy and sorrow instructively. A few of the American poets who have rendered lyric poems with the presence of a speaker include T. S. Eliot: "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"; Robert Frost: "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," "The Home Burial," and "The Death of the Hired Man;" Edna St. Vincent Millay : "The Ballad of the Harp Weaver." Among others, these poems have been my inspiration and teachers. But the second narrative poem that burrowed deepest into my poetic memory as had "The Song of Hiawatha," was Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven." Its calculated meter and rhyme, its dark romanticism (gothic ambiance), its obsessive refrain, once read never left my brain.

I read Poe for the first time in high school. A young poet, vulnerable, mimetic, they, I internalized rhyme like a child discovering crayons, and that which was lyric in me grew from elementary couplets and quatrains into triple and double quatrains, from half-wrought sonnets and imperfect odes, imitations of great poems, into whole and original poems, stories, most often badly rhymed but narrative, no less. In the wake of Poe came Paul Lawrence Dunbar, "When Melindy Sings," "To Make a Poet Black," along with him, James Weldon Johnson, "God's Trombones," and Countee Cullen, "Incident," a very short narrative lyric, but nonetheless narrative and lyric. "Incident" always stays with me as much for its message as for the rhyme that understates the pain of the poem's speaker who moves from innocence to experience in a word. I regret that as I came along, the work of nearly a century of American female poets: Frances Harper, Lucy Terry, Georgia Douglas, Angelina Weld Grimke were unavailable to me because they were not taught in school nor to be found on library shelves, but given that poetic memory takes from, every source no matter when read, heard, stored, I can look forward to ingesting the contribution of these rediscovered poets. Note that I refer to myself and all poets as poets; I detest the word "poetess" to describe female poets —it is so obviously condescending. But to continue, the narrative poem enjoys some scholarly attention as a form in American literary studies, but it is a major vehicle of African -American oral tradition. For example the work of Audre Lorde has taught me poignancy, relevance, poetic balance against excess. The lyric precision, blues cadence, and African-American point of view of the work of Langston Hughes, Margaret Walker, Mari Evans, and Gwendolyn Brooks informs my poetics and gives diversity to my voice. Even my contemporary, Nikki Giovanni's "Ego-tripping" taught me that history could be gathered up in images and spun out like so much rhythmic, metaphoric thread. Still, other American poets, Gertrude Stein, Judy Grahn, Adrienne Rich, Akasha Hull, Sonya Sanchez, Alice Walker have taught me to take risks of construction, of subject matter, of truth-telling. My training, however, has not been all American, to pun outrageously. English writers have informed my poetic memory as well. I have within my consciousness John Milton's "Paradise Lost," "Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress," and Robert Herrick's "Julia" poems, which first



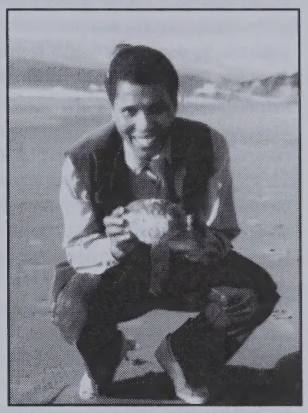
introduced me to the erotic in poetry. I know the work of metaphysical poets George Herbert and John Donne whose conceits invite preservation. The work of Alexander Pope, whose mastery of the heroic couplet and its use in an "Essay on Criticism" and in "The Rape of the Lock" informed my concision. His bold confidence of thought and rhyme also encouraged my own. The pedestrian yet epic-like frivolity in Robert

Burns' "The Jolly Beggars," and the moral indictment of alcohol in "Tam O' Shanter," have fed, along with Pope, my use of the comic, and the satirical in a lyric tale. However, William Blake's "The Book of Thel," Keat's "Lamia," and




"The Eve of St. Agnes," Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," form, for me, a critical mass of narrative lyric poems which ask moral questions as they tell tales of quest. Much of the spirit of these works resides in "The Chant of the Women of Magdalena." Victorians such as Robert Browning, Tennyson, and Oscar Wilde have impressed my poetic memory as well. Browning's dramatic monologues, especially, "Fra Lippo Lippi," enhanced my sense of persona, taught me the management of dialogue in poetic form, as well as piquing my thinking about the uses of character revelation in the dramatic monologue. Likewise, Oscar Wilde's "The Ballad of the Reading Gaol" informs the originating idea that the women in my narrative escape from a jail. Over the years all of these poets and their poems gave me subjects, history, range, taught me tone, imaginative self-reflection, how to make applications of that reflection. Their works allowed them to shape their beliefs, express the tabooed; extend the parameters of art, of experience, of moral conviction. Late in my career as poet I have come to Chinese poets such as Li Po and Tu Fu, French poets such as Guillaume Apollinaire, Paul Eluard, and Anne Marie Albiach, German poet Rainer Maria Rilke and Indian poet, Rabindraneth Tagore.

Though Woman in the Moon has branched off into new age fiction and non-fiction, it was founded to publish poetry. The first book of poems it published was my own, and it was called *Woman in the Moon*; hence, the founding name of this press. The book and the press made little money, but it still sells bit by bit as my reputation grows, and I appear to read from the work.



In the time since the founding of the press and the reprints of *Woman in the Moon,* I figured out that poetry does not sell like the blockbuster novel. Poetry has a slow, but faithful audience that seeks its own level of sophistication and possesses its own way of hearing and appreciating verse. A poet can expect to sell years longer than a flash in the pan novelist or biographer because poetry like fine wine, gains respect and readers as long as the poet lives and reads. After that, her or his reputation draws us to her or him. Because my own training and inclinations have been so diverse, I am open to most free verse, and to most well-wrought poems, (with a decided preference for the narrative or dramatic monologue), but I only have the lessons of literary herstory, of the poem itself, by which I am guided, and my lessons are, by no means, exclusive. To that limitation I can only say that I like what I like; I know poetry in a very profoundly personal and academic way; I love poetry that has a lilt, a power, a song, a meaning, a story. When it all happens at once, as Emily Dickinson has said, "It takes the top of my head off." I wrote "Tradition and Poetic Memory" to refute T.S. Eliot's "Tradition and the Individual Talent." I do not agree that emotion/the personal has no place in poetry; nor do I agree that poetry ought seek subjects so universal that they are oblique, inscrutable, and so deeply symbolic that it takes history books, encyclopedia, and *Who's Who* to read them. It does not appear to me that one *needs* to go to school to become a poet, nor does one have to be schooled to understand it. Writing and appreciating poetry may take reading lots of poetry, internalizing the essence of what makes poetry speak, what makes it so fine, so telling, but it ought not take—as popular culture would satirize—a degree in rocket science to feel and know a poem. So much of what is taught in schools drains the life out of poetry and disallows original insight about it. If a line finds resonance in the reader of poetry, then the poet has won the day. If Maya Angelou's poem had been heard Inauguration Day 1992, those present at William Jefferson Clinton's swearing-in as President of the United States of America would have wept where they stood and atoned for the wretched differences that separate us still. If "On the Pulse of the Morning" had been heralded for its vision and mastery; it would have made the colleges "where contemporary poetry is barred" as Robert Frost has claimed in "Education by Poetry" hurry to consult with Dr. Angelou,

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asking "How can we set the curriculum? Who can we interview for a seat, a chair, a position in our poetry program, for our needful poetry studies?" I am being facetious, but know that my passion is honest. Beyond that Poetry means much to the writer. Poetry means much to the reader. Poetry is the essence of things seen, sometimes unseen, untouchable, unknowable, sometimes knowable, but unspeakable. Poetry is our first mission here at Woman in the Moon.

So in this issue we are not only featuring the poems of our prize winners, but we are featuring poems by new poets and established poets who have submitted to this literary magazine, *The Spirit.* If our prejudice for the narrative and moon poems, our bias for women's work, and our preference for the healing contemporary assertion is apparent, blame it on the publisher who, even so, remains open to every poem, from everywhere that is submitted to the press, for Woman in the Moon respects, honors, and blesses the richness and agony of life that prompts poetic utterance and remembrance. "Poetic memory is, (after all), the genius of fresh recall. It seeks to preserve, by relevant coalescence, what is best and highest in human thought." Help us keep the tradition alive; support this press with grants, donations, poems, and good thoughts. That is the tradition, we are heirs.

***SDiane Adamz-Bogus, 1997*** from *The Chant of the Women of Magdalena* 1990
"Tradition & Poetic Memory," revised for *The Spirit* Publication.©

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# A Cure for Cancer

## A CONDENSED REPRINT OF AN INTERVIEW

WITH DR. GARY L GLUM

Rene Caisse was a nurse who for a period of almost sixty years treated hundreds of people with an herbal remedy she called Essiac, a non-toxic herbal cure for cancer made from four very common herbs. She discovered this remedy through a patient in the hospital where she worked who had been cured of cancer who had been given the remedy from an Ojibway herbalist.

In 1922, Rene went to Bracebridge, Ontario, Canada where she began administering Essiac. She was given government permission to treat terminally ill cancer patients who had been given up for hopeless by the medical profession. Secondly, this was all to be certified by the pathology report. And third, she could not charge anything for her services. She agreed to all these criteria and proceeded to treat people. She administered Essiac both orally and by injection. In cases where there was severe damage to life support organs, her patients died — but they lived far longer than the medical profession had predicted, and more significantly, they lived free of pain, many were still alive 35 years later to bury her when she died at age 90.

All documents Rene had were destroyed by the Canadian Ministry of Health and Welfare at the time of her death in 1978. Why? Because they don't want this information in the hands of the public or the press because cancer is the second largest revenue producing business in the world, next to the petrochemical business; money and power suppress the truth. No one has ever sought to cure cancer—only to control it; the Royal Cancer Commission found out what Essiac was in 1937.

Right now Essiac is being used in every state in the United States, and throughout Canada, Mexico, Australia, Europe, Asia, and Africa. It's beginning to make its way worldwide, but it's still known only on a very limited basis. The best that anyone can do is just try to disseminate this information to the public and let people make their own choices. That's all we can do. And just say, look, if you feel that Essiac has value in your life and the lives of your loved ones, you have the right to make this remedy and use it in the privacy of your own home without anyone's approval.

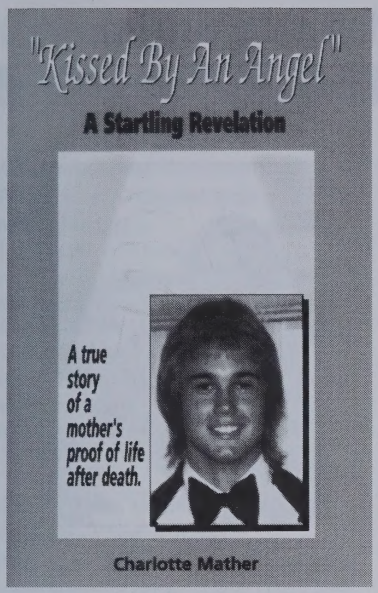
Now there is the problem of herbal distributing companies throughout the world that are substituting yellow dock and curly dock for

sheep's sorrel, which is one of the critical ingredients in Essiac. It is the herbal ingredient that was found to be responsible for the destruction of cancer cells in the body or their amalgamation. (The Canadian government had banned the herb for sale and distribution when research showed this.)

You know, in 1937 Essiac came within three votes of being legalized as a treatment for cancer. People had garnered over 55,000 signatures on a petition to allow Rene to continue to use Essiac. The only reason the vote fell short was that the College of Physicians and Surgeons lobbied Parliament and the end result was that they didn't legalize Essiac.

Toby Wood was a 12-year-old boy with acute lymphoblastic, one of the most virulent of all leukemias. He had been on chemotherapy for 4 years and radiation for 3. His mother went everywhere and tried every alternative treatment available. Her last stop was in Greece where her son's white cell count was 186,000; he had no red blood cells and no platelets; and he was hemorrhaging to death. They transfused Toby and put him on a plane to Alaska where he was given less than 5 days to live.

I met his mother's sister in Los Angeles while I was putting the book together and she asked if it had any credibility. We sat and talked. She then flew to Anchorage and delivered a bottle of Essiac. By the time she got there Toby was given 3 days to live and was in complete deterioration. He was given the Essiac and all the hemorrhaging stopped within 24 hours. Within 3 months all his blood tests were normal. I arrived in Alaska later that year and met him.




Toby did die, and we finally found a pathologist who would do an exhaustive autopsy. We knew that he didn't have leukemia any more so we wanted to find out what caused his death. The pathologist autopsied the brain, testicles, and all life support organs, including the bone marrow. No blast cells were found in any life support organ or bone marrow. There were a few stray cells in the testicles and in the brain. Cause of death was damage to the myocardial sac of the heat, a result of the chemotherapy. This was the first report anywhere in medical history of anyone surviving lymphoblastic leukemia, but this information was withheld, too.

I also worked with the AIDS Project Los Angeles; 179 patients with pneumocystis carinii and histoplasmosis were given up on and sent home to die. Their T-4 cell counts were less than 10 and they weighed about 100 pounds. The Project gave me 5 of these patients. I took them off the AZT and the DDI and put them on Essiac three times a day. Those five are the only ones alive today. They are exercising and eating three times a day and their weight is back to normal, but this information is not being disseminated either, because AIDS is on the horizon as another big moneymaker. The chairman of the AIDS project in L. A. makes over $100,000 a year. So what we have is people continually perpetrating lies against mankind for money and power.

Essiac elevates the immune system by elevating the enzyme system and the hormone system which gives all cancer patients and all AIDS patients the enzymes that have been destroyed so the body can cure its own disease.

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There wasn't a publishing company that would publish *"Calling of an Angel"* because no one wanted to run the risk of a wrongful death suit. So I published the book myself. And as soon as I did, the IRS came in and slapped about a half million dollars in tax liens against me and said, "You know this had got nothing to do with taxes. It's all about cancer." They actually started hauling the pallets of books out of my offices and confiscating them. I have never received any of those books back. The only ones I have now are hidden in storage facilities.

To order *"Calling of an Angel"*, the story of Rene Caisse and Essiac simply call Dr. Gary L. Glum at 310-271-9931. The book is $35.00. The formula is free.

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# Liberty Translated into Poetry

BY MUMTAZ PIERRE-DAVIS

The Statue of Liberty . . . she's beautiful. But what exactly does she represent? A better question would be: what does she mean to each native-born person, immigrant, and foreign visitor? What she means is hard to put into words because she symbolizes so much of a Feeling.

For many she symbolizes the freedom we fought and won from England (in the Revolutionary War). For others, she stands for individuality, freedom of speech and action, new opportunities, a better life. For still others, she stands for power, strength, literacy, vision and female empowerment. From Montana's endless skies to California's beautiful shores, from Chicago's towering heights to New York's chaotic crowds rushing between work, school, theatre and playgrounds; from the mighty Sierras and Rockies to the Pocanos—America's Statue of Liberty holds Greatness, Light and Wisdom in the palm of her hands.

Last summer, I went abroad to study in England, this was during the summer Olympics 1996, and when I saw any reminder of home, in particular the Statue and the American flag, I got tears in my eyes. Why? Part of it was that I missed home, but there was something deeper than that. I wanted to jump up and shout—let everyone know that I was an American—because I was proud to be American-born, proud of our successes, our advances in technology, our progress toward freedom from England and away from our own racial prejudices, our bravery in facing new and challenging frontiers, as well as our newfound sense of diversity . . . When I returned home, I found that I wanted to see the Statue very much because She had become a symbol for home. It is said, "Home is where the heart is," and I have found that my heart is in America. Here I have the chance to live Her promises of a good life.

Lady Liberty cries:
"Give me your tired, your poor,
your huddled masses yearning
to breathe free,
the wretched refuse of your
teeming shore.
Send these, the
homeless,
tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside
the golden door!"

America, a beacon of hope, a home for immigrants, this is what our land is. Because most of us descend from immigrants or are, ourselves, immigrants, America's fabric of humanity, like a quilt, portrays us as a beautiful and strong nation. Lady Liberty is the Mother of Exiles: she gathers an eclectic group of peoples, cultures, customs, herstories, and histories into her bosom. From the beginnings of our nation with its strife, heartaches, tears, failed accomplishments, slow and historical success, good times and good fortunes, came a strong, self-assured first class nation. The Statue, like a personification of America, represents the glory, hardships, survival and triumph of a great land. And I glory in that triumph because my people to have survived.

The bright burning light of the torch shines for both liberty and artistry. Freedom of speech allows artistry like that of poet Emma Lazarus; but also Frances Harper, Charlotte Forten Grimke, Henrietta Ray, Phyllis Wheatley, Alice Dunbar-Nelson, Audre Lorde, Pat Parker, Gertrude Stein, Nicki Govanni, Alice Walker, Maya Angelou, Countee Cullen, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and Walt Whitman. Poetry transcribes the heart of the poet onto paper and his or her personal thoughts and emotions come alive. Poetry is a powerfulvehicle of self-expression. Emma Lazarus wrote "The New Colossus" in celebration of this truth and for this reason we, at Woman in the Moon, dedicate this issue of *The Spirit* to the freedom of speech and self-expression, engendered in poetry.

*Mumtaz Pierre-Davis*
*see News from the Moon page 8*

Strong, impervious to time, Lady Liberty stands, arm raised in infinite triumph holding her bright welcoming torch high to guide us to greater freedom and its liberating expressions. The power of it is fathomless. Her light burns for thee, poet. Search thyself in her brilliant light and allow it to illuminate your mind, your imagination, and your ability. And behold . . . you are magnificent!

Poems have the power of great expression and the grand ability to uplift and inspire both writer and audience. I believe it is captured in this very famous song and poem, "Lift Every Voice and Sing, " (the Negro National Anthem)" by James Weldon Johnson:

Lift every voice and sing
'til earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmony of liberty,
Let our rejoicing rise high as the
listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the roaring sea . . .

***Mumtaz Pierre-Davis***
**Spirit Project Coordinator**

# Community and National News

### African-American Newspapers and Periodicals: A National Bibliography and Union List

The State Historical Society of Wisconsin is compiling a comprehensive list of African-American publications and they need your help. Send any info to 816 State St., Madison WI 53706-1488. For more info on the project contact Professors Danky or Hady at the address above, call (608) 264-6532, or email mex@ccmail.adp.wisc.edu

### Gay & Lesbian Urantia Book Readers Association Now Forming

Readers from the gay and lesbian community are invited to join The Gay and Lesbian Urantia Book Readers Association (GLUBRA). Besides new members, the group's wish list includes: writers, artists, designers, photographers, poets, musicians, reporters, and funding. If you are interested in more information, please write to Nick Curto, PO Box 387, New York, NY 10028, or fax: 212-289-1741.

### A Vanishing National Treasury

The Hopi and Navajo (Dineh) people in the Black Mesa/Big Mountain areas in NE Arizona are having serious difficulties maintaining their culture. Peabody Coal Co., a British consortium, has drained over 3,000,000 gallons of water per day from the Navajo Aquifer, jeopardizing the survival of the people. To obtain clean drinking water for themselves and their livestock families must trek 100-130 miles to Tuba City, which proves to be another hardship on the Hopi, many earning less than $2000 a year. Hopi elder, Kiknongwis (1971) said, "Drawing huge amounts of water from beneath Black Mesa will, in time, destroy the harmony and throw everything out of kilter . . . If these places are disturbed or destroyed . . . a great calamity will befall not only the Hopi, but all of Mankind as well." Several mining companies are paving their way to the Hopi ancestral land by way of Congress. If you would like to help save this National Treasury PLEASE be as generous as you are able and send a tax deductible contribution to: HPL Legal Defense Fund, P.O. Box 40346, Flagstaff AZ 86004. For more info contact Jim at (408) 421-9150.

### The Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches (UFMCC)

Founded in 1968 by Rev. Troy D. Perry to build safe, affirming places of spirituality for the gay community is composed of more than 300 local congregations in 19 countries. The UFMCC composes the largest predominantly gay organization in the world. The International General Conference XVIII was held in Sydney, Australia this summer. Seminars and workshops explored gay sexuality, spirituality, activism, parenting, outreach to the g/l/b/t communities, addressing the faith concerns of the gay community, and AIDS ministry in a new era. For additional info: 8704 Santa Monica Blvd., Second Floor, West Hollywood CA 90069/(310) 360-8640/UFMCCHQ@aol.com

### National Organization for Women (NOW)

1998 California NOW Conference is scheduled to be in May in San Jose. They are still in the planning stage and need all the help they can get. If you have any ideas or would like to help, contact Sandy at (408) 923-0645 or Laurie at (408) 868-9090

California NOW has a 23-minute video, "Redefining Liberation," that is an educational tool for women to make active stands against the harmful perceptions women receive from (tobacco) advertising and media encouraging women to smoke. To schedule a presentation, contact Laurie at the above number.

### Food Not Bombs in San Jose

has reorganized and is currently serving food in St. James Park every Saturday at 1pm. Donations are needed. For donation pick-up or info call Tiffany at (408) 287-4791

### Lillian Moore Memorial Fund

Lillian Moore, founding mother of NOW, died last August of cancer. She dedicated $5000 to the San Jose/South Bay NOW Chapter. The board has voted to invest the bequest in scholarships for women to attend NOW conferences and events previously unavailable to them. The fund has been accepting contributions for the fund. Donations can be sent to: NOW - Lillian Moore Memorial Fund, P.O. Box 611957, San Jose CA 95161-1957 Make checks payable to "SJ/SB NOW." For info on availability of scholarships call (408) 297-4669

### Child Abuse Prevention

Child abuse and neglect are a community problem and finding a solution depends on the involvement of people throughout the community. House Resolution 13 proclaims the month of April as Child Abuse Prevention Month. If you have any questions, comments, or any other issues of concern please contact Elaine White Alquist, California Assembly Legislature Member, 22nd District at (408) 296-1616

### Five College Women's Studies Research Center

Celebrated its 6th anniversary on October 2, 1997 with a reading and book signing by Anita Hill at the Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, MA. Become a friend and supporter of the Center, contribute a tax deductible donation today and start seeing tangible results tomorrow.

**1998 NAAAS Conference – Call for Papers**

National Association of African American Studies Conference will be held February 10-14, 1998

***Contact: Dr. Lemuel Berry, Jr.***

Executive Director, NAAAS
Morehead State University
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# News from the Moon

Merilene Murphy, author of *Under Peace Rising*, just came back from a 6-month tour of the East coast.

We are grieved to announce that we will not be publishing *Being Myself on Fire* by Cathyann Fisher

Woman in the Moon has been invited to be listed in *Writers' Digest: Novels and Short Stories.*

Dr. Sdiane Adams, "Doc" appeared on "Susan's Studio" located in Los Altos on the Community College channel and also on "Community Matters" with David Cane.
She also appeared at NIA, November 21-23—a black woman lesbian collective, reading poetry and doing psychic readings. She presented a workshop entitled: "African-American Spirituality: Managing your desires."

Sister Soul Joiner appeared at the Sunnyvale Town Mall Psychic Fair on September 28-29, sponsored by Sacred Productions.

She will appear at the Holiday Inn, February1, 1998 located in San Carlos.

*Dr. Adamz-Bogus & Mumtaz Pierre-Davis at MDA Lockup with Police officers.*

Woman in the Moon participated in the "Lock Up" Muscular Dystrophy Association Fund Raiser. It was a telethon with various people and companies from the local community lending a hand to help those in need. By taking time out of our busy schedules to assist in a good cause, we helped raise hundreds of dollars; the fundraiser as a whole made $35,000!

Mumtaz Pierre-Davis our new summer intern from Santa Clara University. She is the Project Coordinator for this issue of *The Spirit*. She has been a pleasure and a great help here in the office.

Woman in the Moon was featured in advertising alive at the Safeway Market at the corner of Park Avenue and The Alameda in San Jose which began in October sponsored by MCI.

We are expecting *Palm Reading for Fun and Profit* to be in print before Christmas. A Great Christmas Gift!

September 9, we remembered the sudden passing of David Hainge, author of *Starsource*, which we regrettable had to cancel due to his passing. Woman in the Moon asks for those that believe in the power of prayer to send David's family strength.

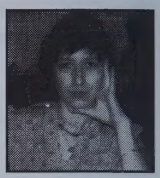
*Halloween at Woman in the Moon. Doc & Rivera family*

Three Woman in the Moon titles: *Isle of Fantasies* by Tana Marie Richards and Robert Misrack, *Dyke Hands* by (Dr.) SDiane Adamz-Bogus, and *The Principles of Radiant Health* by Asara Tsai were represented by the Women's Press Project at the American Library Association Conference in July 1997.

We started accepting donations of used new age and health books for resell.

Abby Lynn Bogomolny's *People That Do Not Exist* was nominated for the American Book Awards. Congratulations Abby!

## WIM EDITORS' PROFILES



***Maude E. Carignan***
Editorial Assistant
9 months at WIM.
Maude enjoys collecting stamps, gardening, cooking, writing, drawing, and candle making.

***Christine Cole***
Editor
11 months at WIM.
Has teaching credentials.
Christine enjoys reading, cooking, gardening, volunteer fire fighting & EMT, and collecting rocks/gems.

***Kathryn Lingener***
Associate Editor of *The Spirit* 3 months at WIM, BA in English.
Kathryn's hobbies include writing, reading, and movies.

***Wendy Miller***
Editor
11 months at WIM.
Freelance writer for a N.Y. newspaper. Wendy enjoys reading, exercising, civil war studies, theology studies, and movies.

***Holly Milton-Benoit***
Editor
9 months at WIM.
BA in Communications with a teaching credential.Published journalist Holly volunteered to reorganize Greenfield Historical Society Library and taught high school literature, communications, and adult ESL.

## WIM EDITORS' PROFILES

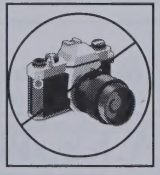
***Debra Judge***
Assistant Editor
3 years at WIM.
Debra has just returned from Hiatus.

***Stephen Riddle***
Publisher's Assistant
6 months at WIM.
BS in German. Published poetry in campus journal and church newsletter. Stephen enjoys rock climbing, weed gardening, and organizing chaotic life.

***Elizabeth Ritchhart***
Editor
first 2 months at WIM.
Elizabeth's hobbies include reading for enlightenment and enjoyment, co-writing lyrics with husband, gardening for presentation, hiking, and camping.

***Scott T. Shuker***
Editor 16 months at WIM.
Scott enjoys music, macramé, collage, hiking, biking, and yoga.

***Nina Rubanov***
Editor 4 months at WIM.
10 years experience as a proofreader and 20 years as a freelance writer. Nina enjoys reading, collecting books, painting flowers and growing a vegetable garden in the desert.



***Nina Trabona***
Editor 2 months at WIM.
Currently publishing and editing a small press magazine on magic and the occult. Nina's hobbies are practicing magic, witchcraft and celebrates the full moon and other pagan holidays.

***Darlene Faye Wagner***
Assistant Editor
2 years at WIM
Darlene enjoys reading, writing, horseback riding, needlecrafts, hiking, and working with mind and hands.

***Jaime D. Wright***
Publisher's Assistant
5 years at WIM and began as intern. BA in Comparative Religious Studies and minor in English literature. Jaime enjoys writing, reading, music, and wall gazing.

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*We enjoyed reading Myrna Lou's book and also having her read our palms in the store prior to her participating in a Psychic Fair here. We are hopeful she will teach classes in palmistry for us.*
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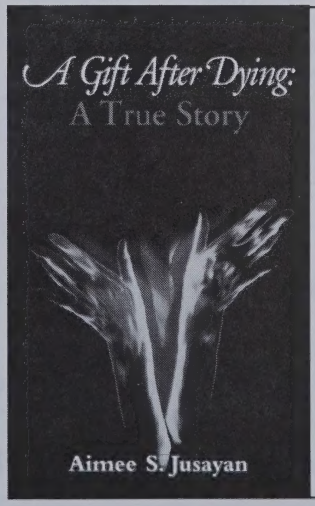


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# Open Letters to Woman In the Moon

Dear "Doc,"
It was exciting to receive *The Spirit of Woman in the Moon* for several reasons. One may surprise you. I nearly dropped when I saw your picture on the cover, because you look exactly as I had visualized you. Second, your magazine is bursting with life and interest; I love it. And of course it was great to see my poem on page 26. There's something I would like to run by you now that I have your attention. I'm an older guy (59) who has been in the marketing/ fund-raising business for many years while continuing to write poetry. The time has come to reverse the order. I am looking for an opportunity to write and teach at a school where I could also apply my skills in resource development and communications. If you have any ideas, I would greatly appreciate it. Looking forward to receiving the poems for the contest this year. Honored to be selected as a judge. Thanks very much.
P.S. Enclosing $50 towards the success of your work with Woman in the Moon.

***Robert Miss, Dobbs Ferry, NY***

Dear Editor,
I am an African-American male, who is 30 years of age, who has been writing poetry since age 17. I am also the father of two children who must grow up in this world today, fatherless, until my release. I have been incarcerated for the past nine years and in this time, I have watched as the violence, drugs, and guns have created a deadly and chaotic world in the inner cities. Due to the main fact that most of today's youth's and young adults, fathers are incarcerated and are not out there to discipline and be role models for them. I, being one, have put some positive thoughts along with poetry together that deals with today's African-American life style: Black manhood, Black womanhood, role models, education of the Black child, which in turn is in correspondence with poems . . . I have placed these into a very comprehensive, sincere, and thought provoking manuscript which I would like to submit to you. I have no published works, but I have been urged by individuals . . . to do something positive with my writing . . . I would greatly appreciate you honestly considering my manuscript. I will send samples upon request. Thank you for your time and consideration. Sincerely,

***Christopher Drew Willis, Chatham, VA***

Dear Dr. Bogus,
I want you to know how deeply honored I am to have been given a prize and an acknowledgment from Woman in the Moon for my poem, "Ancestral Raindrops." I have been writing poetry ever since I was eight years old and this particular poem came to me during my junior year in high school. Poetry is not only a tool used by writers to be self-expressive, but it is also a way in which writers can touch the hearts of people all over the world and give voice to issues that have been left unresolved.
My hat goes off to Woman in the Moon for providing a bridge by which both poets and readers can come together to experience the talents, creativity, and beauty of the human voice. This is the joy of writing! I am absolutely thrilled to be one of the recipients for your Woman in the Moon Poetry Prize. God Bless and do keep up the good work! Best wishes,

***Jamie Walker, Third Place Prize Winner of T. Nelson Gilbert Poetry Contest, Oakland, CA***

Dear Dr. Bogus,
Thank you so much for your letter of encouragement and suggestions of other presses to pursue my myths. I am keeping your letter so I can turn to it when I need reassurance. I hope someday we will be able to work together. Until then, keep your light burning.

***Patti Coop***

Dear Ms. Judge,
Thank you so much for your very encouraging and thorough editing of my manuscript. After a recent bad experience with a dishonest agent, you and the WIM staff have renewed my faith in the literary world. I will follow your advice and submit my proposal to the publishers listed in your letter . . . Thanks again for all your advice.

***Carla E. Mertins***

Dear Dr. Bogus,
My name is Raynell, and I am responding to a letter you sent me in regards to my request to print an ad . . . I want to express my gratitude to you for your willingness to print my ad. It is nice to know that there are still people left who are willing to help others not in the best financial position, not just looking at the bottom line. Thank you! . . . Sincerely,

***Raynell Barner, Starke, FL***

Ms. Bogus,
Thank you for your reply of November 15. I find it to be very slow (60 days), unresponsive and unprofessional. The public would prefer to deal with professionals when seeking a service. Professionals never place race, gender and sexual preference above being a professional. In the small amount of information you sent, you wave these three around like a flag. A woman can be a professional. A Black woman can be a professional. A Black woman who is a lesbian can be a


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professional. Your focus is misdirected. It should be on business.
Being a woman, being black and being a lesbian is of no concern to me. I work with people. They are not white, not Black and not green. They are people. People are lesbians, gays, straights, bi's, single, married, swingers, those who screw around and those who do nothing in sex, but they are people first, second, and last. My manuscript is not about lesbians, but it is one hundred percent about what they do and do it very well to a lady. Thanks and all the best,

***James D. Bookout, Elizabethtown, KY***

Dear Woman in the Moon,
Thank you so much for your thoughtfulness and your wonderful donation for Rachel and Austin Moon. We appreciate your kindness and generosity at this difficult time. Thank you,

***Ken and Cynthia Mihelich***

Dear SDiane,
Sorry to be so late responding to your mailings. I am grateful for your catalog, books, and announcements. I am elderly and have many unexpected physical problems which put me out of commission for short periods of time. Regardless, I still think of you and WIM frequently. I read you are offering two annual prize of $250 for your composition in honor and in memory of Audre Lorde. Allow me to finance one of them; enclosed if a check for $250. In case you have wondered my income (being small) does not give me any tax breaks. In sisterhood,

***Evelyn Fong Wan, Walnut Creek, CA***

Dear Ms. Bogus,
*Ember* is a magazine by, for and about Canada's women of colour. As part of our regular columns, we feature books already on the market and those about to be published by African authors worldwide. In this vein, we would appreciate being added to any mailing list you may maintain, so that we might receive updated information on any new titles being published by your firm.
We are also, this fall, beginning a mail order book club featuring Black artists and as such would appreciate any info you can offer on all titles currently available through your company. Should you have any questions or require further info, please do not hesitate to contact the undersigned. I thank you in advance for your time and attention to this request. Sincerely,

***Katherine Alleyne, Toronto, Ontario, Canada***

Dear Dr. Bogus,
Please do not send me any money; you do not owe me for the *Blood, Bread, and Roses* review. The fact is that I owe you the attached review. Again, I apologize for its tardiness. I really do appreciate your patience with me.
I would also like to offer my heartfelt thanks and appreciation for giving me this opportunity. I am very excited to be published in your newsletter. I have never been published before, and I look forward to showing my family and friends my name in print!!! I would just like you to know that I have never really thought of myself as someone who writes very well (and frankly, I was amazed that you asked me to write these reviews and even more amazed that they will be printed!), but your positive response has really given me such confidence. I am so grateful that you have given me this experience. Many blessings,

***Debbi Judge, Fort Collins, CO***

Dear Editor,
My name is Raynell, and I'm addressing this letter to you with sincere hopes that you would be kind enough to print my ad in your newspaper requesting someone to correspond with. I'm very lonely and have no one to write to or to visit me here at the Florida State Prison. I'd greatly appreciate it if you would run the ad listed below. Thank you.

Florida Correctional Institute inmate lonely male 32, 5'7", 185 lb. athletically inclined, intelligent, romantic, jestful, and charming. Seeks correspondence with anyone male or female, for lasting friendship. Your letter welcome.

***Raynell Barner, DC# 078854 P.O. Box 747, Starke FL 32091***

Dear Mr. Jaime D. Wright,
Thank you does not even begin to express my heartfelt gratitude for your letter. It must have taken you so much time to read and comment on each poem individually, not to mention the time it took to write such a thoughtful and in-depth letter in return. I appreciate it very much!
You are no doubt a writer/poet yourself, says my aunt, who has also read your letter. I am only encouraged to write more poems after re-reading your comments, and to plunge more deeply into the poems that remain somewhat shallow. I have much work ahead, and luckily hard work is a joy to me . . .

***Donna Dodson, Jamaica Plain, MA***

Dear Sistah,
Thank you for your workshop proposal for the Tenth Annual Gathering,–"Family Reunion Keeping the Sistahhood Alive & Healthy, sponsored by the Nia Collective. Your participation in this years's Gathering will serve as an invaluable asset to our community.

If you have any questions or need any assistance please contact the collective.
In Sisterhood, Grace and Peace,

***Angela Brown for the NIA collective***

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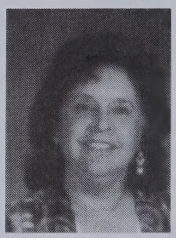

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*Gloria Sul*

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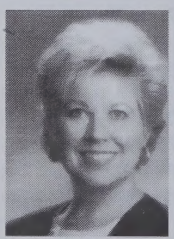

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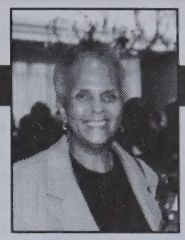
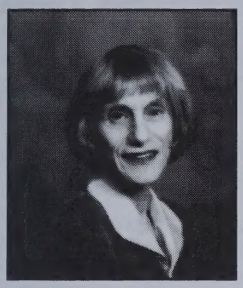
# Winner's Circle

## T. NELSON GILBERT POETRY PRIZE WINNERS 1996-1997



*T. Nelson Gilbert*



### *Carole Stone*

Verona, NJ
**First Place: $100**

**"Summer House"**

**i**

On the mildewed deck of the house we bought
to share summers, the petunias wilt in their pots.
"Water them," you commanded,
"while I'm in London, and finger snip."

I, who know nothing of horticulture,
hose the petals, pinch back blooms, cut,
keep the roots wet, thinking of your mouth
that blooms with lipstick, of your blue eyelids,

your mutter's dark heart,
the clients who pay you to listen.
When I ask about the lover you broke with, you say,
"That's for the analyst."

**ii**

Back in our twenties, envying your Manhattan life,
I drove in over the Pulaski Skyway
and through the filthy Tunnel.
We met in the Village and talked for hours

about the aloof South African physicist
you were crazy about, your Russian, born father,
the aunt who brought me up who could still make me cry.
And you listened, sometimes nodding, sometimes frowning.

Before your divorces, my marriage.
Now I bend over the petunia petals.

**iii**

"Is there something you want to say to me?" I ask.
"No," you reply, radiated, bald, and wearing a wig.

The woman I've known since we were eighteen,
you create a five-year plan to landscape

the house we bought together to share summers,
talk of building a fence

to shut out the neighbors' swimming pool,
keep me awake until 3 AM describing evergreens

we must plant to muffle our property
from the neighbor who mows and mows his lawn.

**iv**

Your illness was diagnosed six years
before you told me. You linger
in the bedroom on the far side of our house.
Your silk robe dangles from a hanger.

The book on the night table about getting help
to die, an article from *Psychoanalytic Review*
on transference love, wait for your daughter
who hasn't been here all of July.

You no longer shuffle past my door
in your kimono to grind coffee beans
at 6 AM or twist your body
in yoga before breakfast.

Silent meditation exactly suited you,
who each night unfolded a Japanese screen
to keep your corridor from my view.

**v**

That last March snowstorm of the drawn-out winter,
on Christopher Street you appeared,
inches shorter, old lady
in black goose-down, a wool cap.

In the darkened theatre we watched Uta Hagen,
as Melanie Klein, lock her daughter from her London flat.
Her daughter knocked and rang to be let in;
Klein assured her new analyst, "I'm listening."

I whispered, "That's really all we want to hear, isn't it?"

*continued on page 14*

*No photo available*

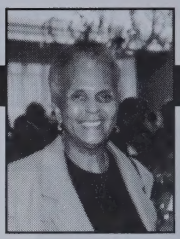
### *Gina M. Tabasso*

Cleveland Heights, OH
**Second Place: $75**

**"Girl" ***

Girl doesn't even know
what tense is, has never been so
tense that the inside of her thighs
quiver, that her eyelids stick
to her eyeballs because they're dry
and gravity drags her down
pulls on her arms and legs
until all she can do is stand
there and let him hit her
again and stand there
and let him hit her again
until she falls over into
the bed and lies there
and lets him climb on her
again and lies there
and lets him make her
into a woman again
until the girl almost forgets
she's only 12 years old.

** editors punctuations*



***Jamie Walker***
Oakland, CA
**Third Place: $50**

**"Ancestral Raindrops"**
Come-sir with me
by the fireplace
and listen to the rain
as it pecks
and trickles
and ricochets off my window
Those ain't just ordinary raindrops,
they're teardrops
of my ancestors,
forced to bear a name
not their own. Brought here on slave ships,
whipped
raped
beaten
into building this land
making it stronger, and us weaker
You hear them raindrops?
Those are the tears of my ancestors,
engulfed in poverty
moaning-wailing
because we were separated
from our families
Come on in— but don't be offended
Have a seat- but don't get too comfortable
Glance outside my window
Those raindrops you see, overflowin';
leakin' through my roof,
easin' down my walls
makin' big just ordinary raindrops
They are the tears of my Africa.

---

***Nina Tassi***
Baltimore, MD
**Fourth Place: $25**

**"Chicago Cowboy"**
Standing there at dusk,
in the cement-paved courtyard behind the flat on
LaPorte Avenue five years old in his cowboy outfit,
chaps, pistols, lariat - - the works!
he felt the urge to run ziggety zag up up up as
he'd done so many times
with Joe, zigzag up three flights
of dusty back stairs and hang way
over the top rail laughing like crazy,
dizzily looking down, leaning out
so far his feet in cowboy boots
were clear off the porch planks,
laughing so hard in the Old West sun
that hot tears squeezed out and Joe,
scared giddy, got white around the gills

Standing there
at the hour they usually called him,
his eyes zigzagged up the stairs
to the porch railing, the screened kitchen door,

and he listened for the rustle of her skirts,
and lilt of her voice,
calling him to come up the stairs,
and hold the rail, and not to run please

The kitchen light flicked on.
Past dusk now, but nobody came to call him.
His eyes slid over to the small round
stained-glass window of the bathroom, and
he recalled being in the hallway, the door
to her bath ajar, steamy lilac smells
drifting out to him as she sang in her bath,
eyes dark brown, happy like his.
He could picture
her wavy hair pinned up, tendrils curling round
her neck, and her song seemed to him
like a silver bird on a birch tree

Standing there
feet stuck to the spot
he knew this was the day
nobody was going to call him.
This cement patch was what his grandma meant
all the times she said:
Quiet boys, your ma's taking a rest

The dark was coming down,
rolling down the backstairs
rolling towards him with the knowing
but not yet being told:
the knowing that he would never see again
that ruffled lacy shirtwaist
no more breathe in lilacs from her bosom
as she laughed and pulled him close,
her eyes dark brown like his
soft soft the way they rested on him
so soft as he would never know again,
and, finally, the knowing that never again
would he stand on soft ground

---

**Honorable Mentions:** [Ranked according to deliberations for the four places above] "Mute" Jamie Walker (Oakland, CA), "A Child's Laurels" Nina Tassi (Baltimore, MD), "Let the Starry Messenger" Nadya Aisenberg (Boston, MA), "The Morrigan" Martha Modena Vertreace (Chicago, IL), "Dream of the Wolf and the Coyote" and "Nightmare at the Water's Edge" Dene Grigar (Dallas, TX), "Kiss Me" Carole Stone (Verona, NJ), "Danger" Gina M. Tabasso (Cleveland Heights, CO), "The Angel" (Author's entry I.D. card lost. We apologize. Please let us know if it is yours), "Kathleen" Erna Kelly (Eau Claire, WI), "Clocked" John T. Evrard (Glen Ellyn, IL), "Old Folks" Jaime Walker (Oakland, CA), "Seeker of Dreams" Deborah L. Roessler (San Jose, CA)

# Winner's Circle

## POETRY LOTTERY

***Karen K. Wallen***
Poulsbo, WA
**$20.00 Poetry Lottery Winner**
**Winter Quarter 1996-97**

**"Another Day"**
think I'll be hittin'
the trail
jumpin in my green
car 'n be-boppin'
on home.
my baby's waitin'
for me with those
big giant sparkly-brown eyes,
lashes out ta' here,
'n fine tasty lips
for me ta' kiss on.
then, we talk
all 'bout our days
'n what was it
that was so frustratin'
(I forgot to tell you)
n' how much
I do miss you
all-day today.
'n we brush our
teeth 'n I watch
her little cuteness-
self wiggle into
jammies, thinkin'
I like to be
warmin' up my
wrinkly-cold feets
nex' to them legs,
not to mention,
snugglin' up a teensy
bit for a cuddle.
an' then, tomorrow
we start it all over again.
she my favorite doo-dah.

*continued on page 16*

## T. Nelson Gilbert Poetry Contest Judging

**How the contest is judged:** Each contestant's poem(s) are copied and divided between three judges. The judges read separately over a month's time. They mark the poems 1-3 , 3 being the highest. All 3's are then considered for the four prizes. Any poems that all three judges have pre-selected receive first deliberations (and likely the prize places). Over a period of hours, the decisions come down to the four best poems that speak to the aims of the press, the heart of people, and to artistic creation and effectiveness. The final ranking is based on the stated values for the contest: "for excellence in poetry composition, significance of theme, originality of thought, lyric, and image, and for its value to the world community as a symbol for the best and highest ideals of humanity."
No names are on the poems and names are only disclosed after the Place and Honorable selections are made.

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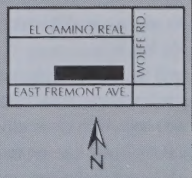


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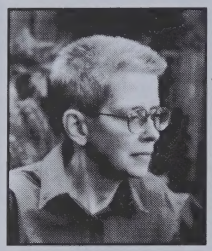
# Winner's Circle

## POETRY LOTTERY



***Amy Edgington***
Little Rock, AR
**$20.00 Poetry Lottery Winner**
**Spring Quarter 1997**

**"Bosnia"**

Night is the dawn of Hell.
Wearing generic camouflage stripped of insignia,
they come in a thunder of shouts
to select from the barred warehouse.
We who are spared turn away,
whimpering shame and relief.
I remember a whip like the leader carries
in a magazine my husband bought,
saying the pictures proved how free we were.
For a while we hear the victim scream, know
they are dragging her to the old meat locker,
to the bloody mattress in the corner.
We can't guess the original uses of all
those steel brackets in the walls and floor.
A metal door slams.
Next, the whip undresses her.
We see her roped into a ragged X.
Before the first one rides her
he hangs a cross around her neck
and loads videotape into the camera.
Now his teeth sink into her breast.
She twists her face away
but can only see a frieze of boots.
"Whore!" the Serbians laugh, "Don't you like it,
you Moslem dog?" Waiting turns,
they smoke their cigarettes down to coals,
use her thighs and arms for ashtrays.
If she returns to us at sunrise,
tomorrow night, one of the men will joke:
"I saw you on the evening news, a poor Serb
being raped by those Moslem bastards."
We who escaped this time, know we will be used
like her,
until we quicken with our enemies' children.
I do not blame my neighbor
who begs Allah for death, but I fear
our souls will have no rest
while men replay our rapes
for their pleasure, their victory, their freedom.

***Beverly Tricco***
Randolph, MA
**$20.00 Poetry Lottery Winner**
**Summer Quarter 1997**

**"Drunk"**

With the full moon so newly eclipsed
and reborn,
ready to lower herself into you,
I walk to your edge
and take you into me,
salty and strong,
and steal her prize.

I've walked through the almost dark
of a cloudy sunrise.
I've heard the leaves' rush sound
of a Cape Cod windrise.
I've smelled the musky spice
of summer's lush life
beginning to decay.

I am intoxicated with sensation
denied so long
and so often,
and in my drunkenness,
I help myself to the moon's lover
and swallow.

***Gail White***
Breaux Bridge, LA
**$20.00 Poetry Lottery Winner**
**Fall Quarter 1997**

**"Old Woman and 25 Cats"**

My children call it unsanitary,
Think 25 cats is too many,
want me to boot them out, want to have
me committed. My children are young
and don't know beans.
Wait till they're old and their skin
is washed but unironed taffeta, their veins
a railway map of Ireland. When you know
you're a bore to hear and a blight
to look at, feisty at best, curmudgeon
or shrew at worst, a duty to visit,
a hope that you die before your body
becomes just too much trouble, then,
my dears, you love what lets you
touch it.

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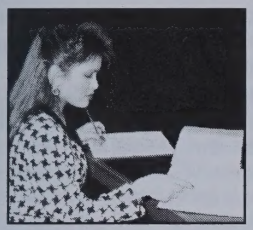
# Book Reviews



### *How Good Do We Have to Be? A New Understanding of Guilt and Forgiveness*

***by Harold S. Kushner. Little, Brown and Company New York. ISBN# 0-316-50741-5 (c) 1996. 181pp.***

*Review by Janet Dugan from Anchorage, Arkansas*

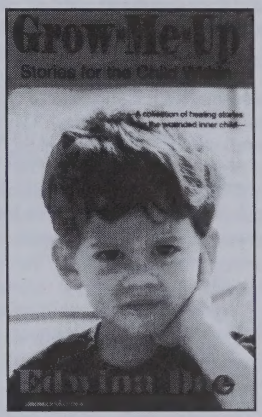
Though strongly drawn to this book because of its focus on forgiveness, I admit that I picked it up with some trepidation. The author is a Jewish rabbi and I was concerned that the punitive aspects of the mainstream religion were going to figure prominently in what he had to say. Fortunately, I overcame my personal prejudice and plunged into *How Good Do We Have to Be?*. If I had not, I would have missed a book that recognizes the basic imperfection of people and acknowledges that imperfection as being acceptable and even lovable.

. . . I was raised in a mainstream Christian home. At Sunday school I learned the old Biblical stories and their interpretations, including the tale of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. That story leaves an impression of Father God demanding perfect obedience and being quick to anger when disobeyed — punishment is swift and thorough. Harold Kushner begins his book by gently debunking the Adam and Even myth: instead of seeing the conditions laid down by Father God after Adam and Eve have eaten from the forbidden Tree of Knowledge as punishment, he presents them as the basis of moral evolution. These conditions: work, sexual intimacy, parenthood, and a sense of morality, are what make our lives incredibly complicated and sometimes painful, but they are also the source of our creativity and growth. Without them there would be stagnation. In sum, Kushner states that he views eating from the Tree of Knowledge as a liberating event, not as the Fall of Man but the Emergence of Humankind.

Unfortunately, now that humankind has a conscience, it also has guilt (feeling bad for what has been done or not done) and shame (feeling bad for what you are, based on some standard of perfection). Here lies trouble, since human nature tends to turn criticism of a person's deeds into criticism of that person him/herself. So the cycle begins: people focusing on their mistakes and failures instead of their successes and living in a perpetual state of striving for perfection. Kushner admits that religion can emphasize this "sinful imperfection" and guilt by setting impossibly high standards and allowing for no deviation. However, he adds another slant, that in our imperfection we are still acceptable, lovable, and capable of growth and change. We can still fail and be good, taking comfort from the fact that every single human is in the same boat. Perfection is a cultural burden, not a requirement of Father God.

Harold Kushner goes on to examine familial relations in the context of forgiveness. He states that once we have learned to forgive ourselves for not being perfect, we can begin to extend that forgiveness to all of the people around us. Given personalities and emotional baggage, there are no families that function without some problems. Kushner makes several points: children compete for parents' love, afraid that there will not be enough to go around, parents have a tendency to impose their personal hopes and agendas on children, and that children feel obligated to live out their parents' agendas. These conditions can be soul-destroying for all involved without recognition and forgiveness of faults, without allowing people to be who they are and loving them anyway. *How Good Do We Have to Be?* also applies to the precept to marriage, illustrating that there are no perfect mates and that the relationship based on this illusion is doomed to failure. Loving someone despite habits or tendencies that may drive one nuts is not easy, but it allows for true connection and intimacy.

This book is very simply written, full of personal examples and situations that make it easy to identify with points made. Kushner does not get bogged down in heavy theological debate but makes a strong case for his beliefs and premises while declaring the innate worth of all people, flawed as we are. In the end, *How Good Do We Have to Be?* is a message of freedom, freedom from impossible standards and the striving for perfection. Instead, we are counseled to love and respect each other, faults included, and rejoice in our capacity for growth and intimacy. I enjoyed this book and feel the message is applicable for all. Highly recommended.




### *Grow-Me-Up Stories for the Child Within*

***by Edwina Dae. Commonwealth Publications, 9764 45th Avenue, Edmonton, AB, Canada T6E 5C5. (c) 1995 197pp. Price: $4.99***

*Review by Scott Shuker*

A co-dependent Band-Aids container that takes cares of everyone but itself, a generous, yet self-destructive gumball machine, a rubber duck that lacks self-love are the characters that occupy the world of *Grow-Me-Up*. In this collection of short stories, Edwina Dae, a sexual abuse counselor by profession, invites us to explore the wounds that affect our adult existence. She personifies inanimate objects and puts them into challenging situations where they are tested and ultimately grow through the experience. The stories are childlike and playful and if it were not for the subtitle, *Stories for the Child Within*, the reader might not understand Dae's motive - - these stories are fables allowing us to recognize our own dysfunctions and how we might heal them, a very unique route in the jungle

of self-help literature.

*Grow-Me-Up* is joyful, vibrant, and quite cognitive. Each story is unique unto itself, yet all are connected by the underlying theme of self-discovery - - sometimes through joy, sometimes through pain. Our "little kid" within is challenged to outgrow behaviors that limit our growth potential. Themes as varied as victimization, illusions, limits, and self-depreciation permeate this collection with delightful characters in unexpected situations. The dialogue is warm and humorous as well as fast-paced and colloquial. Dae's devices of choice include simile, interjection, and bold onomatopoeia.

Dae's cunning lies in transforming childhood trauma through those same objects of affection associated with childhood. Characters with names such as China Doll, Paint Set, Tin Can, Broken Piece, and Gumball Machine are brilliantly brought to life and given individual personalities. We are introduced to their world through their own perspective (people are referred to as "the little people" or "the munchkins").

In every chapter we are lovingly and playfully touched in places where wounds cut deepest. An example of this is the chapter entitled, "Rubber Ducky: Outgrowing the Victimization," in which shame and self-hatred are characterized by a rubber duck. That same dysfunctionality is transformed into triumph through difficult, sometimes harsh conditions that are not what they appear to be on the surface. It is apparent that these metaphors represent ways in which we all struggle, reach bottom, and finally find resolution.

Dae offers a panacea for the conflicted, sublimated emotions of childhood through her synthesis of poignancy and simple insight, while remaining highly entertaining and nourishing to children of all ages. *Grow-Me-Up* is a gem in the goldmine of self-help, yet there is nothing flashy here - - it is nurturing, thoroughly feminine and offers good medicine for healing inner wounds.

### *Lesbians Raising Sons*

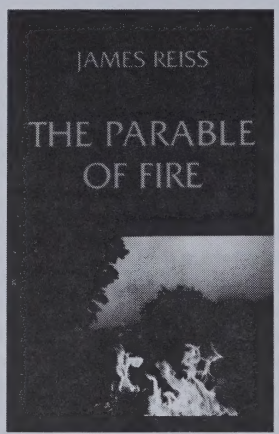
***edited by Jess Wells. San Francisco, CA 94114. Alyson Publications. ISBN# 1-55583-410-8 Price: $12.95***

Quotations

"*Lesbians Raising Sons* moved me to tears with breathtaking honesty and caring . . . I have admired [Jess] Wells for her writing for years. This anthology is an excellent contribution to the contemporary dialogue on families," Judy Grahn, author of *Another Mother Tongue*

"A poignant and down-to-earth book . . . from Wells' insightful introduction through all the honest stories," Dena Taylor, editor of *Feminist Parenting: Struggles, Triumphs & Comic Interludes*

". . . indispensable reading . . . a unique perspective, from Lillian Faderman to Kate Kendell, Audre Lorde to Robin Morgan. Fresh, diverse and readable . . . I give it my highest recommendation," Phyllis Burke, author of *Family Values* and *Gender Shock*




### *The Parable of Fire:*

***by James Reiss © 1996***
***Carnegie Mellon University Press***
***Pittsburgh, PA***
***58 pp; poetry***

*The Parable of Fire* is the latest offspring of poet James Reiss. It is a collection of 30 poems which in some ways document the continuing saga of the human endeavor, with a flare for the heroic as well as a firm assent for the mundane.

In this collection, his third, Reiss weaves together a wide array of first person accounts. They transcend time and space. We are brought into the halls of ancient Rome, eat slices of Americana, visit 17th century England, travel the Israeli countryside. His own experience is woven in as well, creating a wistful and unassuming work of literature. All share, with great sincerity, the commonality of the human experience despite cultural walls.

There is a dynamic in this work that rises in crescendos and fades with every page. The dramatic intensity of "Castriani in Caesar's Court", "Ammunition Hill", and "On Block Island Sound" gives way to gentler themes such as "Crabbing", "Whitman at a Grain Depot", and "Woodland Sketches". Still, there seems to be a silent undercurrent which pervades every stanza — longing nostalgia, a desire for simplicity:

*Moon shadowed, I wanted*
*to do a hat*
*dance with Cassiopeia*
*in stately lazy eights*
*across a sequined floor*
*a thousand light years wide*

*In umbral shade I knew*
*The Woman in the Moon,*
*chiseled*
*profile, whom the Orientals*
*noticed aeons ago,*
*was no vestal senorita.*

— Eclipse the Dark
My 50th Birthday: July 11, 1991

These are the ordinary folk sometimes found in extraordinary circumstances.

Reiss commands a style that conveys his message with candor and efficiency. Most of these poems are rather short, yet share a story, rich and vivid, a seemingly plotless narrative. There is a candidness in his words which speak of home and family. Cultural barriers are explored and questioned. He bathes in the light and lurks in the shadows of humanity. Some selections I had to read more than once, uncovering latent meanings and symbolism concealed within snatches of drama and literality.

This book is full of depth and imagery, yet fail to really strike a chord within myself. It seems destined to be a sleeper, a small rumble rather that a large quake. Its simplicity coupled with the dramatic is its most redeeming quality. On the whole, it is a worthwhile piece of literature, an honorable step in Reiss' literary vocation.

# Fiction

## SHE ALWAYS BROUGHT SQUASH TO BED

SDIANE BOGUS

### *She Always Brought Squash to Bed*

***New fiction by SDiane Bogus***

She liked to play fantasy games, and I did too—after she taught me how. We had met one evening at an upscale party in Oakland . I went over by BART because I expected to ride back with my friend, Cheryl, who worked in her office. Cheryl had gotten me the photography gig in the first place. I hardly ever did political or social sessions. I was more of a theme and portrait photographer. I had built my practice on taking pictures of dykes in everyday situations cooking, jogging, eating at restaurants. If you go to the Museum of Art in San Francisco, you'll see one of my photographs on display in the contemporary gallery on the third floor. It's a portrait of Audre Lorde, the late African-Caribbean lesbian writer and spokeswoman for Third World peoples, with her hands outstretched in a kind of victory pose. She was responding to the cheers and applause of the audience to whom she had spoken, telling them how to transform silence into action because as she put it, "your silence won't protect you." She was at the zenith of her power then—all insight and intensity. Her words were like lasers. She was free of cancer then and free of the impositions of the closet and of being Black. I mean, she was a powerful poet, a powerful woman. I captured that. I was only in the audience to hear her speak, but when she finished, I casually took a photo to remember her by. Later, I took it to the memorial service. The Women's Building on Valencia had the inspired idea to have a memorial for Lorde when she died in '92, and they managed to make it an art-share with the Museum because Geraldine Watts was on the board, and had impressed upon them the importance of Lorde's work and the loss of her voice to the feminist community world wide. Lots of women and gay guys came and brought art and crafts, poems and dolls to represent their respect and love for Audre. My photograph was a big hit. The museum bought it, and I became a kind of celebrity for a while.

So it was Cheryl's suggestion and Ms. Watts' remembrance of my photograph that had gotten me invited to photograph this preliminary campaign event in the penthouse of the Oakland Hyatt. Although Oakland wasn't known as largely gay and lesbian, Ms. Watts had a closeted following and a strong support base among them and African-Americans. Normally, I didn't follow politics. I caught an occasional headline to keep an eye on things, but unless the governor had done some new damage to the liberal movement for freedoms in California, I didn't care. My political activity amounted to voting when the time came, and singing the National Anthem. But because it was a dress affair, I did wear a dress and slight pumps that night. It felt awkward because dresses don't have pockets and without a jacket or pants, I had to limit the stuff I could carry.

So, I took a big camera bag which made me feel like a packhorse in a dress. Nobody seemed to notice as I moved around the party shooting handshakes and eye to eye conversations. I did not focus on Ms. Watts because I was not told to. I figured I'd wait until I got a cue from Cheryl or the hostess herself. Except for the food which I nibbled on as I passed the buffet tables, the whole thing seemed lifeless. People were going through the motions of being connected. I was not happy to be a part of it. It seemed to compromise me in some way. I guess I'd rather be standing in the White Horse, the mixed bar, on Telegraph in a t-shirt drinking beer rather than prissying around with this stupid camera bag weighing me down like a camel. There I was condescendingly smiling at strangers and taking their pictures as if it was the most meaningful experience in my life. I was ready to run out of there when the councilwoman walked over to me with Cheryl. Cheryl reintroduced us.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Nikki?" She asked, her words seemed to travel the length of her, which was traced by a plain black dress with a rounded collar and white pearls. She had long, relaxed hair, and a dark, shining complexion with mighty deep dimples that struggled against her dark unblinking eyes. I could see she did not miss much. I lied that I was having a nice time. Meanwhile I studied her a few more minutes as Cheryl began to tell me the scoop on who was who and how Ms. Watts was doing on the popularity score card. Ms. Watts seemed amused by Cheryl's description of Watts' powers of magnetism and charm. It was true; she had the kittenish charm of a Jackie Kennedy, the raw force of Tina Turner, and the muscular sensuality of Angela Bassett. It was a hell of a mix. Her mannerisms as she joked conservatively with Cheryl were slow and exacting. She held her glass of champagne just so; she reached for a cigarette with deliberate intentionality and impunity. She was guarded and alert all at once, like a panther or a lynx. She intrigued me, and I wondered if she was gay. Cheryl had said nobody was telling; that even as her personal secretary, she didn't know. I thought to myself that with the kind of support she had, her power base, she ought to be able to be out. Most San Francisco politicians were out; so if she were gay what was there to hide? She ought to be able to be herself having come this far. Then she shattered my internal soliloquy with an invitation out of the blue: "Would you like to have dinner with me tomorrow evening?"

In this very instance I lost another drop of moral and ethical turpitude. The first was coming here; the second was lying about how I liked it. I was not her kind; I was very clear about this. I would never fit in her world. I liked regular people with real lives. I liked to be myself and not a plaster figure of somebody's voting fantasy. "I'm not asking you to campaign for me," she injected while I struggled though a tangle of considerations. I laughed uneasily. I didn't know how to answer; after all, she was lucky for me. Her vote on the board sold one of my best photographs and helped me pay another term of tuition at State. I was late completing college because I had dropped out to become a traveling photographer. This gig tonight would get me some new supplies and maybe a few duds. "Where?" I asked, trying to sound nonchalant.

"At my private suite at the Carrington; it's a little out-of-the-way hotel just off Ashby near Berkeley.

"To what do I owe this honor?" I asked as if I spoke like that all the time. Before my very eyes, I was losing my identity, and I was scared to death. This was all Audre Lorde's fault.

"I'd like to get to know you better and I might have a full-time position on my staff available for you. Is that reason enough?" Her eyes caught a flash of light, but did not themselves give away any emotion. She maintained an intense scrutiny of me.

"That's nice of you," I said, sorry to be unable to muster another phrase as gracious as before. "I'd appreciate that. I never felt I had a

chance to thank you personally for the part you played in getting my photograph of Audre Lorde in the Museum. That was the best thing that ever happened to me." I wanted to add "Will a belated 'thanks' be accepted as sincere or just lip service?" but that didn't quite feel appropriate and it wasn't smooth. God, this woman upset me.

"Bring your portfolio and a good appetite. The rest will take care of itself. "She seemed to know what I was thinking. "Seven o'clock?"

"Sure. Seven will be fine." I was imagining myself sitting beside her on a couch or at a table looking at some of my work. It was not a portfolio designed for politically correct women like her. In it I had pictures of dykes in bed, dykes on bikes, dykes at bars, dykes holding hands, dykes in crowds, naked dykes, swimming dykes, exercising dykes, marathon dykes. On and on. Maybe I'd pull the naked ones out and put in some of my early work of family members, my grandmother in her rocker, my aunt standing on the back porch, my brother in his uniform before Viet Nam; a few of my high school teachers at their desks. That would do it, I guess. But I doubt if I could eat. I'd probably sit there with food stuck in my throat. I didn't have a frame of reference for talking with her. If she wasn't gay, what was I going to say? I was in trouble.

The Carrington was out of the way and not even clearly identifiable as a hotel. Covered by ivy and shrouded by larger, newer buildings, it had no sign, but a brass plate on the brick wall in an arabesque script. One approached the recessed oakwood doors from an old fashioned canopied walkway. The white doorman looked military in his long green, coat with tasseled epaulets and matching hat. He said good evening and opened the door. I walked into a lobby of the past. It had every forties antique one can imagine. Floral carpeting, polished wooden banisters, hooded kaleidoscopic lighting, and bellboys with waist length jackets and pillbox caps. It was unreal. A well-kept secret doubtless. Quaint. Private. Tasteful. At least I had worn a satin shirt and velvet slacks, and I had brought my 35 mm and a modest portfolio. I started to take a picture of the lobby, but the doorman shook his head and directed me to the wide and thick front desk, where I asked for Ms. Watts. A bell boy was dispatched to take me to her apartments: the penthouse on the seventh floor. He stood with me at the door until she opened it. The desk clerk had called up.

When she opened the door, she was wearing a black body suit with a red satin blouse, which was opened. She had on an black, Chinese shoes. A switch, but the black was familiar. She nodded to the bell boy, and he turned and left as if ordered. No sooner had I stepped inside the door and closed it did she take a small black mask from her shirt pocket and put it on. She stepped back and looked at me. I was dumbfounded. She left me standing at the door, turned her back deliberately and walked over to the white leather couch, took from it a utility belt with various instruments and a riding crop attached. She slipped it around her waist, and changed into a pair of spiked red portesouir heels which sat underneath the coffee table. "Take off your clothes," she said. "Don't make me ask twice." Her voice was soft, gentle, but firm.

"I beg your pardon?" I asked, my throat dry, my head suddenly pounding. What was this? I knew I hadn't bargained for some freaky night with her, had I?

"Humor me. I will not hurt you. The fact is you will be rewarded for your obedience and how fast you learn. You will call me Madam. You will answer 'Yes,' and 'No, Madam' when asked a question and you will be patient and trusting. Am I understood?"

She did not flinch nor change her voice. I was so disconcerted that I almost asked what the "F" was this sh—t?! But I was stunned into silence while my mind furiously made escape plans. I wanted to run; I wanted to get real rude and tell her this wasn't my bag. I wanted to cry or scream, but I couldn't. I didn't. I had no running water anywhere inside of me. No tears, no spit, no snot, no blood. I was terrified. Then I started to laugh, a dry uneven, humorless laugh. "This is a hoot!" I coughed, as if gagging. And it was a hoot. The awful, sadistic irony was dawning on me. Here was the most proper and unrevealed woman in Bay area politics dressed like a dominatrix and demanding that I undress. I hardly knew her. I didn't even know her well enough to call her by her first name; now she was "Madam". Oh, God, I was so hysterical that I started to heave as I coughed.

She did not move a muscle. She stood perfectly still, took the riding crop from the belt and clutched it horizontally in front of her in a wide legged stance. "You will get a hold of yourself. Obey or leave. Do you understand what I am saying?"

Her voice was unnerving. It was potent, soft, so absolute, confident, powerful. I asked for a glass of water, not yet ready to play nor even sure I could. I was dying in a desert of fear and confusion.

"You will undress. You will obey. You will be rewarded when you obey." She walked to the kitchen which turned a corner from the large living room and dining room which looked out over the bay and down into the city. The stately drapes were open.

I stood holding my ribs and my chest, deciding. It was only a moment that she was gone, but it felt like an eternity. I was trapped in the contradiction of my life. I was being asked to dance with a blindfold on in a freak's ballroom. I was in crisis. I was insulted. I was entranced. I was intrigued. I began to take off my clothes. I wanted to hate myself for this. I wanted to hate her for pushing me into this zone. I wanted to escape. I wanted to stay. But more than this, I wanted to know her. The truth dawned on me...this was like looking through the camera lens at a subject to be captured, but once in a life time. I could become a part of her history and my own by snapping the instant of this profound moment; I've always known I could join in the lives of countless women in this way.
I've always sought that in every photograph I've ever snapped. I've always known that I could be in them, with them, close to them, and be . . . somebody else.

I was naked when she returned with the glass of water. She held it and looked at me unabashedly. She said, "Your body pleases me." She handed me the water.

"Thank you, Madam," I said as if practiced. My womanhood sprang like a cat upon me. I was seeing myself as voluptuous, full breasted, sleek, yet round, someone to photograph foot to nape, pelvis and thigh to breast and shoulder blade. I knew things in that instant that I've never known I knew about myself or other women. My short red hair, my strong agile fingers, my lovely feet, my freckled arms and shoulders. I became my own self's subject, I saw the view from her eyes. Oh, God had she pushed me over an edge...and the rush, the rush was

making me sweat, it dripped down my sides, running in tiny streams the transformed tears I couldn't cry moments before.

"You are a quick study, my Pet." And you will be my pet. When I call you pet, you will answer. " She stepped back three, measured steps and looked me up and down, slowly, making not a sound, giving no indication of satisfaction or dissatisfaction.

"Yes, Madam," I said. Then she handed me a cat mask of feathers and spots from her belt. While I put it on, she tapped my knees with her crop to make me stoop, then bend to all fours. Next, she gave me a light swat on the behind to send me crawling toward the dining table. And so began the first night with Madam Zola. It included my setting the table to a timer. I had seven minutes to light the candles, place the mats, the silverware, fill the dishes of breaded squash, turkey and gravy, cranberry, and string beans. She brought the warm buns to the table. When the timer dinged, she cupped my naked behind with the oven mitten. It was warm, oddly comforting, stimulating. She sat, leaving me standing for a minute or more. She never took her eyes off me, never blinked once.

"Sit."

I did, waiting to breathe, for her next order. I could see she wanted to direct my every moment, and it was exhilarating. I sensed that she did not mean me any harm, but that this was some elaborate ritual, test, or trial for loyalty to her. My entire reality had shifted since I got off the train at Ashby and entered this hotel. An hour or so before I was an ordinary lesbian woman expecting to have an awkward dinner with a potential client—a big shot client notwithstanding. I didn't imagine she might be interested in me. Cheryl never let on as we had driven back across the bridge that night. Fact was, she didn't say anything in particular about Ms. Watts, just wished me luck and said she'd be keeping good thoughts for me. No, I didn't suspect she'd want me—class and life-style excepted. Madam had to be at least fifteen years older than I.

I was forty, the age where one gets her liberation, Audre once wrote; I wonder if she had ever met anyone like, Madam Zola. Probably not. She did not approve of S & M in the lesbian community. It was an activity of oppression to her. No, I hadn't known what to expect when I left home, but it damn sure wasn't this. And every week thereafter, I knew less of what to expect, except I would be called upon to obey, to eat with her, and to go about my week as if life was still ordinary.

Life could never be ordinary for me again. It could never hold the same attractions to regular women who took simple touch, courtship, and bonding for granted. I guess, in retrospect, that is why I had never stayed with anyone more than a few months, a year at the most. I wanted a clear path of power and control in my relationships. I wanted to have a woman who knew her mind and was definite. I wanted her to know me the same way, but it never worked. I'd want us to designate the power center in any given moment or situation. But I never found a way to express this or explain it clearly, let along make it work. My past relationships always seemed to be about trying to balance our separate wills and fighting the sinking remembrances or conscious intimations of societal, parental control or male domination. It was so insidious. Even so, I had managed to part friends with all my lovers; that's how Cheryl and I knew each other.

Time and again I met Madam for dinner, and time and again, she'd have duties for me to perform. It wasn't as if we were lovers; it wasn't that at all. She just had this ritual of orders and desires that colored our exchanges. I'd see her every Saturday, sometimes mid-week, and my role was to obey. Sometimes she'd make me stand in the middle of the floor unmoving for an hour while she watched x-rated dyke movies—as if I weren't there. Other times, she'd have me sit in the bathroom in the dark until she called my name, whereupon I had to crawl to her couch side. She'd stroke my head, look at me as if I were to be eaten or beaten, but she did neither. She'd give me a small gift, sometimes chocolates, sometimes a scarf, sometimes a belt, or a blouse. I was to say, "Thank you, Madam" and no more. I could smile.

Dinner was always exquisite. She had a thing for food that seemed erotic in its self. She liked chicken legs, and she made a big deal of sucking the succulent meat off of them. She ate beets with a relish worthy of a S & W commercial. She fingered round noodles; she sucked pasta in slowly, watching me watch her. She let the liquid from chocolate-covered cherries drip over her top lip, and meet the tip of her tongue. She slow-peeled bananas for banana splits that we never ate. She drank wine in long shameless swallows, purposely letting it slip from the corner of her mouth, so I would have to pat it dry with the dinner napkin. She could turn a meal into the most sensual affair I've ever known. She rolled oranges in her hands; she squeezed the waists of soft bread rolls, and stirred gravy to feel the resistence. She ate grapes which I peeled one at a time and fed her. She was the subject of a life time. I wanted to take photographs of her, but she would not let me. I was at her command, and I was lost to all, but the brief interludes at school and at home where I studied like a fiend to keep from thinking of her. I had stopped visiting the bar, stopped setting up sessions with interesting subjects, stopped wondering about how my life was going to work out. I was hers.

Once she had me set the table and wait for her to light the candles. The candles were always red tapers. She unwrapped these that night with her excruciating exactness. She held first one then the other under my naked, slung breasts, just close enough for me to feel the heat, but not close enough to burn me. She was a master at measuring the distance between pain and pleasure. She could tie me up in such a way that I could not move my tongue, but it never cut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off my circulation. She could have me eat a plate of strawberries with deliberate sensuality until I was ready to burst, and when I was just one berry from vomiting, she'd say "That's enough." This went on for nine weeks. It felt like a year. I never told anyone what I was up to, not even my journal has a note about it.

In all of this, I'd never shown her my portfolio. I'd never asked about the job. In all of this, I was a fool. I trusted something in her, in myself, that I cannot name. I had had enough consciousness-raising to know that intimacy is hard to come by. I had enough relationships to know that loyalty competes with self-definition in lesbian relationships, and I knew sex did not heal lovers' wounds nor bridge a lack of communication. One night, a week before it all ended, she removed her mask, her clothes, and lead me into her bedroom, a sumptuous satin and quilted domain. She lay on the bed and allowed me to lotion her body. I was moved to the point of trembling. That she'd let me touch her was nothing short of sacred. When I finished, she sighed, and blinked; a tear ran from her right eye onto the side of her face into her ear as she continued laying on her back looking at me.

She was stifling emotion, and I was utterly stunned. To me, she had become the ice woman. Weeks before I had lost sight of Ms. Watts altogether. I hardly remembered that's who she was. I was immersed in this incremental life of ours, and I had never seen her express more than a faint smile when I pleased her. "Good, Pet." she said. "You will be called by *The Chronicle* tomorrow. They'll hire you as staff photographer and you'll follow my campaign. They will give you other assignments as you go. Do you know what this means?"

I stood, not sure if I was to break protocol and speak freely or answer as trained, "No, Madam," I said.

"You will." She said. "Dress now and go. Your real test is to remember and forget." She rose and wrapped a red satin robe around herself, watched me dress and leave in silence. Oh God, what an ending. "Remember and forget ..."

I did. I do. There's no in between. No way to tell you the pain or the pleasure remembering brings. But how can I forget? There is no way to tell you of my loss and my gains. The weekly rendezvous, gone, the intimacy, gone, the sweetness of her control. The mystery of her two faces. Last week she won her seat again. The photograph I took of her victory speech at the podium was used in every Bay area paper. My career is set. All I need to do is finish school—as if I have something more compelling to do. Cheryl met me for a drink at the White Horse when the hubbub was over and things had died down.

"Well," she asked. "Is she?"

"Is she what?" I answered, knowing full well what she was asking.

"A member of the persuasion," she coded.

"I wouldn't know."

"What do you mean, 'you wouldn't know'. She's had her calendar marked for consultations with you for weeks on end. I figured you and she were an item."

"You figured wrong, girlfriend. I was just a photographer in training."

"I'll bet" she scowled. "Well, tell me this; they say she's a freak— is it true that she always brings a squash to bed?"

In a voice I had learned from Madam, I measured my reply before I took a sip of my wine—a remebrance. "I'm going to say this one time, Cheryl, just once: "I don't know what she brings to bed. I never went to bed with her."

I don't suppose I ever will. Ms Watts is my benefactor. Madam was my mentor. She's not just another woman who moved into and out of my life, even though the timing was just about true to my pattern. What makes it different is that she taught me something precious about power, about loyalty, about trust, about detachment and self-identity. And we never discussed these subjects. There is power in some silences. If Audre were alive, I wonder if she would see the irony in that.

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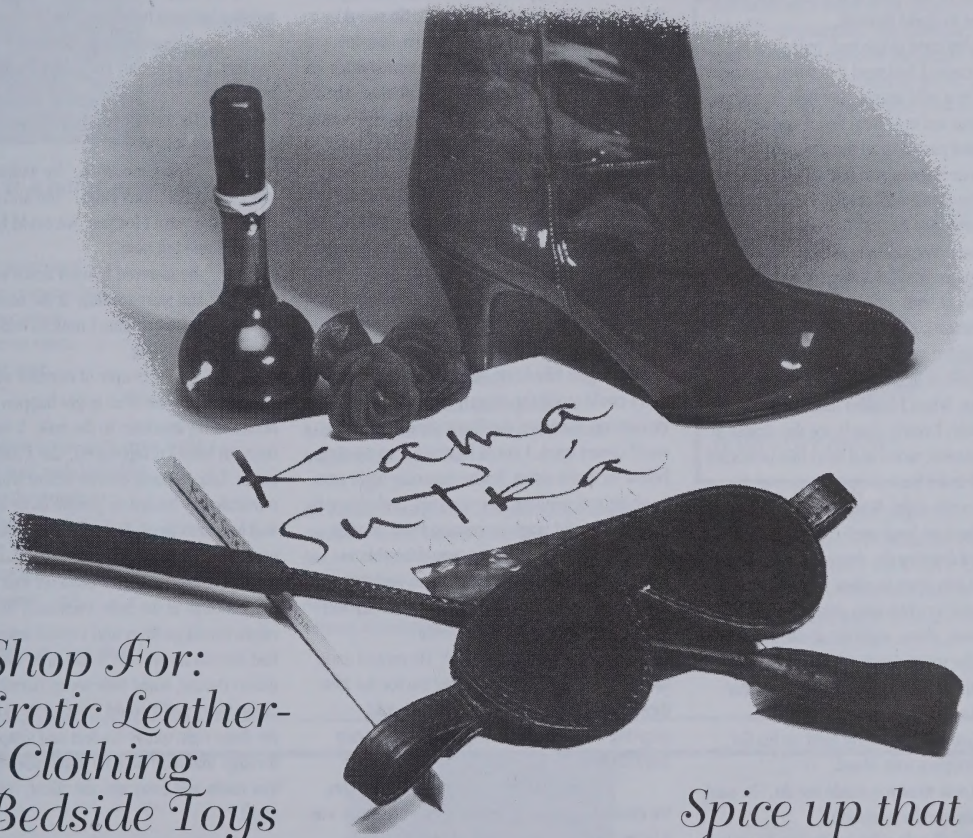


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## *Hole*

***by Susan Pointer***
**Athens, Ohio**

The hole that he had punched in the wall was too small for me to crawl through.

I lay rigid in the bed, trying not to breathe, because I had read that when a person is threatened by a wild animal, the best strategy is stillness. I was led to believe that if you simply laid down and played dead the beast would eventually lose interest and in the end might even leave you alone and walk away. I could hear his ragged breathing as he paced around the room, only stopping every now and then to punch something softer, like the sofa or the chairs. I did not dare look at him.

Instead, I looked at the hole. Its jagged outline reminded me of several things — a map, of Africa, a bolt of lightning, an open mouth, a silent scream. When I looked more carefully inside the hole, I could clearly see the stratas of plaster, insulation, wood and vinyl that protected my husband and I from the prying eyes of the Tonopah, Nevada night. When we had arrived at the motel about an hour earlier, I had taken the precaution of drawing the drapes, but the sliding door behind was open to allow the cool night's desert breeze easy entry into our room. I could smell the sweet, clean, night air above the acrid perfume of the room deodorizers. It helped to mask the more authentic odor of my own fear.

"Look at me," he said.

I looked at him. He held up his fist, which was dripping with blood.

"Look what you made me do," he said. "You and your goddamn mouth."

I looked at his bleeding fist, smiled and nodded in what I hoped was a non-threatening, affirming and encouraging way.

"Come here," he said. I didn't come. He started pacing again, marking out the narrow boundaries of the motel room with an insistence that reminded me of a lion at the zoo around feeding time. I wondered if his fist was broken. I could see the ragged blood trail that he left behind him in the lime-green shag-pile carpet.

In my search for a more consoling image, I fixed my eyes on the single painting that decorated the opposite wall. It was a rural scene that I imagined had been chosen by the motel chain's interior designers for its soothing qualities. It showed a horse and cart loaded up with hay, traveling back to the barn at sunset down a winding, country road. The title was 'Almost Home'. My husband saw me looking at the painting. He crossed over to it. He stood in front of it with his hands on his hips, swaying slightly and staring at it with the intensity of an art critic at the opening of a major exhibition. Then, quite suddenly, he lifted it off the wall with both hands and smashed it over his knee, scattering the pieces in every direction.

"You and your goddamn mouth."

I shrunk down lower in the bed while he continued to stare at the empty space where the painting had been.

He was breathing hard now, so loud in fact that I could hear him quite clearly above the Saturday night traffic below us on the boulevard. A sudden gust lifted one edge of the drape aside and I could smell the desert, fragrant and mysterious, invading the flimsy sanctuary of this small desert town. I could hear the cars passing below us in the street, festive Saturday night cars, honking and gunning their engines, and closer by, a woman's bold laughter coming from another room. I wondered when we would be able to have dinner. Since we left the coast, we had been driving all day and I was hungry despite my fear. Maybe food would calm him down.

"You hungry, honey?" He turned and looked at me as if he was seeing me for the first time in his life. His eyes revealed the cold, ungiving scrutiny of a stranger. He took a step towards me.

Along the walkway outside the room, we could both hear footsteps approaching. It was a heavy shuffling tread and I wondered if somebody official had perhaps heard all the noise my husband was making and was coming to investigate. My husband stopped and stood still with his head raised, listening and waiting. The footsteps passed our open door and went on by without slowing down.

As if he had been released from a spell, my husband snorted and abruptly kicked at my suitcase, which had been lying open on the floor, sending all the new lacy, frilly, silky, silly honeymoon underwear I had bought in San Francisco flying like a swarm of brightly coloured birds about the room. He froze for a moment, obviously amazed at the effect that he had created, and then he unfroze and sneered derisively at a brief red teddy that was now lying in a tangled heap at the foot of the bed.

"Some honeymoon," he said bitterly, nursing his sore hand. I scrambled up in the bed.

"I could fix that for you," I told him. "In fact, I've probably got something right here in my bag."

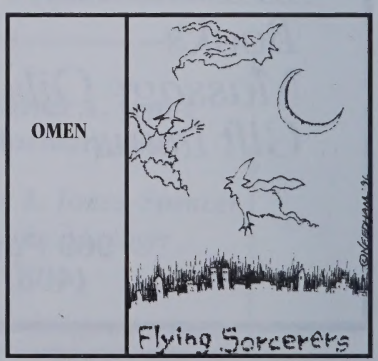
He wrenched his hand away from me as if I was going to steal it.

"Leave me alone," he whined in the voice of a small, hurt child. "You and your mouth. If it wasn't for you, we could have been having some fun now."

He lowered himself down in the single armchair and stared sulkily at the blank screen on the television set that I noticed was firmly bolted to the ceiling.

After a couple of minutes watching him and waiting to see what might happen next, I returned my attention to the hole. It was still there. It hadn't disappeared, like I had hoped it might. Like in those movies where wounds are miraculously healed or people move backwards and forwards freely from one dimension to the next.

I did discover however that if I stared hard enough at the hole, eventually its sharp edges would go fuzzy and I could imagine that I had shrunk down, very small, like some little desert mouse, some little teeny, harmless, desert night thing, and I could just quietly skitter across the floor right under his feet and simply glide through that little hole he had made right out of that room and away into the silent, velvet desert night.



# Pat Parker 6th Annual Winner Award

## AMERICA IS A NEVER NEVER LAND

*by*
***Tiffany J. Willoughby Herard***
***Goleta, CA***

### *america is a never never land*

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equal and never never
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humanity

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a retreat into the woods to
strengthen their resolve
so when they return home
they will more quickly
obey their parents, ugly
intentions
to subdue, quiet and brutalize
the natives

america is a thrilling heart
of darkness
where i am the darkness
whether a body to rape
or excavate
or a land to divide and conquer
america is the safari of
my nightmare
where i am the beast and
no one will save me from
my brother, my keeper

america is a cage
where jailbirds
sing
dance
wave their arms
and die trying

america is never never land
where freedom justice and equality
borrowed from the french stolen from the
iroquois is a big ol lie

*Ms. Herard has a B.A. in Africana Studies and is in Graduate School located in Santa Barbara, CA. She has written poetry and academic essays since 1992. Her other awards include; Cornell Tradition Book Award and a fellowship via the American Political Science Association. She teaches and counsels.*

### *Lunar Quiz*

© 1996 Sandra Kunz

Substitute each letter in the puzzle below to solve the cryptogram. For example, "A" might be represented by the letter "T". All "T's" in the puzzle would be an."A". Continue to substitute letters until you have solved the puzzle.

XI VTYODSOC AFTIAC-VZOEA, IZITATTI IZITAC-VXDO, AQT

EBSWTWOSVA "WRTHTIAZIT" TIATOTN AQT RDISO BXRSO XOYZA

SIN EBTIA AFX HXIAQE ETINZIU SRHXEA VZJT AQXDESIN BZWADOTE

XV AQT HXXI'E EDOVSWT.

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# Black History Square

## FIVE NOTEWORTHY WOMEN POETS

### *Frances Ellen Watkins Harper*

(1825-1911)

**-poet, orator, suffragist, social and moral reformer, author, advocate for women's rights, first black female teacher of domestic science-**

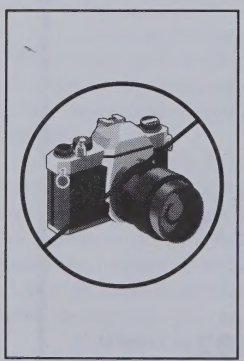
Maryland, born; she was known for her engaging speeches and poetry. She was the most popular Black poet of the 1850's. In 1894, she published *Poems on Miscellaneous Subjects.* She was the first Black woman to publish a short story, "The Two Offers." She addressed the International Council of Women in Washington in 1888 and embarked on a five-year lecture tour of the 13 southern states on her own expense. She served as the superintendent of the Women's Christ Temperance Union. Her works include: *Moses: A Story of the Nile* (1869), *Sketches of Southern Life* (1872), *Iola Leroy: or Shadows Uplifted, Poems* (1900), *Idylls of the Bible* (1901).

### *Charlotte L. Forten Grimke*

(1837-1914)

**-poet and abolitionist-**

Attended Massachusetts grammar school, where she was the only Black among 188 students. While there she wrote a prize-winning poem, "A Parting Hymn" (1855). She was the first Black teacher of White children (1856). She took part in a Civil War experiment teaching freed ex-slaves and kept a journal of events charting their success. She is mostly known for *The Journal of Charlotte L. Forten* edited by Ray Allen Billington. Her works include "The Angel's Visit," "Poem," "Psalm of Life," "Two Voices," "Prayer," and "The Wind among the Poplars." A memorial, *Life and Writings of the Grimke Family,* was written by Alice Cooper to commemorate her life.



### *Henrietta Cordelia Ray*

(1850?-1916)

**-poet-**

A native New Yorker, she came from a wealthy and affluent background. Fluent in French, Greek, Latin, and German, Cordelia (which she preferred to be called) had a master's degree in teaching, which she undertook with her sister, Florence. But her creative energies led her to writing and poetry. She nor her sister ever married; they were life-long partners. At the time of Florence's death, Cordelia wrote "Heart-Sister." In 1876, she wrote a commemoration for Abraham Lincoln observing the eleventh anniversary of his death and the Emancipation Proclamation for which she gained public attention as a poet. Her poetry has been described as "detached," and emotionless. She was very prolific writing to family and friends. Her poetry includes: "A Thought on Lake Ontario," "May's Invocation," "July," "Love's Vista," and "Reverie."

### *Phillis Wheatley*

(1753?-1784)

**-slave, poet, mother-**

Taken from Africa and brought to America to be sold as a slave, she was bought by the Wheatleys, hence her surname. She was tutored within the household and became a source of great admiration. Her first poem, "To the University of Cambridge," was written in 1767 at the age of 14. Her first poem to be published was "On the Death of Rev. Mr. George Whitefield" in 1770, which gained her public attention. She was a "poet laureate." She went to England, where she became a kind of star, to publish a collection of poetry, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral.* Phillis was the first Black and second woman to publish a volume of poetry in the U. S. Because she does not make any protests against slavery in her poetry, she is sometimes defamed by other Black writers. Regrettably, she, one of our prized and honored poets, is buried in an unknown location.

***Alice Ruth Moore Dunbar-Nelson***
(July 19, 1875-September 18, 1935)
**-poet, writer, educator, club woman, suffragist, politician, feminist, historian, and civil worker-**

Mostly known as the wife of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, she too, was a prolific poet, writer, educator, and so many more things. She was a very involved woman, taking part in every facet of life. She published *Violets and Other Tales,* a collection of sketches, essays, poems, and short stories at age 20 and *The Goodness of St. Rocque and Other Stories* four years later, which tells of lost loves, infidelity, jealousy, and death. She wrote for newspapers and magazines, while still teaching and traveling for lectures. She became a most sought after woman with her writing and knowledge of history. Her picture was published in a review with one of her articles which caught the attention of poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who wrote to her expressing his heartfelt love. They corresponded through letters sharing their ambitions and ideas. On March 6, 1898 they were married in New York. Their marriage took a sudden turn into turbulence, questions of infidelity, jealousy, gossip, and family pressure intervened. Alice's family had a scorn against Dunbar since day one. They separated in 1902; Dunbar died four years later and Alice went back to teaching. In 1920, she edited *The Dunbar Speaker and Entertainer* (1920) in honor of her deceased husband. At the time of her death in 1935, she had two incomplete novels, *This Lofty Oak* and *Confessions of a Lazy Woman.*

# Ann Petry Memorial

***Ann Petry,***
who wrote *The Street, Tituba of Salem Village* and *Harriet Tubman: Conductor on the Underground Railroad*, died on Monday, April 28, 1997, at a convalescent center near her home in Old Saybrook, Connecticut. She was 88.

Mrs. Petry's first novel, *The Street* (1946) focused on the hard life on the mean streets of Harlem. So much has been written about this subject, it may seem surprising that the first, major, literary work to focus on it would be a first novel by a woman who not only had not grown up there, but whose exposure to Harlem street culture had been limited to a few months of working with an experimental after-school program on West 116th Street.

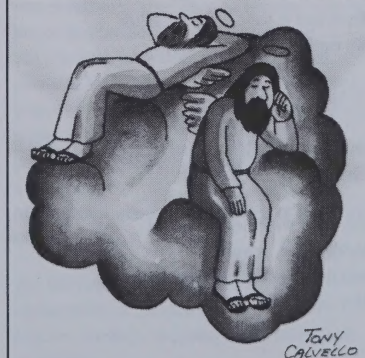
One reason, perhaps, that Harlem street life had such a powerful impact on Mrs. Petry, was that it was so far removed from her own genteel upbringing. Her mother and father were Mr. & Mrs. Peter Lane, who had opened a pharmacy in 1902, she grew up in one of the few black families in the white resort.

Her life began to change in 1938 when she married George Petry, a Louisiana-born resident of Harlem she had met while both were visiting friends in Hartford, Connecticut.

She followed *The Street* with two other novels, *Country Place* (1947) and *The Narrows* (1953).

Neither enjoyed the critical or commercial success of her first novel, however, and from then on Mrs. Petry, by then a mother, turned out books for children and young adults, among them: *Tituba of Salem Village* and *Harriet Tubman: Conductor on the Underground Railroad* (both still available from Harper-Collins).

She is survived by her husband and a daughter, Elisabeth, of Cromwell, Connecticut.




**OMEN**

*Old age is when you know more people up here than you do down there.*

# Poetry

### *The Woman in the Moon*
***by Olga Cossi***
***Coronado, California***

Last night I learned a secret as
I watched the full moon slink
Behind a cloudy curtain, for
The moon gave me a wink!

I hardly could believe it, but
I stood and stared, and soon
I knew that I'd discovered her,
The Woman in the Moon.

I used to think it was a man
For so the stories said,
Until last night when very late
I tiptoed out of bed,

And looking out my window saw
That one eye blinked at me.
I knew at once that I had made
a big discovery.

Ms. Moon, it is, who rules the sky
By night and sleeps by day.
Sometimes her face is full, and then
It slowly wastes away.

Sometimes she's just a crescent with
A curve that's pale and thin,
But look again, she's rosy round
And wears a toothless grin.

Her light is like a magic wand,
It casts a good luck spell,
And makes the earth a fairyland
Where elves and spirits dwell.

At times she trails a silvery beam
That turns to purest gold,
And sheds a glow all soft and warm,
Or crispy white, and cold!

I've seen her dance o'er tops of trees
And glide through outer space,
Then all at once she disappears
Without a single trace.

She likes to peek behind a hill
Or skip behind a cloud,
Or use the evening mist to wrap
Around her like a shroud.

You'd think Ms. Moon would want to rest
When nighttime work is done,
But, if no one is watching, she
Plays hopscotch with the sun!

Who else would dare a midnight game
Of hide-and-seek with you?
One teasing moment light the sky,
The next slink out of view?

At harvest time she masquerades
As pumpkin-in-the-sky.
She looks so round and ripe you want
To bake her in a pie.

But when it storms, and thunder rolls,
Ms. Moon cannot be found.
Beyond the lightning flash she waits . . .
And never makes a sound.

Some say she is a wanderer,
Or claim she's made of cheese,
Or whisper she's a ghostly ship
That sails the rippling breeze.

'Tis said when astronauts flew up
And stepped into her lair,
She took the flag they left behind
And pinned it to her hair.

Red, white and blue its colors wave
Each time she makes a leap
From east to west, while far below
We earthlings nod and sleep.

So tiptoe to your window when
The moon comes up tonight
And slinks, and blinks, and silently
Turns on her magic light,

For if you watch you'll see that
My discovery is true,
And then the Woman in the Moon
May cast a wink at you!

### *Luna*
***by Leah Ouzinian***
***Sterling Heights, Michigan***

Enchanting mistress
Bathe me in your splendor;
Rejoice in my soul.

### *Star*
***by Darryl Mapp***
***Cherry Hill, New Jersey***

A Star shines its illuminant
Light,
on everything. How would you
Feel,
if the sun didn't feel, like shining tomorrow.
The sun Star
provides nutriment for all living
Organisms,
And what, does it get, in
Return,
Help, a needy Soul,
without expecting anything in return.
How does it feel . . . . . .
Warm, selfless, sensuous feelings shall fill your
Heart.
Growth will transcend.
Look, in the mirror, you, are a
Star.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# Our Best Sellers

## SELECTIONS FROM PEOPLE WHO DO NOT EXIST

*by Abby Bogomolny*

### i am the rosemary planted

***by Abby Bogomolny***
**Santa Cruz, CA**

i am the rosemary planted
in front of the bank
at a busy intersection.
Unlike my lush sisters
who luxuriate in moist gardens, I face
the fumes of traffic;
cars pull only 10 feet from my arms,
sparse and spindly, yet some water
does reach me here.
Why me? Who planted me?
What choice do I have -
but to give fragrance,
pour sweet oil
and make my small blue
flowers turn into hard berries?
a spot of green in a stone landscape
a small sweetness,
this corner, my station, my post - where a world
of hard skin
covers my mother.

i am the rosemary who dreams of the garden
and wonders,
"What am I doing here?"

### i'll give you prayer in the schools

***by Abby Bogomolny***
**Santa Cruz, CA**

to this i pray
that there is a job for me
that's not at McDonald's
a job above minimum wage
that's not in the streets
to this i pray
that i can walk safely home
that the neighborhood i live in
is not left to rot like old fruit

i'll give you a prayer
a prayer that politicians
think about what they say before they say it
think about the real problems of this country — greed
as always, the wealth of the few,
i pray the slick machine of corruption chokes on itself,
that well-heeled lobbyists slip on banana peels into dogshit,
that CEOs choke on their coffee
and are muted by the cholesterol of their hypocrisy,

I pray that the comfortable squirm
in the Presence of the Almighty

you want more prayer in the schools?
prayer that women and children will no longer fear
men's violence,
prayer to stop judgments based on color of skin,
prayer to keep our air and water pure,
prayer to stop prejudice based on religion or ethnicity,
prayer to respect the sovereignty of the Indian Nations,
prayer that the FCC reinstate, the Fairness Doctrine,
prayer that we stock up our libraries, fund our schools
and universities — not build more prisons,
prayer that places of business provide child care,
prayer that every child born be received with joy,
prayer that two adults of the same gender
can love each other without fear of reprisal,
prayer to honor our seniors for their long lives,
prayer to stop AIDS and immune system diseases,
prayer to stop cancer,
prayer to stop biological warfare
and a prayer
to fill all the potholes on the streets of New York City.

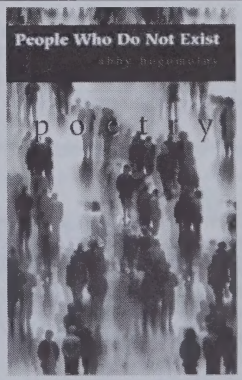
you still want more prayer in the schools,
on the street, in the parks, deserts,
beaches, rooftops, shopping malls, valleys and mountains
prayer to end the scapegoating of immigrants
prayer to give our young people positive messages
about the shape of their bodies,
prayer to protect women's reproductive rights,
prayer to stop seeing the sweetness of the earth as raw materials
to be used by industry, instead of the bounty of the mother
who sustains us.

prayer to end hierarchy,
prayer to end domination of multi and transnational corporations
prayer to awaken all hearts that have been frozen by the minds of science and rigid ideological doctrines,

prayer for the north to respect the south
prayer for the west to respect the east,
prayer by the rivers, the lakes, the brooks, the bayous,
the bays, the gulf, the wetlands, and the magnificent oceans.

prayer in praise of the ultimate power — not the power
of any one direction,
but the intersection of all of them,

you still sure you want prayer in the schools?
cause we're ready, we're ready, we're ready.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## Ebonics and the King's English Dialogue

***by Willie Thompson***
**Oakland, CA**

Ebonics says: the "King's" English projects itself as the divine sound, the divine syntax and the divine grammatical usage to which all other languages are inferior and must subordinate.

The "King's" English says: Ebonics is *multiculturalism gone haywire.*

Ebonics says: the "King's" English evokes horrible memories of enslavement, colonization, violation, humiliation, condescension, domination and paternalism. Thus, it suppresses the greater poetry, the greater music and the greater creativity.

The "King's" English says: Ebonics reflects despair at not being able to achieve progress in other areas. It is a mistake.

Ebonics says: the "King's" English disempowers and creates reflections of the English, some Canadians and some in the United States. It has provoked profound feelings of pain in those it disempowered. It cannot provoke the profoundest feelings of pride in those it disempowers.

The "King's" English says: Ebonics legitimizes the lower language of the street.

Ebonics says: the "King's" English despises its non-English users who, in turn, despise the "King's" English whose mutual spite distorts and weakens the greater creative efforts.

The "King's" English says: Ebonics is unacceptable surrender.

Ebonics says: Black Americans' greater poetry, our greatest music, our greatest creativity will not be in the "King's" English. Our highest level of feeling, understanding and appreciation of great literature, poetry and music will not be in the language of the oppressor.

The "King's" English says: the school board *becomes the laughing stock of the nation.*

## Peace Robins

***by Devon Vose***
**Seattle, WA**

Seven robins
with breasts
of blood guide
smiles of children
toward the ground
of new wounds,
the face
of burned thorns.
These smiles
hover like lace
doves fanning
the charred lips
of the earth
with peace.

## In Defense of Men

***by V. Calone***
***Massapeach Park, NY***

We are men, flawed and failed. We are mean,
we are arrogant. We envy your power
to influence, we are men.
Fathers, sons, old and young,
conspiring as we bond.
As men we stand together in our
circle jerk dreaming of Betty and
Rosie and Cindy and Dolly and,
even Barbie.

We created a world, "Look honey
isn't it great? Are you mad? You look mad."
We are sacred, we've always been, but we
don't let anybody know, you know
we have our egos to protect. We
undress you with our eyes, but
you knew that. The truth is you know us,
you do. On golf courses, tennis courts,
field's of dreams we play, we boys —"We are
vain and we are blind,

We hate people when they're not polite."
—we good old country boys. In our world
you will never be equal, this war,
ours is eternal; and then the
preconceived notions and ill
fated stereotypes do us in.
Through lame communication, we are
secretive too. We, men, created
our heaven then out
of guilt a hell. Impish, arrogant,
misinformed throughout the ages, "We
are men," perfect in God's very own,
handcrafted. Do you remember the
story? One of our own wrote it. I'm
sure. Cigar snorting, whiskey
sweating, dice rolling, seam opening,
cleavage groveling, run of the mill men.
Sorry, seems to be all we can
way when we are wrong.

## Conversation

***by Gail White and Barbara Loots***
***Breaux Bridge, LA***

After the last, late crying of the birds,
the murmur of a deep rain folds us in.
Our conversation leaves no room for words:
your silent touch becomes a sound within.

Softly at first, a pulse of ancient drums
sending a message through my wilderness,
while to my hearth the storyteller comes,
the virgin dancer, and the sorceress,

strumming their runes of ecstasy and grief
on every nerve like an electric song,
till I become the very mouth of life
wild with the ululation of God's tongue.

## Taking Her in

***by Peggy Ann Tartt***
***Amherst, MA***

I'm waiting for my soul to return to my body.
She's taken off again. She's incorrigible.
She strokes the sex of my man slumbering
next to me, convinced he is dead, a megalith,
stone a million years old. He doesn't stir.
She wants blue mountains and waterfalls.
Demands that we move down South, to Cairo,
to Bora Bora, and hovers by the window,
threatening to leap. What have I to offer her
but the small house of my body? No piazza,
no wind-bells, no rambling fields, no horses.
She knows she is the I, the black hole poetry fills,
a heartbeat in the mouth, rain on a roof.
She won't budge until sleep has entered my body,
anchoring me, has gathered in the corners
of my eyes, thick, a blue night in winter.
I sense her leaving, then returning, parting
my legs, slipping into the ocean.
She's chilled, apologetic, whiny. Still
I welcome her, cradle her, and we sleep.

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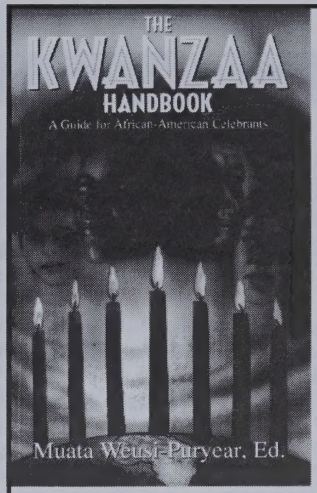


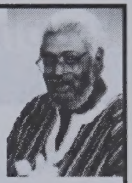

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# Prophesy

## LOOKING BACKWARD FROM THE YEAR 2020

The party that Abraham Lincoln created to wrest power and voters from the Whigs and launch purely American notions of equal rights for all citizens died in 2008 with the nomination of Pat Robertson to be the party's candidate for President and adoption of a platform calling for establishment of a theocracy through deletion of the separation clause from the First Amendment, an end to regulation of guns, and government intervention into the private lives of Americans with claims that God wanted it so.

The original party of Lincoln was replete with notions of individual liberty. After a bloody war to establish these notions, the Republicans in Congress were responsible for the 14th Amendment to the original contract with America - - the Constitution.

The 14th Amendment guarantees to Americans both due process (i.e., fair treatment of citizens by government) and equal protection under the law. The First Amendment mandates separation of church and state and thereby prohibits a theocracy. The Second Amendment grants citizens the right to bear arms subject to a mandate for regulation of that right.

These constitutional guarantees created a civil morality that remained unquestioned until the last decade of the 20th Century. Beginning in 1992, however, Republicans began to be beguiled by two kinds of demagogues: (1) Those who would ever increasingly undermine civil morality and demand institution of religious morality as a tenet of government, plus (2) those who would ignore the plain and simple requirement of the Second Amendment's limited right to bear arms.

Many Republican voters quit voting Republican; many became Democrats; and many simply quit voting. Those who were swayed by the political feebleminded demagogues drew an increasingly lower percentage of the market share of votes. In 1992, a third party hove into view that attracted many of these Republicans, but that party failed to do more than give an election to a Democrat by default. In 1996, that Democrat won again because the Republican party had been weakened by these desertions. In the year 2000, the Republican party continued in the control of the demagogues despite clear evidence that: 1) At least half of the people in this country favored the right of a woman to choose, believing that the civil morality embodied in the Constitution permitted this choice; 2) Seventy percent of the American voters favored gun control; 3) A solid majority agreed that it was only fair to apply equal right to every American regardless of how the demagogues tried to confuse their view of religious morality with the civil contract. By the year 2004, with the reelection Al Gore as president, it was clear to all that the Republican party had imploded. Only the fringe element fundamentalists supported it. Thus, began a period of consolidation of fiscal conservative civil libertarians into a party that could and would be led by a candidate who stood on principles of civil morality.

In 2008, Jack Kemp formed the Lincoln Republican Party, took over the remnants of Ross Perot's group, called disgusted Republicans back to the fold, and stormed into office leaving the fundamentalist party sucking for air.


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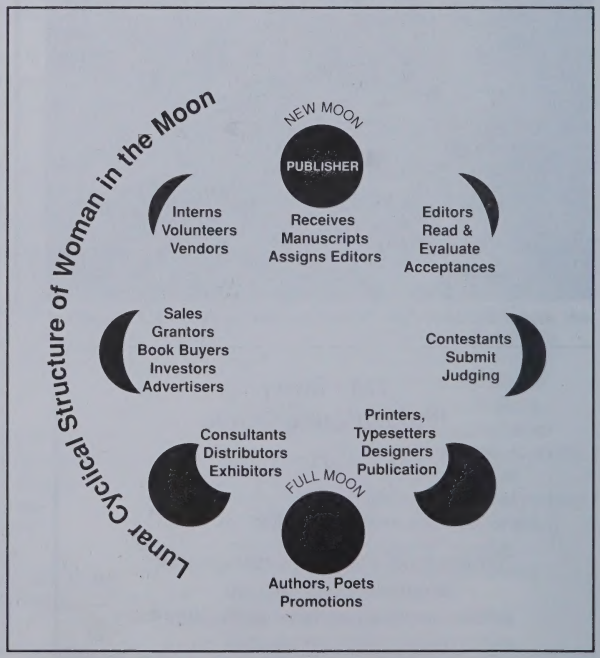

# Call for Submissions

**Regular Submissions**
Woman in the Moon Publications accepts for consideration Black, feminist, religious, business writing, and narrative poetry manuscripts (48 pages for new poets); we also publish how-to books, New Age manuscripts on spirituality, healing, and enlightenment (50-200 pages) throughout the year. We are also interested in the work of people incarcerated. All work should be typed on clean, white, standard 8 1/2 by 11 sheets. Poets and writers are to title their manuscripts and enclose appropriately sized self-addressed, stamped envelope for possible return of work. All manuscripts should be accompanied by the author's resume or writing/poetic philosophy and publication track record. The reading fee is $100.00. We acknowledge within two weeks; report within eight or sooner. Work submitted after reading season must be approved by phone or letter and a $125.00 reading fee is required. Our catalog is available for $5.01 in postage or cash.

**The Fourth Annual T. Nelson Gilbert Poetry Contest—$100. First Prize**
(formerly The Woman in the Moon Poetry Contest) begins January 1 and ends March 31 (with grace period of two weeks). Female and male Poets national and international are invited to submit poetry for consideration. The yearly four Place Prizes are $100, $75. $50. $25. plus Honorable Mentions. Winners receive a certificate of merit and are invited to read in our current reading series "Healing Words, Healing Hands," the winning poems are published in *The Spirit*, our quarterly literary news magazine, and winning poets are also invited to submit a full-length manuscript, and to help with the judging for the next year's contest. The submission fee is $8.00. You may submit up to three poems per entry at that same fee. No more than three packets, (9 poems) please. Poems of all kinds are considered but we would not like gross profanity, explicit sexual or horror poetry. Poems should be **typed** on a standard white sheet of paper 8 1/2 x 11. Include title. **The poet's name should not appear on the poem**. The poet should write her or his name, address, phone number, and the title of the poem on a 3x5 index card and send this along with a self-addressed stamped return envelope (96c) along with the $8.00 entry fee. Winners are announced at the end of June and published in the next issue of *The Spirit*, literary news magazine.

**The Pat Parker Memorial Poetry Prize—$250.00**
To honor the memory of Pat Parker, Black lesbian feminist poet (1944-1989), and to assure continuing support for Black women's poetry, W.I.M. Publications offers an annual prize of $250.00 for a 50-line or less, free verse narrative poem, dramatic monologue or contemporary poetry composition that celebrates the life, and extends the themes of the work of Pat Parker. Winners also are invited to judge the next year's submissions, and invited to read in our quarterly reading series, "Healing Words, Healing Hands." Submissions accepted May 1 to July 31. The submission fee is $21.00. Poems should be **typed** on a standard, white sheet of paper 8 1/2 x 11. Include title. **The poet's name should not appear on the poem**. The poet should write her name, address, phone number, and the title of the poem on a 3x5 index card and send this along with a self-addressed, stamped, return envelope (55c) along with the entry fee. Winners are notified by September 1 and are published in next issue of *The Spirit*, literary newsmagazine.

**The Audre Lorde Memorial Prose Prizes for Nonfiction & Fiction—$250 each**
To honor the memory of Audre Lorde, Black lesbian, feminist poet (1934-1992), and to assure continuing support for women's writing, particularly on the themes with which Lorde was identified, W.I.M. Publications offers two annual prizes of $250.00 for 500-3000 word expository essay or narrative that celebrates the life, and extends the themes of the work of Audre Lorde. Winners also are invited to judge the next year's submissions, and invited to read at our quarterly reading series, "Healing Words, Healing Hands." Submissions accepted September 1 to December 31. The submission fee is $20.00. Essays should be typed on a standard, white sheet of paper 8 1/2 x 11 and include title. **The poet's name should not appear on the work.** The author should write her name, address, phone number, and the title of the essay on a 3x5 index card and send this along with a self-addressed, stamped, return envelope (78c) along with the entry fee. Winners are announced on February 18 and published in the next issue of *The Spirit*, the W.I.M. news magazine.

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## NEXT ISSUES

*We are looking for stories, poems, and photos, cartoons and essays and features on:*

**SPRING/SUMMER 1998:** Theme: Compassion: Mother Teresa: her work, her personal life, and her impact. Payment $10-$100. DEADLINE February 14.

**FALL/WINTER 1998**: Theme: Celebrities: especially Michael Jackson, his treatment in the media, your opinions of him, anecdotes about meeting a celebrity, advice given by one, or photos.

**THE WIM POETRY LOTTERY—$20.00—**
Twice the fun, two chances to win!
Your poem can appear in this newsletter and earn you twenty dollars to boot!
All you need do is select one of your typed (8 ½ x 11) original unpublished poems of no more than 40 lines and send it to us. Make sure it has only the title on it. Write your name, address, phone number, and the title of the poem on a 3x5 index card. Put them in an envelope with a self-addressed return envelope along with the $5.00 entry fee. And wait to see if we call you! You may enter as many times as you wish, but one poem per envelope, please. Twice the fun, two chances to win! All entries are held over for the next drawing. Winning poems will be published in a subsequent magazine. Payment upon selection.

**How the Poetry Lottery works:** we mix the index cards blindfolded and select one. The poet's poem is selected and published. Literary merit is not a must, but is implied by the publication. Winning poems are often marvelous creations, yet we want to give beginners a chance at publication as well as to provide encouragement.

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You can be an individual who self-publishes or a press looking for quality and insightful reviews of your authors' works. Send your new books or books published within the last four years to Woman in the Moon. We guarantee the review. Include $50.00 reading fee (payment to readers and mail costs); four addressed, stamped envelopes: one to yourself, the other three addressed to the publications to whom you wish to have your review sent. We'll do the rest and notify you. Our pledge is to review critically and justly, not necessarily favorably because you paid a necessary fee. Average time for review is six weeks. Books of special interest may be selected for review in "*The Spirit.*"

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# Thank You's

**Thank you** Mumtaz Pierre Davis for a summer internship well done and for the literary and business touch you gave to this issue of *The Spiirt*.
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**Thank you** Alan Bell for giving us a full page ad in Kuumba at a special discount.
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**To Apriel Martine** for volunteer work
**To Florence Silver and San Jose branch of IRS** for fair and expeditious service at recent audit
**ToT. Nelson Gilbert** for selfless physical and monetary support when needed.


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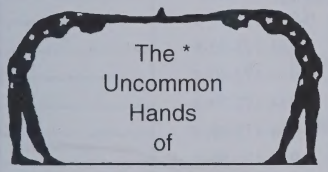


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# Blinding of the Moon

*In memory of Diana, Princess of Wales*

So many of us seek oneness
Listen to sermons, agree with the individuated God philosophy
So many individuals unconvinced — still, believers seeking the
Fleeting, intangible proofs found in National holidays, at births, self-conscious reunions
But oneness visits earth in seasons of devastation, violence, pain—
Like the blind moon before a declarative quarter, before its precious fullness.

If war tears asunder and recovery knits the survivors
If tragedy trumpets heroism, unites the group mind
Then earth's oneness is nurtured by an Unfathomable Mystic Force
True, prayer binds one to the ineffable Silent Love of No Being
Where the soul merges, elevated, briefly, transcendant.
True, the moment is All. All is One. To know God pleases.

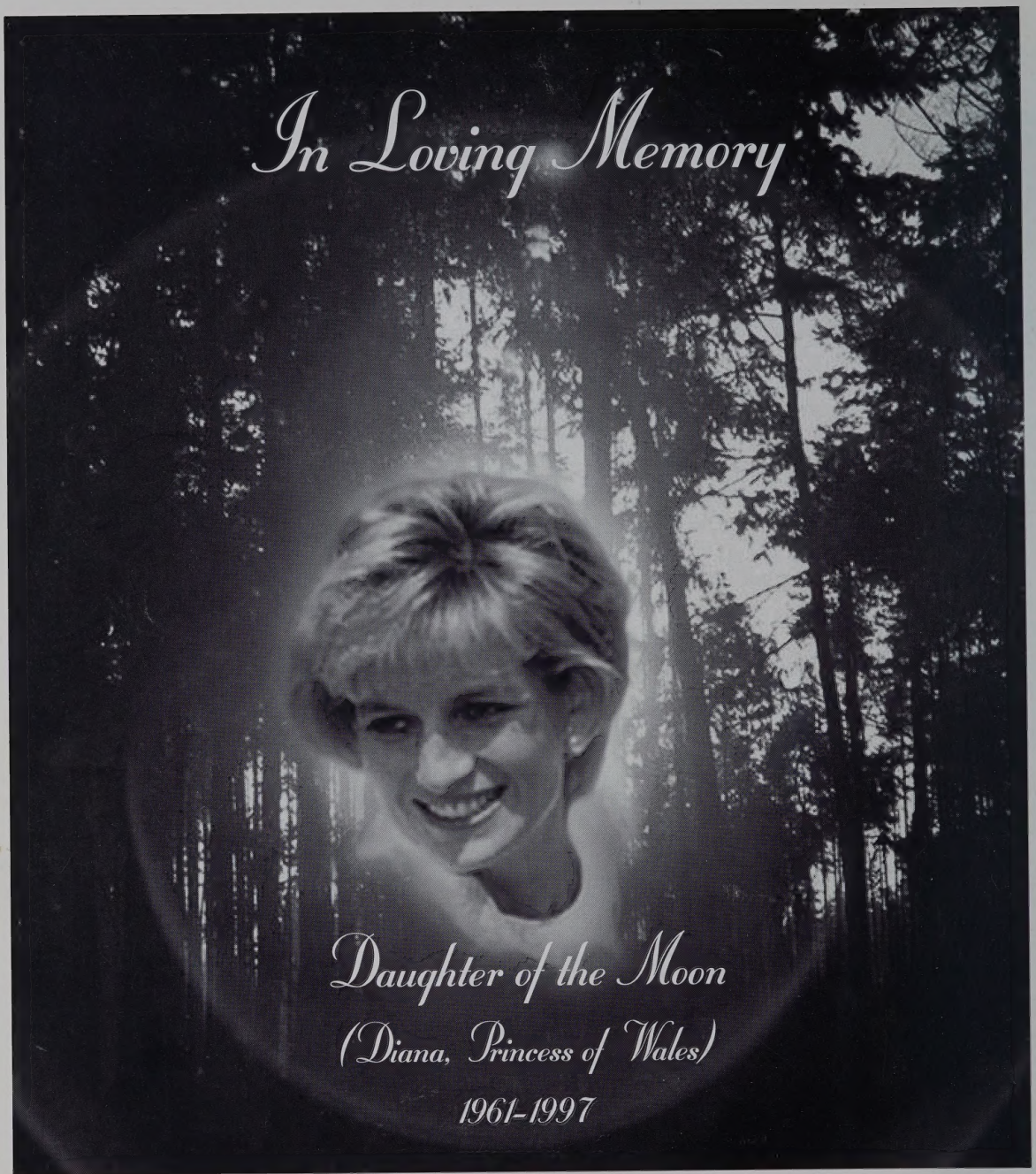
Like sleep, without dreams, blankets us each to each
This,we share as we do procreation,desired cleanliness, or music
Soft these unities, understood like thirst or reasonable hunger
As perennial as laughter, as crying, as yawning, as dreaming
But these mutualities go uncelebrated.
What new season of pain must reconvene the blind need?

One, a daughter of the moon, named so, made princess
Brought soul and touch to a collapsing throne
Where Authurian nobility or Christian Samaritanisn falter
Where jewels on crowned heads belie the high chakra
This one, a daughter of the moon, a fairy queen, descended
Unmarked by stigmata, nor portended by eastern star....

Maudlin imperfect elegy! Damned panegryic!
The poet surrenders to common sentiment, no closer
To naming how this one tested a royal destiny
Daring disease — dancing with tradition, touching Teresa's Untouchables
On the eve of a new moon, she was forced to abdicate,
Forced into the void, back to the star nation with whom she served....

We signed condolences, watched the news, numbed
We cried, we sent flowers, lighted candles, We shook
Our weary world worn heads at yet another, another, another, tragedy
Where death opens the grave and an unfillable hole in our cosmos
Where in the allegiance forged by death, Diana's death,
We become one on earth — as was she—having come from heaven.

*SDiane Adamz-Bogus (c) 1997 Reprint granted with author name.*

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# The Spirit

of Woman In the Moon

A New Age Literary News Magazine

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Announcing
the
1998
Audre Lorde
Poetry Prize Winners
plus
Prose Lottery Winners

Connections and Gateways

Black History
Square
*Featuring*
Nita Willis
&
Thomas Sunbear

New Fiction
Champagne Lady
by SDiane Bogus

Plus: News,
Book Reviews, Essays,
Fiction & more

# *White Swan*

A lost child of Lir, I have drifted
along the coastline these nine hundred years.
Grey down, my only protection from harsh seas.
By faith, my white plumage will one day take its place,
and you will know me as I glide with the mist to your kiss.

I hear the harp, ancient notes plucked from hearts
long since turned to dust. But the melodies still vibrate
my breast. The sound of the fife sticks like tears in my throat.
I keep them here for you, my love,
one note remembered, no songs forgotten.

You are air; I fly through you
You are water; I glide upon
your silken skin
You are fire; and I, some moth
dance to your flame
You are earth; I lay my ashen bones
within your silent embrace

I am yours and yours forever. Beyond these nine hundred
years. Beyond the crash of a millennia of waves
breaking along your bonnie shore. On this morning,
fife and harp out of the lifting fog, call me home to your door.

***Carol A. Cross***
***Ogdensburg, NY***

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# *The Spirit*
## of Woman in the Moon

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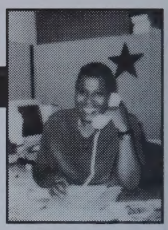
# Publisher's Notes on the life of Mother Teresa



***Mother Teresa***
***Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu***
***1910—1997***

**Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu, who was to become "Mother Teresa**," was born into a catholic family in Albania on August 26, 1910. She was the youngest one of three children born to **Drana and Kole Bojaxhiu**. Her siblings were Aga, who was six years older than she, and Lazare. She was three years his junior. Because of the hard working nature of her parents, her family lived in relative comfort. Her father was in construction and divided his time between building and traveling. Her mother was industrious as well. She did embroidery and sewing, took in laundry, and saw to the children's education.

As a girl, Agnes' first lessons in charity were learned at home, where she learned piety and devotion to her family's religious faith. Her parents taught the children to pray each day—both in and out of church. They prayed to the Virgin Mary, using their rosaries, and venerated her by going on holiday pilgrimages to Letnice to pray and purify themselves. Often people came to the Bojaxhiu door seeking comfort and care. They always gave it. **Drana Kole** went about the neighborhood with the children in tow helping the poor. She took care of an alcoholic woman, fed hungry people who were unable to rise or make food for themselves, and she washed and fed one widow, who had six children, twice a day. When Drana could not go, Agnes would often go in her place to do this charitable work.

By the time Agnes was 12, she knew she had had the first nudge toward devoting her life to God's work. She had come to know of the missionary work being done in India, in part because of her father's travels and partly because she helped a catholic priest with his mastery of the catechism in Slovenian and Croatian. When she felt this first "call," Agnes (Mother Teresa) wasn't sure if she was generating the desire or if it was God's will for her life. So she prayed a great deal over the next few years, talked with her mother and sister and asked her priest for guidance.

The priest's advice is recorded in the book *A Life: Mother Teresa* (Lush Gjeriji, Albania, n.d.). The conversation went something like this:

Agnes asked, "How I can I be sure it is God's will (that I become a servant for the needy)?"

The priest answered, "Through your joy. If you really feel happy by the idea that God might have called upon you to serve Him, Him and your neighbors, then this is the evidence that you have received the call. That deep inner joy is the compass for your direction in life."

And so it was in her 18th year that Agnes made the decision to enter the missionary sisterhood of the Sisters of Our Lady of Loreto, an abbey located near Dublin. She was to become a missionary for India. Cheering and weeping, her sister and brother, her mother, and the entire community turned out to say good-bye before she left. En route, she stopped in Letnice to pray to Our Lady the Virgin Mary for her blessing. Sadly, her father was not there to wish her well. He had died unexpectedly in 1919.

Once entered as a novice with the Sisters of Loreto, Agnes learned to speak English and was trained in the religious life. As is the custom, conferred upon her was a new spiritual name—Teresa—in memory of Teresa of Lisieux, a very devoted French nun. Soon after, she was transferred with other sisters, some Anglican, to Darjeeling where she arrived in May, 1929. Two years later, she took her first vows. Immediately after this, she was sent to Bengali to help in a hospital where the mission was to care for sick, starving, and helpless mothers. She was touched deeply by the misery that she found there.

From the hospital work, she was sent to Calcutta to begin to train as a teacher. Naturally, she encountered the children, but she was first assigned the tasks of cleaning the bathrooms. She was humble and enthusiastic about it, leaving the abbey daily, crossing the city to do this unsavory work. But she did it cheerfully and the children came to love her for her enthusiasm and tenderness with them. She became close to many of these children's families, and on Sundays she would go visit them. In that way she began to see how the people lived. The enrollment in the school grew because she was there. For her love and care, the families and the children began to call her "Ma" or mother.

She was not yet even Sister Teresa. She did not take her final vows until 1937, but as she did so, she was troubled because she could not close her eyes to the poor and needy living in the great slums of Calcutta. She asked time and again, who cares for the poor living in the streets? It is written in her own heart to *care for the poor*.

The Legion of Mary, the charitable organization for whom she had worked in her young life in Albania serving the priest in need of language skills was active in this area. With them, the now "Sister Teresa" went regularly to the slums, hospitals, to the homes and hovels of the poor. She talked with other sisters; she started talks with the Jesuit director of her Calcutta placement, Father Henry. He and the others talked seriously about what they saw and what to do. Sister Teresa was allowed to do more and more with his support and help. The people of Calcutta came to know and respect her limitless caring. They knew her as Mother Teresa.

With so much to do, and so many thoughts about how to do it, where to find resources, whom to turn to, Sister Teresa took time for a retreat in September of 1937. She returned to Darjeeling, "the most important journey of my life," she would later say, and in that time alone she heard God's final word on her direction: leave the convent to help the poorest of the poor and live with them. This pronouncement she later called her Inspiration Day. It has since become a noted holiday, as has the work of Mother Teresa, who knew the voice of God when she heard it.

In a time when India was fighting its last days for independence from Great Britain, while Mother Teresa was a citizen of Europe, this looked like a dangerous decision to make, but Mother Teresa knew what she'd heard from God was "an order, a duty, and an absolute certainty..." She requested permission to leave and was asked to wait a year, and to serve with the Daughters of Saint Anna, who worked with the poor, but this was unacceptable to Mother Teresa. She wanted to live among the poor. It was her destiny, her highest calling. Bending to the will of

the church, being as faithful to her vows as she could, she waited that year, serving with the Sisters, but as soon as it ended, she expressed her intention to live among the poor, to leave the order. She asked for dispensation from Rome and her mother general. After some time, she got it.

The time thereafter was filled with God's grace. She began her work by taking nursing training, and following the advice of her medical superior who insisted she not adopt the diet of the poor (salt and rice) if she wanted to remain in good health and be able to serve them. Gaining volunteer support, and visibility, she eventually was joined by those inspired by her work. Having adopted a cheap white habit with blue stripes, Mother's choice of clothing became her uniform of help and care. In 1954, her order, Missionaries of Charity gained papal approval and the work grew and has become how we know it today. But Mother Teresa knew up until the last day of her life, the truth of her tireless service: she always found the right medicine, had the right help, managed to secure the right food, was able to wash and attend to the poor and needy because God loves the poor. He really loves them, and us, and useful, faith filled spirits like Mother Teresa. Bless the memory of her life. "It's better to wear the heart out from care than not to care or feel it there."

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BY SDIANE BOGUS

## The Champagne Lady

In a smoky, but elegant saloon, called "The Champagne Lady" on the edge of the Missippi River near Bayou Le Batre in Louisiana where trading and gambling gentlemen in the 1800s made stopovers between their travels, her grandfather, Andrew Colin, Sr., son of a wealthy slave holder and sugarcane farmer from Tennessee, had won her mother, Bastua in a game of chance. Bastua was a mulatto that Andrew senior had tired of not long after. Since that time, she had become a fast fascination of the younger Colin and eventually, his mistress, accompaning him on all of his trips to the dismay of his wife who overlooked the impropriety because it freed the wife of having to witness his undisguised perversity, and to the acquiescence of the father who said little, having concluded that the son's abberation obviously kept him happy and aided his disposition in making profitable cane or slave transactions. Besides, Andrew Sr. didn't have much use for Bastua in his old age, and he hoped his son was getting the elder Colin's money's worth. However, this is not the point of this story. It is to say Andrew, Sr. started a tradition that his son inherited and which would be passed on.

The winner's name was Matthew Engleston and he travelled for months at a time upon riverboat junkets from Louisiana (his home) up to Alabama and over through Florida. Over the course of three years or so, Andy and Matt, as they called each other, had run into the other and shared a few hands of poker, a drink of whiskey, and some loose talk. They'd come to trust the other's tales of prowess in salesmanship, and they respected the judgment of one another. If Andy advised Matt about prices or warned him to avoid conditions that would affect his market, Matt would listen and take heed. If Matt had heard anything about the affairs of the country that would have value for Andy, he'd share that. But their main topic of conversation was every woman, for these two were outwardly Southern white men of substance and quality, who inwardly did not allow their cultural inheritance to discolor their appreciation of Black, Red, and miscellaneous White beauty, nor prevent inebriation at the well a la belle femme. Any woman coming or going on the riverboat, met along the route, or remembered was subject to their animated, but respectful appraisal.

The evening of the wager that would shape Bastua's daughter's destiny, concerned the daughter's birth. Matt, slender, redheaded and sprinkled with playful freckles, a man of twenty-seven years, wagered that if ever she were to conceive, Bastua would certainly have a girl as beautiful as herself. Andy, knowing his friend coveted, but respected his illicit and unusual travelling liaison wagered that his own male line always produced boys, of which he was the only son to Andrew, Senior. Any child of his (and by default of Bastua's) was bound to be a boy and the question was therefore moot. The two of them, laughing as Bastua sat, silently, polite, trained, and lovely to behold (among those who had no clue that she was not their equal or their kind). She loved her station as if it were real, and loved Andrew really. Andrew loved the ruse, the irony, and the perversity of it. He cherished Bastua.

It was settled that if Bastua was to become with child and bear a daughter, Andrew would send mother and child with the proper papers of transfer to Matthew. And if she did not, Matthew would give Andy half his shares in a steamboat company which was just getting ready to manufacture a fleet to cover the whole of the gulf from Thibodaux to Chokoloskee.

Andy and Matt had had much to drink and were silly to distraction. Bastua could see that, but she knew them to be always attentive enough to remember their deportment and station; they postured as if sober, avoiding the necessity for Bastua to act as marshal or wife. Bastua, alert, intelligent, educated by Andy's travels and transactions, by his attentions in bed and at the desks where he taught her to read over time, bristled to think he'd be so callous as to risk trading her away and not only that, but to trade away the life of their yet to be conceived child. For the first time ever, she recognized her true station in life. He may have loved her for her beauty and her body, but she was still a slave, some thing—not someone— he could do with as he wished—trade or sell or gamble away. Something in her sank, perhaps, the pleasure of having been treated so preferentially all these years; perhaps her pridefulness took a necessary seat to her own lack of concern for the Blacks who, too, were slaves on the Colin plantation. Perhaps, what sank was her hope that they would run away finally, marry and live in a free state. He always said they would. He always said when his father died, he'd free the slaves, give his wife the place, and leave. But it wasn't likely now. In this place and all along the route, there was all kind of talk. Talk about some folks escaping to freedom while pretending to be a slave owner and slave, about suffragettes or some kind of women meeting in a state called New York to declare for the rights of women, about gold in the West at Yerba Buena, about more steamboats replacing paddleboats and travelling further and further, about extending the railroads, about failing crops due to constant slave rebellions on the plantations, strained relations between the federal government and the states, rumors of war and tight money. She heard talk about abolition, the hunger for land, and the politics of governing the Indians and keeping the slaves. The world was fixing for a change and it looked like she was fixing to be a part of it—not today, not tomorrow, but it was coming. In 1847 she was privy to life in a way no free-born Negro could be. She heard privileged conversation. She felt and acted privileged, but she smelled the end of it in the cigar-ed air. She knew it by Master Andy's careless bet.

"Bastua," Matt said, "I surely do admire your manner and your perfect beauty. Those crystal gray eyes, that mouth like a pomegrante navel, your skin, clear and pure as ivory from the floor of the ocean. My, my, my! What folks don't know, sho won't hurt them."

"Now, don't get to licking your lips already, Sir", said Andy. "It might be a while before you or I can collect on our bet. And lots can happen between Louisiana and Tenessee."

"You can say that again," said Matt, reaching across the table to pet Bastua's folded and lace gloved hands. He studied her always with a seeking warmth.

"Sir, said Andy," you take too much upon yourself" he was genuinely offended, but as genuinely complimented by his own coveted good taste.

The friendship survived that night, and so did Bastua, who, in the past had lay with Andy in full submission, with all the assumptions of a new wife, a new wife's rights and promises, stability, and dreams. But tonight, she knew she must not submit without assurances.

In the stateroom he invariably kept, she sat on the bed and undid her long light brown hair. He sat beside her fascinated by the grace of the thing. "Could you so easily send me away from you if we were to have a child?"

"I'd have to send you away, Bastua," said he, and my dear friend Matt would be the perfect man to assume your care, and the care of your child. Don't you see? This was the perfect and most uncommon piece of luck I have ever had. Surely we will slip up at some point and what would father and Helena say? Why, I'd be disinherited if I tried to install a child of a—of yours and mine—as a Colin to rule Colin Manor. So, should it ever happen, we have a plan, and you have a future, perhaps in the North where you have always wanted to go."

"But with you," she said, broken-hearted, relinquishing her familiar way with him, having talked to him in the past, as an equal, as a business advisor. Unprompted by him, she recognized her station and assumed a retiring and humble association.

"Now, now," he said, recognizing her grief and understanding of things as they truly were. "I don't want to hurt you. And I don't want you to go from me. We make a good pair. As long as you are satisfied to travel as my companion and as long as we have no child to confound things, we can go on as always. If you wish, I can refrain from coming to you, but it may be more than I can control." His blue eyes shimmered passionately under his heavy blonde brow.

That was when she took her destiny into her hands and fate followed suit. Regarding him earnestly, with love, and with respect, meeting his eyes with a new found sense of shame, she said, "Slave women know how to sit with the moon. If you will agree to come to me only when my time goes against the moon, we can get around my becoming full with your child. And the bet will go unfilled, and we may have our lives as we now do, just as you say."

"Splendid, exceptional thinking!" he said looking at her with wonder, admiration, and the realization that she had learned how to reckon from himself. He knew she was ruined for the Black world and never to be a member of the White one if he were to abandon her. Yet he was relieved to have her ask for his indulgence. He needed to begin to make things right with his father and wife. The talk of change on this trip had alerted him to the necessity of an heir, and a bit more respectability. If he were to ever be the lord of Colin Manor, he would need to invite more of his business associates home, have dinners and those damnable parties that his wife, as a transplant from Virgnia, so pined for. This new arrangement would allow him the room he needed to set things in motion. He could not know himself what fate had in store.

In 1848, there was much dissatisfaction over the slave question. When the question came to be settled by the war between the states, it was nearly fourteen years after the Matthew wager and the Bastua pact. Much had happened in Tennessee and Louisiana to keep the two friends, Matthew and Andy, going in separate directions as they tried to keep ahead of the strain of the force of law and economic change forced by war.

Both Tennessee and Louisiana had seceded from the union in 1861 when the pressure to abolish slavery and the question of state sovereignty became paramount. Andrew stayed close to home and with his wife, fathered a son, Carter, who at fourteen, was the spitting image of his father. As free-spirited as his grandfather and father ever were, he loved the occasional cane sales trip, but deplored having to deal with slaves. It took his most strict self-control to allow himself to be served at dinner or have his personal servants prepare his dress or clean his room. He stayed away from the slave quarters, and avoided any duty that might force his hand.

Bastua at 35 was still capable of child bearing, but Andy had spared her the trial of pregnancy and separation. He kept her under watchful eye, sending sentiments or gifts to her via Carter, who took his father's preferential treatment of her as hope for a different future. He enjoyed the privilege of being sent to her. Bastua enjoyed the visits, knowing him to be much of the father, but he was cut of a different cloth. Together they knew that.

He said once and only once to her, "If ever I become master of Colin, you and all who serve here against your will shall go free, and this land shall be partialled between those who wish to stay and make a free life toiling only at your own, direction." He terrified Bastua who knew she would not be welcome here so set apart had she become and there was no place she wanted to go save with Andrew, Jr. Things were marching toward an inexhorable head, as was the war.

Because of Carter, it was clear that Andy was going nowhere. Andrew, Senior had passed on in his sleep, leaving the estate to his settled namesake, and Andrew, Jr. who now wore his mantle well and with dignity, his taste for feminine beauty slaked; his relations with Bastua almost non-existent, except to keep her in the manor itself, in a room off the kitchen, as his personal attendant—to his wife's dismay. But he was discreet in his interactions with both, using Carter from time to time, managing a truce and their fortunes while doting on his son.

The announcement of the war and the secession of Louisiana from the union brought a letter from Andrew to Matthew, who had prospered, and whose investments had moved him out of the old arena of serving as middleman for distant buyers. He was the owner in full of one of three steamboats, having gambled and won it from his partners. He had installed a floating saloon and hotel on The Lady C, the name of the steamship. He transported those who could pay, asked no questions, made no hard rules. At forty-one, he was still unmarried, and as boyish in his freckles as ever. Content to roam the waterlanes and enjoy the world as it unfolded, he became a migthy fine captain in his own right, and fast shooting handler of dice. His world was all richly prepared foods, the cuisine so much respected today, velvet pillows upon quilted beds and settees, and nights upon nights of risk and sensual romping. The Confederacy was forming without his care and Lincoln had not yet blocked the Southern ports.

*February 20, 1861*
*Dear Matthew:*

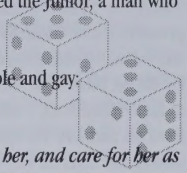
*I fear to tell you the consequences of our wager, and how destiny has revealed my fate. It appears, like your state, we are unwilling to be told how to govern our Negroes in Tennessee. The declarations by that bean pole Northern romantic Lincoln are going to divide the country irreparably I fear. My own son, who stands to inherit this great legacy at Colin Manor, has gone off to help the fight for the North, and Helena and I are stricken beyond belief. He has been gone since January, and we have had no word. I have sought comfort in the arms of Bastua, who is as beautiful as ever in her dignified way. She is with child, due anytime now, and I fear the worse for her because she is not a young woman, as I am not a young man now. I wonder if our wager remains intact. I believe you have the means to see that she gets safe harbor and can assure her child an education in one of the new schools for the negroes*

*Continued page 6*

*Champagne Lady Continued from page 5*

*popping up here and there. She is not safe here as sentiment is running too high. There have been slave uprisings—inspired by that Nat Turner I am sure—and I am seen as a Northern sympathizer. I trust you are well and whole. Should this letter find you in a different political mind than when we last met, I will understand. I wish you well and may God bless our Confederacy. "Most truly, Andrew Colin."*

He had dropped the Junior, a man who had come into his own.



Matthew's reply was simple and gay:

*March 11, 1861*
*My Dear Old Scamp,*
*Send her. I will treasure her, and care for her as if I had fathered her child. You made no mention of the time she is due nor of our wager. I guess I will learn the child's sex in time, and you, will be rewarded in time should your off-spring be male. You have my regards. My best wishes for you and yours.*
*Matthew Engleston*

Bastua travelled as a white woman by wagon to steamer from steamer to wagon to Engleston's. She accepted the privilege of service and the comfort of gentlemen who doffed their hats and let her pass, helped her in and out of seats, while mothers, who knew the joy of expectancy, gave her assuring nods, passing conversations, and encouragment. She was accompanied by two slaves who at first, were not kind to her but merely dutiful as they were loyal to Master Colin. Full of integrity, they were to help her and deliver her, and if Master Matthew agreed, they were to be freed after the baby was walking and talking. That request would be honored.

Upon their arrival at the port of Louisiana, Matthew, rushing up the gangplank a riverboat gambler in fitted britches, vest, and close fitting jacket, took Bastua in his arms as if he loved her. Her welcomed her, as if she had come home from a long trip. He put his arm about her waist, and walked her down the ramp. "Bastua. I could never be satisfied until this day arrived. I thank God for you!"

Amazed and unprepared for this welcome, thinking the entire trip that she had been abandoned when she would most be able to give Andy something of worth to annoint his son-sick-soul, here she found a love impossible to believe, hardly to be told. But she came to trust Matthew's devotion, odd as it was, sustained by who knows what encouragement? She also came to rely upon her travelling companions, Belinda and Mama See See, who but for the unspoken understanding between them were her own slaves. Granddaughter and grandmother, servants and midwives to the Colin family, they played their roles well.

They named the baby Champagne Lady after the saloon in which Matthew had met and come to love Bastua. Lady, as she was called, was a blond octeroon, and the pride of Matthew's eye. To insure her future, he married Bastua and gave her his name. Nobody, except Belinda and Mama See See knew the truth. Bastua accepted her new lot as she had accepted her place in Andrew Colin's estate. Though she could never love Matthew as he loved her, she gave him her affection and a body sweetened by time with a dignity that he took for true love, and he was content. He left her to run the great three story mansion which sat on green acres tended by freed Blacks and hand picked (grateful) Whites. It was an idllyic pasture in the midst of civil and national turbulence, particularly that which New Orleans was experiencing. Blacks were mustered from everywhere to fight in companies of Whites. New Orleans became a center of racial and political conflict and Louisiana stayed out of the union seven years; it was all the news which Matthew ignored for his smiling, happy baby, his first born, unquestionably free regardless of what Lincoln would proclaim when she was age three.

With a special civilian dispensation and the promise to transport no slaves or soldiers, Matthew Engleston got around the embargo of 1861. He ferried those who could pay and those who knew how to keep secrets. He limited the trips by dry docking the Lady C, which was a respite amid the turmoil. He became skilled at keeping the peace in opinionated moments, making sure his guests remembered their purposes—enjoyment. Meanwhile, he spoiled Lady, schooled her, fawned over her, and carried her with him everywhere. He taught her the dice. He taught her the cards. He hung her on his arm like a lucky charm. She was the princess of the Lady C. He was a lucky gambler; a man with a useful service in a time when stakes were high, but he often offended the sensibilities of the Northern gentlemen who talked war strategy against the South to which he said nothing more than "Gentlemen, gentlemen, let's enjoy our games and the trip; time out for the 'machina politica', a phrase he'd picked up in his travels. He also offended the Southerners to whom he seemed unwed by character. He was a bit too loose, a bit too familiar with the Black help, a bit too unconcerned about the fate of his very own state. Just what was his opinion of the war? Did he believe slaves ought be freed?

Matthew, smooth, charming, wise, answered "My opinion, sir, is that we ought be making this country whole as soon as we can. We've got business to conduct in ordinary ways, and I for one, need new opportunities for relieving ordinary men of their extraordinary wealth." The laughs were few.

By 1879, long after Lincoln had been assassinated, the passage of the thirteenth and fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution, and Louisiana had rejoined the union, things were settling down. Lady was 18 and inspired by the world her daddy showed her. She didn't want to go to college. She didn't want to go abroad. She didn't want to get involved with any of her several riverboat suitors. She wanted the excitement of the riverboat life, nights of laughter and drink, chances at the new roulette wheel imported from Paris, and a chance to roll the special clear dice that Matthew had made for her. She had learned love from her parents who still went at it like young tigers after all these years. It seemed their love grew with her, becoming tall as any pine, as evergreen, as everlasting. She symbolized her mother's dreams and demonstrated father's luckiness. She was bonded to Belinda with whom she had slept since she was born.

Belinda, ten years her senior, black like the Hawthorn tree, strong, and deep of eye and thought, moved Lady, posed a study in opposities to which both were joined. A love with no name had grown between them and like the secret her mother kept, the Champagne Lady had inherited the ability to keep her own counsel. Mama See See and Belinda had not left when they were manumitted because they did not see the need, nor had Mama See See the mobility of limb to do so. Belinda, who might have easily found a husband and a new life in freedom, had not insisted either. They had come to a peace and found a home beyond their wildest dreams as slaves, now ex-slaves, and they were content—except for knowing Lady was in the dark. This was the only fault they found in Mistress Bastua and Master Matthew. It was the lie they all lived.

Matthew had not heard from Andrew since Bastua arrived. He lived with the fear that Andy might come to reclaim her heart or, perhaps, his daughter. This was absurd, but the thought plagued him. Manfully, he decided to write Andrew and make clear the situation, taking the time to review what had happen in the years since, being discreet in his references to the wager and the subsequent trade. Thinking to protect Andrew should the letter fall into the wrong hands, he said, "I have taken a lovely wife with pomegrante red mouth, and we now have a daughter, named Champagne Lady." Inquiring in a false jest if Andrew would be making use of his ownership in the steamer company, perhaps he'd like to sell his share? When the letter of reply arrived. It relieved him and terrified him more.

*May 5, 1879*
*My Dear Mr. Engleston:*

*I regret to inform you that my father, Andrew Colin and mother, Helena were killed in an uprising of slaves in 1877. Tennesse has just righted itself, and upon returning home, I have been busy concluding the sale of the land and remaining property. It appears I have inherited my father's shares in your steamboat company, and I will be most honored if you would permit me to make my future with you. I took a liking to his travels as a boy and might have apptitude in your business. I must advise you, however, that I served the Union during the war, and my sentiments have always run to fair treatment of all of God's creatures. Should you be less than sympathetic, I will understand and we may fairly set a price for my shares. I wait your reply,*
*Graciously, your friend's son,*
*Carter Colin.*

Before, Matthew could draft a reply, nor even talk it over with Bastua, he was killed. It happened that he was enjoying an unusually long roll of luck at the gaming tables, and a gentleman from Kentucky, whose state had not seceded from the union, and whom Matt had taken for a scalawag, switched the dice. Lady, who hung on her father's arm like a charm, saw it happen, who too, had felt the slight shift of the weight of the dice. She touched his arm with their familiar signal. When he confronted the Kentucky gentleman, saying aloud that he had made a switch, the gentleman from Kentucky pulled a pistol and shot him where he stood. Chaos erupted in the gaming room. The dice table was overturned, men and their women, colored and white, native Indian and Northern, and those involved in legal and illegal transactions, ran for cover. Belinda, who accompanied Lady everywhere, and who carried a concealed pistol for lady, pulled it from the purse, and shot at the Kentuckian, who was hurriedly grabbing the money from the table, sure to escape. She missed, but hit his wrist causing him to drop his gun. The bullet ricocheted putting out the light behind him and he disappeared into the dark.

Devasted, Lady could see Matthew was mortally wounded. She knelt, fearing to hear his last words, knowing they would be. Blood poured from his chest, which he held as she cradled his head. "Be yourself only," said he in a whisper. He tried to gather another breath, formed Bastua's name, a message which she never got. He died there with it undelivered except as his last loving breath.

Lady's grief solidified into hard vengence. She took the gun from Belinda's hand and gave chase. Belinda followed, beseeching her to desist, afraid for her and knowing the rest of their lives was at stake. "Lady, Lady, don't do this; don't do this!" But Lady was already off the ship and onto the land running into the dark night, upon the wet grass, her lace dress dragging in the night grass, her ribboned hair amuss, her face a mask of determination.

"Come back you coward, you thieving disgrace to the South! Come back!" She stopped, sank down in the grass, crying, losing heart, feeling the loss.

The gambler from Kentucky had hidden behind a willow, and lept out, covering her mouth. "It wasn't his money as much as you, I wanted Lady Champagne," he said. He wrestled with her, forcing her back and onto the wet earth, preparing to undo his fly as he braced himself against her with the heaviness of his body, his elbow across her breast and chest pinning her to ground, denying her a fresh breath. She had dropped the gun, but it was within struggling distance. He did not know she had it until she forced her body upwards, straining to get enough liberty to reach for it. That's when he saw it and the struggle changed. They rolled about; both of them scratching and hollaring in the midnight grass of the Bayou. It was dirty and wretched, desparate and unseeming for the mannered Southerners.

When she got possession of the gun, and he got possession of her wrist, the moments before the report of the gun, and the deadly outcome were fierce and ugly. When she stood up, bloodied, dress limp, red ribbons streaming from her dirtied blonde hair like the tears on her face, she was avenged. Lead by Belinda, a mob of men carrying flambeaus broke into the clearing where the struggle had taken place.

Bastua, 53, well-kept, but worn by the weight of her secret life, and the weight of the one she kept from her daughter, took the news stoically. She was deeply bereft, but without the resources of soul to weep or moan. Mama See See, always within comforting distance, always able to know what to do, took her in her arms, and rocked her, rocking, at the same time, her own pervasive misery.

They, four Black women, one without the knowledge of her lineage, became the joint mistresses of Engleston, and Bastua, the head of the steamer company. She had no interest in sailing about nor really in the gaming so acclimated had she become to the household and comforts of her sedentary life. She began interviews of able men, among them those who worked for Matthew already, to assume the management of the shipping company while Lady did the actual day to day overseeing of the provisions and bookings for the steamer. There was so much to do that Lady and Belinda took ajoining rooms onboard. The freedom was dizzying for them. They ate, drank, and slept together as if on holiday in an exotic place. If they called attention to themselves, it was hardly thinkable that they were passionatly committed to each other. They made no plans, accepted each day for what it brought and rarely said 'I love you' for fear the love with no name be named and die. When the second letter from Carter came, it was addressed to the steamship company rather than Matthew's home, Carter thinking that it might have been misdirected or lost in the mails of changing times.

*July 1, 1879*
*Mr. Engleston:*

*I have previously written to express my interest in joining my fortunes with yours. Since I am heir to my father's estate, and hence his share in your company. I will be arriving by train shortly after this letter. Perhaps we can dine and discuss things.*
*My hopes for our prosperity,* *Continued page 8*

*Champagne Lady Continued from page 7*
*Carter Colin.*

The time for reckoning was upon them all. Champagne Lady did not have an inkling as to the revelation to come. Belinda, her true love, now stood to lose her to deceit and the sure devastation of her self. The letter, read aloud by Lady, left no time to plan or scheme anew. It left no route for a postal reply. The inevitable was upon them, and Belinda knew it would kill Bastua. The only thing she could think to do was run, take Mama See See by wheel chair or cart and run. She could not find it within herself to break trust with Bastua nor show herself complicitous to Lady after these many years. Carter had never been considered. Surely he would have died in the war or gone on his way after slavery ended. Eighteen years of make-believe.

"Mother, I had a letter from your old plantation master's son today. He is coming to see us about his share in the company. We ought plan a good welcome. He might be the answer to our prayers. He seems interested in coming into the company with us," said Lady, casually handing her mother the letter, taking a seat in a Queen Ann chair that Matt had ordered as part of a set from England. She loved sitting in it because when she was small he'd place her there and tell her she was the queen of everything: of his heart, of her household, of the future. She didn't quite get it, as he was given to making eloquent turns of phrase which nobody had the vocabulary or the imagination to understand, except maybe Bastua. There was an odd silence between mother and daughter, and Lady took it to mean she had been careless with her mother's feelings, knowing she still grieved. "Oh, Mother, I am sorry. That was terribly thoughtless of me."

Bastua searched herself for strength, measured her daughter's character, trying to gather if this moment ought be the one to reveal the truth of things. No, she couldn't, but she must. It would come out. Carter was coming. Her beloved's son, who was formed in his very image, was coming. And he knew her, and Mama See See and Belinda.

When Bastua was about to speak, Belinda entered the room, with several male servants, several bulging bags, and with Mama See See in a wooden wheel chair. "We've decided to leave now. We're heading north, to Illinois."

"My God," the alarmed Champagne Lady, cried out leaping from her chair. "What in heavens name has gotten into you Belinda? Why?"

Belinda was about to speak, when Bastua stood up, raising her hand as if to quell a storm. She looked tired yet so magnificently beautiful in her green satin, a mourning color. Her lovely gray eyes still had the glow of old embers of love unseen, and she had the refined grandeur of having survived slavery, war, and death in her bearing. She surmised things, still alert, still quick of mind. "Belinda is trying to save you from the revelation of a terrible secret that should have come out years ago."

"Secret?" the Champagne Lady's heart raced, her love for Belinda trying to make sense of this word. "I don't understand." Her eyes straying to Belinda, Lady became deathly afraid, an emotion she had only experienced when someone stirred as the two of them were locked in an embrace, a kiss, were naked together in bed.

"Sit down, Belinda. Have the servants take these bags back to your rooms. You need not run away. We shall all face the truth together, face whatever is to come—together."

"Mayhaps, Miz Bast, I could be de one to tells the truth. I's eldest mong yous all and maybe my sayin will be less a nail in the cross." Mama See See was white haired when she had come, she was ancient now, and polished like mahogany. She waited for permission.

Bastua declined, with a shake of her head. "No, Mama, I'm the one at fault here, and I'm the one who has the responsibility." She walked over to her daughter, knelt in front of her and tears started down her face, at first slowly, then most unstoppable, all the while no words or sounds emerged from her.

"What is it? What is it? If it hurts you all so, please don't tell me. Just let it be as it is. I don't want to know. I don't want to know." She was more afraid now than ever.

"I have been very selfish, Lady. I have tried to live outside of the law, outside of right, and outside of my own flesh..." She studied Lady's face, waiting for a sign of comprehension, but Lady was trying to guard her own secret, not quite hearing the words, not quite able to take the inference. She thought it was another matter altogether.

"Mother, you have been wonderful, bearing up since father's death, taking on the responsibilties of his business and burying your grief to keep us all going. I never blamed you for wanting to be here, at home. I was glad because I had Father to myself. I was the selfish one. I figured if you did not see what Father's clients were up to then, there was nothing the law could do to you. Nobody has ever blamed you for your concern and love for Mama See See, Belinda, and the other Negroes. You have had to live Father's way. I understand, there's no secret in that." She reached for her mother and tried to hug her, but Bastua gripped Lady's arms and held them in abeyance.

"Daughter," followed by a deep breath, "I am a Negro. I have lived as a white woman since before you were born." She wanted to hurry on to explain Carter Colin's relationship to them all, to tell her what Lady had to know about herself, but she paused; this was enough. Lady comprehended.

"That's what he meant," she said under her breath, her father's dying words coming back to her, now as clear, as meaningful as could be. "I'm your daughter and his, was he a white-skinned negro also?"

Bastua took a breath, accepted a kerchief from Belinda, who had sat now, on the floor, next to the wheel chair, waiting, watching, hoping, as afraid as ever. "He was not who gave you seed, but he was your father."

"He raised me as his own. Is that what you mean? Was my seed father a Negro? "

"No. Nor was mine. Nor was my mother's." She seemed to be recalling a history before time began. "Your father was Carter Colin's father."

"Master Andrew," Mama See See said, reverently, quietly. Lady's mouth opened to speak, then closed. She blinked, appeared to be trying to remember something and failed. She looked at the entire room, its finely accomplished furnishings, looked at the keepsakes on the fireplace ledge which were perched of crystal and porceline on the rounded tables here and there. These were themselves the familiars of home; she studied the carpeting, imported woven, and as tears dripped from her eyes, she looked up through the blur at the three women, one at a time. Eighteen years of make-believe, her entire life a lie. For what? For what? For love. For safety. And she understood because of the secret in her own heart, the secret in Belinda's heart, being kept as guardedly, was motivated by love. What she did not know, nor did Belinda was that Bastua and Mama See See did know about them. To Bastua and Mama See See, their unspoken choice of each other seemed practical in a world of carpetbaggers, Reconstructionists, and honorless men from Kentucky (and elsewhere) who would kill President Garfield in 1881. Both women lived into the turn of the century, Bastua was 74 when Mama See See died at ninety-eight.

After Carter came and rediscovered family, he took over the steamer's services, expanding and redirecting the trade, reaching as far as Canada, where his sister and her dear friend would go to recruit former slaves for honest work, fair wages, and a chance to see the world.

THE HEART BY GENE H. KRUPA

## The Heart

When Stephen Collins opened his front door on what he had decided would be the last day of his life, he found on his doorstep... a heart in a surgical jar. He looked more closely, and yes, it was a heart, enclosed in its pericardial sac. He could see the thick layer of myocardia, squeezing in/out, in/out, systole/diastole. With the organ cut off from the vagus nerve, he knew this was impossible, but here it was. And in fact the heart was beating hard enough to make the jar vibrate. Collins tried to repress this impossibility. "Sick joke," he said to himself. He began to laugh hysterically. Nonetheless, he picked it up, brought it in, and set it on top of the television set next to the gun.

Collins was in the second year of a depression. He was also an alcoholic. Both conditions were untreated—his way of punishing himself. His wife, who had loved him, couldn't stand this punishment process, and had left him. He was punishing himself because his son Nick had committed suicide. Today, he had decided to join Nick.

Collins had a story, of course, for everyone has a story, and Collins had a demon, for everyone has a demon.

His story revolves around his older brother Jack, who is also his demon. Jack grew up worshipped by his family, who basically ignored Stephen. Jack was a sadist who tormented Stephen. He called him wimp, he called him ballless, he called him wuss, he called him faggot. He never let up, even after they were grown. Now he added drunk.

When Stephen drank, it was not to escape pain; it was to enter his pain. He had an image of himself diving into a whisky bottle, and stroking himself down, down into the bottom inch of the bottle, and there he would find the unforgiving truth—that he hadn't been man enough for his boy. So that when his boy needed his father's manhood, it wasn't there and the boy pulled the trigger. The pain would finally explode, and then too exhausted to feel any more, usually he would sleep.

But now this was all past. He looked at the gun, the same gun that Nick had used, but suddenly he was overwhelmingly sleepy, and he collapsed on the davenport.

And straight into dream. And there was Nick, as he often was, but this time he was different. Before he would just stare mutely with sorrowful eyes. This time his eyes were joyful. And he was beckoning to Stephen, as if to say "come close and listen." And then Nick did speak. He said, "Build a sweatlodge."

Stephen had some experience with sweatlodges. He had been introduced to them at a human potential group in the Canadian wilderness. He had felt trepidation about co-opting a sacred Native American ritual, but one of the leaders had been trained in them by a Sioux holy man.

He had disliked the daylong fasting before a sweat; he would feel weak and shakey and queasy. But more than that was the fear of physical pain, a viseral anxiety.

He had not minded being stuffed into the lodge with other naked people; he liked being with people who had chosen to suffer together for their own good and the general good.

But then the fireboy would begin shoveling the white-hot stones into the pit, and the steam would rise, and the fear of pain would end and the pain itself would begin.

As the pain escalated, the naked people would groan, cry, sing, and pray. People would rub each other, and hold each other, and shield each other, and try to help each other through the pain. The pain would break down their egos, and allow them to speak from their hearts. It would bring them back to the path of their hearts.

Crawling out of the lodge was relief beyond relief. Particularly if the lodge had been built by water. One would Sizzle in the water like a red-hot human stone. In Canada, Collins had slipped off a rock ledge into an icy lake, and while floating on his back, he had seen the stars advance and recede in a simple, elegant dance. Everyone would say that it felt like going to heaven, and everyone knew exactly what that meant, even though that language was inadequate.

And then, floating on the lake, Collins would feel his heart open with love. He would love the others who had chosen to suffer, and he would love the others in his life, and he would love everybody else too, without qualification.

Stephen had done sweats with Nick and with his wife and a few good friends. They had brought the three closer than anything.

Stephen woke abruptly. Nick wants a sweat, he thought; he gets it. Nothing I would not do for Nicky.

He drove out to a friend's property in the country. He cut the young willows for the frame of the lodge, and he asked each one pardon before he cut it down. He collected the rocks, again thanking them and asking forgiveness. He gathered dead wood for the fire, and he dug the pit, and he made the scaffolding from the willows. He draped them with canvas, stretched it air tight, and anchored it down with rocks.

He sat to meditate, for perhaps an hour, and then he asked Nick if he were ready. Nick said, "Bring the heart." The heart! He had forgotten that weird impossibility.

He drove back home for the heart, and since he was there, he also brought his favorite picture of Nick, the boy-man Nick looking shy and sensitive, his hair partly over his eyes. He gingerly placed the heart in the passenger seat and even strapped it in with the seat belt. He kept the photo on his lap.

When he got back, he stripped and lay flat on the ground and said a prayer for Nick. Then he crawled into the lodge, and set the heart in the east, and Nick's picture in the south. He was going to leave the north vacant, and he planned to sit in the west.

He crawled out and started shoveling the white-hot stones into the fire-pit. He would say a dedication with each stone, for the Great Mystery and for Mother Earth and for the animals and for peace on earth and then he would try to say a prayer for Nick, but that was hard. He took the water bucket, and crawled into the lodge, so like a womb.

The first half-cup of water made a big stone crack in half with a sharp report, and immediately the lodge was full of steam, and Stephen felt roasted alive.

Even before he could scream, he felt himself going up, up, and then there was no pit, no rocks, no lodge, no anything. He was in the void.

But before he could react, here came Nick, and Nick was looking worried and telling him not to be afraid. Nick was saying, "You must trust us," and Stephen wanted to ask, who is us? When Nick stepped aside, and there was an old, old man, at least 100, with rivers of wrinkles in his face. He was an Indian.

The old man drew a long knife and slashed his own arm, which bled copiously. He passed the knife to Nick, who did the same. And then Nick offered the knife to Stephen, who followed their example. All three men pressed their wounds

*Continued page 10*

*The Heart Continued from page 9*

together, and the old man began a sing-song chant in an ancient, strange language.

"Father," said Nick, we are going to give you a new heart."

But Stephen held up his hand. "Nick, I must know, Nick..." and then he halted his way through the hardest question, "Nick, was it because of me ..." Nick smiled and said, "No, Father." It was balm. "Then why ... ?"

Nick looked troubled. "Not now, Father."

"And what about Jack?"

"What about Jack?"

"I hate him."

"Don't hate him, Father. He got you here today. He made you drink your cup."

Nick asked his father to lie down, which he did, even though in that space there is no up or down, left or right, east or west, north or south.

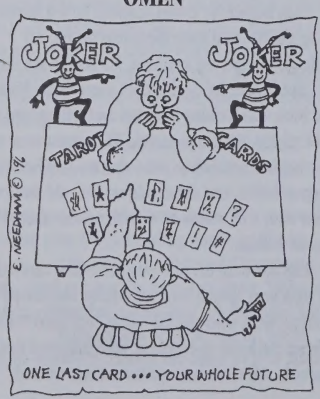
The old Indian sang as loud as he could, and he slashed open Stephen's torso, and he ripped the heart out of his body. Then he replaced it with the mysterious new heart. And then he sewed Stephen up. And he put the old heart in Stephen's hands.

Stephen began to fall through dimensionless space towards the sweatlodge. Nick called, "One last thing, Father. Throw your old heart in the pit."

When he found himself back in the sweatlodge, he did as Nick said. Maybe ten seconds, and then a boom almost blew Stephen out of the lodge. The lodge was covered with blood, Stephen also, Nick's picture also.

Stephen put his hand on his chest, and felt the beating of his new heart. He didn't want to wash off even one drop of the splattered blood, but since he would be staying in the world for a while, he understood that he would have to.

**OMEN**

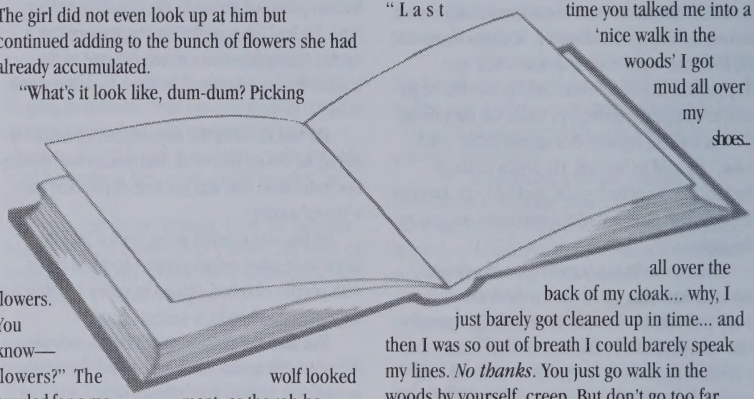



## Where Do They Go When It's Closed?
***by Kermit Wall***

The big, bad wolf sidled up to the girl in the red cloak as she was picking flowers. "Hi-ya, Red," he said with a big, wolfish smile. "Whatcha doin?"

The girl did not even look up at him but continued adding to the bunch of flowers she had already accumulated.

"What's it look like, dum-dum? Picking flowers. You know—flowers?" The wolf looked puzzled for a moment, as though he really hadn't been aware. "Oh, yeah," he said. "Guess I didn't notice."



The wolf sat down on his haunches and wrapped his tail around his forepaws. "What for?" he asked. "That's not in the story, is it?" He scratched his head with one paw. "Or did they change it while I was asleep?"

"You're always asleep, creep," said the girl. "Even when you're awake." After adding a few more flowers she asked, "What are you up to now?"

"Aw, come on, Red," he began, "Don't be so suspicious. Just because..."

"Come on yourself, wolf," she interrupted. "What do you want? You of all people don't stroll around the meadow just for the sun. And I happen to know you hate flowers."

"Well, now," said the wolf, putting on his wolf-smile again, "now that you ask, uh, how about a nice walk in the woods?"

"Oh, brother," said the girl, shaking her head in disbelief. She held up her flower bunch and, deciding it was not quite big enough, went back to picking.

"Get lost, wolf. I'm busy." The wolf looked around once and stood there uncertainly for a moment before speaking again. "Aw, come on, Red. The woods are really... nice... this time of day. Lots of dark shadows and..."

"I said, get lost!" The girl repeated. "I'm not going anywhere near those woods with you again. At least, not until it's time to...."

"Aw, come on, Red," he implored.

"Honest, I promise it won't be anything like last time. I won't even try to hold hands or anything. Come on, Red, whadaya say?"

"I say, get lost," she said once more. "Last time you talked me into a 'nice walk in the woods' I got mud all over my shoes... all over the back of my cloak... why, I just barely got cleaned up in time... and then I was so out of breath I could barely speak my lines. *No thanks*. You just go walk in the woods by yourself, creep. But don't go too far away, either."

The wolf looked somewhat abashed, for a wolf, and seemed at a loss for words so he just sat there watching the girl pick her flowers.

An elderly gray-haired lady with a very sweet-looking face came out of the cottage a short distance behind them. She walked toward them and, not noticing the wolf at first, started to call to the girl.

"Yoo hoo! Little Red... Oh! I beg your pardon. I didn't see you standing there," she said to the wolf. "How are you?" She inquired politely.

"Fine, thank you ma'am," replied the wolf looking down at his feet. "And you?"

"Why, just fine, thank you, just fine," said the lady. "Uh, Red, my girl, aren't you going to introduce me to... your friend... Mr. Wolf, I believe?"

"Mr. Creep," said the girl under her breath, and went on picking flowers. "Although," the lady went on, "you certainly do look most familiar. Haven't we met before?"

"Yes, ma'am." replied the wolf, still looking down. "I believe we have."

"Well!" said the lady brightening visibly. "How nice to see you again!"

"Thank you ma'am," said the wolf in his most polite growl. The lady turned toward the girl. "Red," she began, "it's time for tea. The water is boiling and..." She turned toward the wolf.

"Won't you join us for a cup of tea, Mr. Wolf?"

As the wolf was mumbling, "No thank you," and starting to edge away, the girl stood up from her flower picking, finished at last.

"Wolves don't drink tea, Grandma," she said. "Here, have some flowers," and she handed her grandma the bunch. "Oh?" said the grandma. "Well. What a shame. Oh! Thank you, Red Riding Hood. Ah... Mr. Wolf, perhaps you'd care for a biscuit or..."

"No thanks," mumbled the wolf again, definitely beginning to move, sideways, toward the woods. "Try offering him a large, bloody bone," murmured the girl, but her grandma didn't hear her. "Well," said the grandma, plainly disappointed, "perhaps some other time."

"Sure," said the wolf, "some other..." Suddenly he froze in his tracks. "Who's that?" he said, looking at a lone figure that had just come over the top of the hill and was striding right toward them.

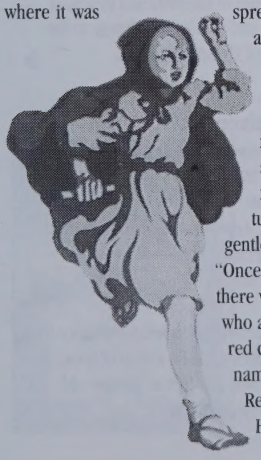
"Oh?" said the grandma turning to see. "Oh, that's the local woodsman. I asked him to drop in and join us. He's a lovely fellow, really. Perhaps you'd care to stay and chat a bit ..."

"No sirree," said the wolf, obviously preparing to break into a run. "I mean, no thanks. I've got to go somewhere. So long!" and he began bounding away.

Red began to wave to the approaching woodsman when she started to get the feeling again. "Oh, no," she said.

Suddenly, their world was shaken and lifted. "Wait!" cried the girl to the wolf, "Come back! It's starting again! Everyone in your places, quick!"

Their world was carried over to a couch where it was spread open upon a comfortable, motherly lap and a little boy lap immediately adjacent. The first page was turned and a gentle voice began, "Once upon a time there was a little girl who always wore a red cloak. Her name was Little Red Riding Hood..."



## Kitchen Table Wisdom

***Stories That Heal***

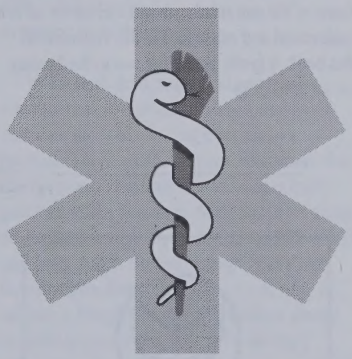
***by Rachel Naomi Remen, MD***

Reviewed by Janet Dugan

Riverhead Books: New York. 1996. 333 p.
ISBN 1-57322-042-6

We all learn by experience. Sometimes it is our own personal experience, sometimes the experience and wisdom of others. One way in which wisdom for life is passed on is through stories, many of which are told across kitchen tables—formal or informal encounters with others. Author Rachel Naomi Remen found that by listening to the stories of her clients and the people around her she became aware of new depths both in these people and in herself: depths of strength, of love, of courage, of wholeness. In telling their stories, people often recognized and acknowledged those depths and began to heal broken or repressed areas of their lives. An added bonus was the healing that Remen received at second hand, the wisdom and insight gained through the stories she heard. She posits that this type of healing and sense of connection is possible for everyone, if we will but take the time to listen to other's stories and ponder what we hear. In this day and age of solitary living and self-help books, we need to return to community sharing and the wisdom of each other.

*Kitchen Table Wisdom* is a book of stories that is loosely divided into areas or topics. First Remen talks about the life-force in each of us, how it displays itself, how it perseveres through illness, destructive behavior, depression. It is at the core of each person, a wellspring that never dries. Next, the topics of judgment and traps are discussed. Self-judgment and the judgment of others can stifle us, force us into patterns that are not natural, cripple our growth. We may become trapped by our own beliefs and attitudes, falling into repetitious behavior that denies essential components of ourselves. These behaviors may provide familiarity and comfort, but they reject portions of ourselves and many of the experiences of life. Thirdly, the concept of freedom is explored, the idea that people can acknowledge themselves with all of their faults and realize that they form a whole—acceptable, lovable, complete, faults and all. None of us will ever be "perfect" but each is unique and special. The next section of the book, opening the heart, leads the reader toward his/her connection with others, with all who have gone before, are present now, and will come after. We are never alone if we take the time to listen and to care for those around us. This idea leads to that of embracing life, knowing that we will probably never see or understand the "big picture" but that we can experience life as it comes to us. The topic of living and helping others to live encourages us to be involved, to care for each other, to recognize and encourage the possibilities in others. It is not enough to stand back and let people get on with their lives, we must heal each other. Lastly, the areas of knowing God and being aware of Mystery involve learning to know our personal Other, of knowing that loving touch, of being able to communicate and feel a part of that Other. Everyday life is sacred in its each and every moment—recognizing this is a challenge and a victory. And, in the end, there is so much we do not and will not ever understand. It is our job to know that unexplainable, wonderful things can happen. Such is the nature of life.



The stories in each section of *Kitchen Table Wisdom* illustrate life from different angles. Rachel Naomi Remen works with cancer patients, people facing life-threatening illnesses, and many of the insights come from these people through their suffering and their joy. Also, Remen herself is a wounded healer, suffering a debilitating chronic illness, and much wisdom comes from the process of living with disease as well as her personal stories of childhood and across the span of her life. In addition, there are stories from "ordinary" people, folks coping with the world and learning as they go, one step at a time. I found many of the stories very moving, illustrating very large concepts in a very small printed space.

*Continued page 12*

# Book Reviews

*Kitchen Table Wisdom Continued from page 11*
One of my personal favorites is "Professionals Don't Cry," which deals with the fact that many of us never grieve our losses, never take that first step toward healing. I, too, am a health care professional and have experienced this emotional "walling off" firsthand. In "How We See One Another" Remen points out that how others view us and our circumstances can impact on how we behave and conduct our lives. That is an incredible power, it can limit us when in fact no one can see how a life will progress. Growth is possible in any direction. Finally, in "Sanctuary" Remen talks about the "safe place," the place of quiet and peace in each of us. It is a magical, healing place and we carry it with us. I could go on—so many of these stories spoke to areas in my own life that need healing.

This is a fascinating book, a book about life in all of its mystery, unpredictability, and unquenchable power. It eloquently shows that the wisdom we need and the healing as well, can only be gained through our connections with others. These ordinary, extraordinary stories display the facets of life and relationships in terms we all can understand and relate to. I highly recommend this book, it gently points the way to the healing we all need.

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WITH DYING

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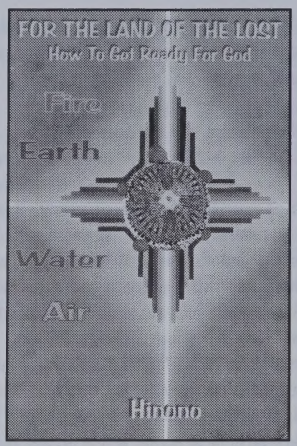



## For the Land of the Lost: How to Get Ready for God

***by Hinono***
***through John & Barbara Walton***
© 1997 by Seven Eagles Publishing
non-fiction; 501 pp
Review by Scott Shuker

Without a doubt, planet Earth and her inhabitants are in desperate need of healing. Our modern culture has taught us the dominant values of competition, greed, lust, patriarchy and short-term material gain with disregard for our environment; a culture based on fear, not love. There is a great imbalance in our lives and many of us are searching for truth and meaning, yet are constantly frustrated by this seemingly shallow and mundane society. The teachings of the ancients can offer much guidance in this confusing world. This book contains nearly 500 pages of channelled material by Hinono, a Native American entity from the sixth century, B.C., who has chosen John and Barbara Walton to deliver his message to the Lost Tribe of the twentieth century.

The message is about healing; the path is difficult and requires great strength and knowledge and we must heal ourselves and the planet and prepare ourselves for the cleansing of the Earth, which is already happening. Hinono challenges us in no uncertain terms to take a good look at what we have done, what we are doing, and how to make a healthy change.

As with all native teachings, story is the dominant vehicle here, and Hinono is an uncommon storyteller. The elements of fire, water, earth, and air are incorporated in a traditional way to help the reader better understand his words. Book Four, entitled "Air," is dedicated solely to ancient proverbs full of simple wisdom. In this way he shares the story of his earthly life and spiritual awakening, John and Barbara's ancient relationship with him, our relationship to creation, and why he has chosen now to be known. As the elements change, so do the teachings; sometimes gentle and whimsical then ardent and passionately honest. His familiar, colloquial language makes the narrative easy to understand, yet is decidedly truthful and confrontational.

For the *Land of the Lost* is meant for those serious about a spiritual path and promotes awareness for all aspects of being human—mentally, physically, and spiritually. To reach a balanced world, says Hinono we must bring ourselves back into balance individually, and offers ways of achieving it. This is in a similar vein as *A Course in Miracles*, which receives acknowledgement throughout as a source of inspiration for this material; an attempt to create a bridge between *A Course* and *Land of the Lost*, though it's never quite clear who was the one inspired, the Waltons or Hinono. Regardless, these words, like those of Jesus, create "a way back to the truth from illusion." Included are several pages of rather complex pyramid graphs: "The Circle of Love and the Seven Chakras," "7 Inverted Pyramids of Collective Consciousness," "Sexuality," and "The Fall From Grace" are just a few—familiar to the experienced New Age reader. Hinono attempts to make the power of pyramids easier to understand, yet I found myself more confused by the way it was presented. Nonetheless, readers will find this book insightful as well as challenging, full of sincerity and practical understanding, and a welcome change to the usual selection of channelled work.

## Our Two Universes!!

***by William Hunter Spears, Jr.***
Copyright 1994 ISBN 0-960-010-64-5
W. H. Spears LOH
426 N Kennicot, Arlington Heights, IL 60005
Fiction; 102 pp; cost $12.95
Review by Scott Shuker

All cultures throughout human existence have their creation stories and in a time of great change call for new answers to the age-old questions of "Why are we here?" and "How did we get here?"

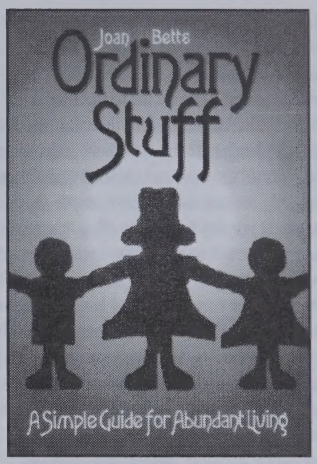
Imagine this cosmology based on not one Creator but a group of Creators, a new mythology with not one but two universes, (one being Immaterial and the other Material), and the meaning of human existence as a cosmic treatment for boredom! In the tradition of (and challenge to) Plato, William Spears brings us this provocative yet off-the-wall novel intending to incite a culture to "megalomania."

*Our Two Universes*!! is actually an introduction to a larger work to come entitled *Superchessmen of Space-time*, a "new proto bible for the astronautical age." It is an in-your-face challenge for cosmology buffs seeking a different perspective on the workings of the universe and Spears pulls no punches, not presenting but *unleashing* a fantastic series of explanations through a living dialogue.

We are jettisoned to a time "before the beginning" becoming witnesses to a process prior to the creation of the Material Universe. Spawned by the aging Great Mother, the "one and only female-type Creator," an association of male Creators is charged with the job of creating all activity in the pre-material Universe. Bored by this constant task of creation, Creator Seven shirks the responsibilities of his office, attracting the resentment of his fellow creators and leading to Seven's trial. After a unanimous guilty verdict, Seven is condemned to "treatment" in a new realm of existence, specificaly created for him by the enthusiastic Creator Four. Creator Seven is renamed the Common Universal Mind-Soul and destined to inhabit the bodies of all conscious beings throughout the Universe. The paradox is that he will perceive himself as being a group of totally separate entities with individual souls and egos (sound familiar?). Although partial to the Andromeda Galaxy, Seven is reticent to inhabit this "intergalactic jungle," especially the world known as Earth, whose creatures actively participate in the "pyramid of predation", which causes unspeakable suffering, even in so-called "civilized" cultures. The trade-off is that he will be called home when the Material Universe reaches final decay. This whole scenario sets the stage for what appears to be an epic which would make Cecil B. DeMille proud.

Epics in the late-twentieth century are hard to come by, yet Spears unites the rhetoric of mythology with the objectivity of quantum physics, producing a unique piece of literary theater. We are invited to lose our metahyphysical virginity and throw away our tired Judeo-Christian beliefs, ironically quoting the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis to start. With tongue-in-cheek, the myths of uncounted generations seem to be instantly discarded, yet it is not as much trashing as it is transforming, blending scientific fact with unadulterated imagination. Though slow in the beginning, *Our Two Universes*!! soon picks up steam. Spears' style is aggressive, brash, and completely satirical. All pre-conceived notions about our place in the universe are put through his cosmological blender and poured back into the plastic tumbler of reality.

*Our Two Universes*!! is the alternative creation myth of the New Age. It's the Old Testament and Bagavad-Gita with pie on its face. Spears has cleverly previewed what seems likely to become a testament for those who hold little sacred, and this is only the beginning.




## Ordinary Stuff

***by Joan Betts***

SunShine Press Publications, Inc. © 1997
non-fiction 118 pp; cost $12.00
ISBN 1-888-604-04-2
Review by Scott Shuker

In the mad, mad, mad, mad, world of consumerism and denial, finding a simple yet abundant life is like finding a needle in a haystack. There are distractions everywhere that can keep us disconnected from what is *really* going on within ourselves. Some signposts along the great superhighway of mainstream life would sure help, and in *Ordinary Stuff* author and therapist Joan Betts offers a short rest stop. Its subtitle, A *Simple Guide for Abundant Living* honestly proposes that life can be fulfilling without the constant struggle so many experience and, with some homespun wisdom, shows how. Betts investigates a variety of topics from birthdays to money to sex with her personal outlook on each. Her inspiration, so says the blurb, came from wanting to pass this wisdom on to her grandchildren, and succeeded in creating a timely and insightful book for all ages which has that unexpected "grandmotherly" approach and elderly knowledge missing from most self-help books.

This book's charm is easily found in its simplicity—each chapter is short and to-the-point, making it a delightfully easy read. Betts succinctly covers a lot of ground in just 118 pages, 27 topics in all, sometimes alluringly, sometimes poignantly, with great universality

*Continued page 14*

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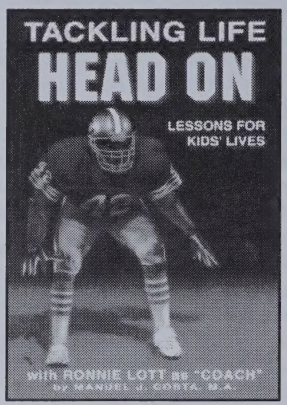
*Ordinary Stuff Continued from page 13*

which seems to come forth in every way. This from "Hurt People Hurt People": "Whether planned or accidental, when someone does something that hurts us, we react. After the original 'sting' has subsided, thoughts turn into feelings of anger. Then resentment starts to grow and plots to 'get even' are planned—and there begins the vicious cycle—*hurt people hurt people."* I see this happen so often in my own life and translate this to mean "Do unto others ..." She shares her personal experience with candor, embracing the commonality of human endeavors. "One of the favorite pictures on my wall is called *Poverty Sucks.* Due to some poor choices and bad decisions, I was indeed financially troubled for many years... And I struggled just to buy the necessities of life. Now I look back on that experience as one of the best in my life—I became a learned survivor. It was during that time I understood money—what it can and cannot do,"—from "Money". Most notable is the chapter entitled "The Great Spirit and Me" in which she shares her feelings, perceptions, and personal relationship with God: "My relationship with the Creator has changed over the years just as I have. Now, I consider the Great Spirit my best friend and my life's partner. I carry on a silent dialogue with this constant companion all day long and am grateful for the presence that is always with me... It is good and it is God." Almost anyone can find *something* here which strikes a chord within, which makes one say "Oh, yeah. Me too!", its most endearing quality.

Of course, not all may agree with her outlook on all areas. Though these truths are fairly universal, self-admittedly, her particular age group might actually create a generation gap in regard to certain subjects. In "Sex" she says, "I know that I am from a different era, but when I was a young girl we didn't ever kiss a boy until at least the third date... My best information came from the *Kinsey Report...* Times have certainly changed." She goes on to talk about the exploitation of sex in our modern culture and how many of us look for sexual gratification to make us feel good. I tend to agree. In "Patriotism," Betts discusses her love of America and the flying of the flag as a "display of pride," the singing of *The Star Spangled Banner* as an acknowledgement of "the splendor of this nation," and the *Pledge of Allegiance* as a "sign of hope for the future." Those like myself who are in the "Global Village" camp might cringe at this kind of talk, yet must admire her sincerity when she suggests we each "assume a role of responsibility and contribute our share" and ultimately "make a difference." *Ordinary Stuff is* recommended as inspirational bedtime reading or for those times of distress when one needs to remember their true nature. Whatever your age, its insight will help one along the path yet help one to avoid the superhighway.




## Tackling Life Head On: Lessons for Kid's Lives

***by Manuel J. Costa, M.A.***

Guild for Psychological Studies Pub. 2024 Divisadero St. San Francisco, CA 94115 75 pp $9.95 non-fiction ISBN 0-917-479-17-3

Review by Scott Shuker

Life is a game, they say, and it's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play that matters. The game is full of obstacles and the modern challenges to pre-teens are numerous: lack of self acceptance, alienation from parents and peers, awkward relationships; at worst they can include drug abuse and violence. Most of us have experienced the real hardships of those rather confusing years, spending much of our adulthood undoing the damage. In this, his second book, author and family therapist Manuel Costa attempts to allay these difficulties using the sport of football as a parallel for life itself, with former NFL star Ronnie Lott as its "coach." Lott's life experience becomes a living example for the youth of America: hard work, sincerity, integrity, and love of what you do will lead to a fulfilling life and the realization of one's goals. Lott has dedicated himself to the enrichment of young lives through various efforts including the founding of All Stars Helping Kids and his involvement in the Stay in School Program. Costa has wisely chosen him to serve as a role model for his young readers.

Is the life of an NFL star all fun and glory? According to Lott's own words, apparently not. His life and career were full of emotional challenges, injuries, mistakes, and humiliations. There were great moments of triumph like being voted to the Pro Bowl ten times as well as playing in the Superbowl, yet there were hardships like becoming expendable after eleven years with the San Francisco 49ers. Regardless, Lott continued to call upon his inner strength to continue playing the game he loved so dearly. Giving life "110 %" seems to be the recurring theme of this work which translates into many areas of daily life for the average youth. Costa describes in very simple terms the "how to's" for a path to a successful life as each chapter becomes more of a commandment, with titles such as "Expect Hard Knocks", "Own Your Mistakes," "Be Who You Are," and "Live From Your Heart." Questions such as "What are true friends and how do I make them?", "What do I do when I make a mistake?", "Do I need to be perfect?", and "What does leadership mean?" are lightheartedly answered in a clear and concise manner, making his words easy to understand to his intended readers.

These are universal truths, yet there are the gray areas that are conspicuously missing in this work. Due to certain cultural barriers, I fear Costa's work may be alienating to a whole other audience—his answers being a little *too* simple: What about those living in the dog-eat-dog environment of the inner city? What about those who are regularly abused, physically and/or emotionally, by their parents? What about those who have no interest whatsoever in sports and its mega-icons? Would these kids (or even their parents for that matter) buy this book anyway? Costa isn't saying, yet I believe his intentions are pure. It would be interesting if he would address these problems in a future work.

*Tackling Life Head On* is an otherwise true-to-life primer for self-discovery—insightful and totally positive. Readers will find it useful in many ways: kids who need some guidance and direction as well as parents who could use some help in teaching them what it will mean to be an adult. Costa and Lott successfully point to the goal post, and tell you how to score!

# Book Reviews

**Urbanus**
***Editor: Peter Drizhal***
***Urbanus Press***
***P.O.Box 192921***
***San Francisco, CA 94119***
***Review by Scott Shuker***
***Summer 1927: cost $6.95***

In *Urbanus* magazine, publisher and editor Peter Drizhal brings together poetry and prose for those seeking an eclectic literary experience. It is a lukewarm cup of coffee, sipped at 3:00 am with Dizzy Gillespie on the stereo. Old photos rediscovered and forgotten lives remembered. A nostalgic journey into small town America and contemporary Europe. Starkly philosophical, it reaches spiritual depths that quietly envelop you like the afternoon fog out on San Francisco Bay, yet sharp and edgy, cutting like a somewhat dull razor on stubbly morning skin. It is filled with illustrations and photos which suitably highlight their accompanying piece, creating a tasteful literary/art stew.

*Urbanus* is a man who wears sunglasses at night: though fairly ordinary in appearance, there is a cloud of mystery surrounding him. The title itself suggests a sophisticated and cosmopolitan style, which seemingly oozes from its pages, done with simplicity and frankness and a commonality of experience among its writers. Short stories like Laura Mullen's "Postcard", Denis Duhamel's "House-Sitting", Sarah Shulman's exerpt from *Shimmer,* become strands in the ever expanding web of American culture—full of hope and laughter as well as cynicism and ennui.

Its poems are enduring, promulgating the spiritual and transcendent from the mundanity of the human experience. Stylisticly, they're varied, switching from the vaguely traditional to the wholly unconventional. Then they turn around and go the other way. God itself becomes demystified, less abstract, almost mundane. Miroslav Halub, from "Anything About God":

*Whatever you say about God*
*it's wrong.*
*Jaques Wakefield, from "Three Breaths in Clothing:"*
*clothes held him*
*on the popular street*

*he wanted clothes more than he needed*
*to be dancing naked with God*

One passage, "Leaving the Loop, 1992 (in memory of Miles Davis)" by Chris Gilbert, seems to embody the poetry noir which is pure *Urbanus:*
*To get into what is wasted with this year*
*is to be a black man in your life's time,*
*which is to play So What everyday*
*from your birth breath to your death step*

Even tastier are occasional accounts of extraordinary lives, like this issue's "Solita Solano & George Gurdjieff: Dying Into A New Life," an offbeat tale of a Paris Left Bank socialite, who wore makeup and had sex with women, and her eventual relationship with Europe's unusual, rather prudish spiritual master who *despised* makeup and was a homophobe.

Ultimately, trying to explain *Urbanus* is like trying to explain a religious experience to an agnostic: one simply needs to try it and find out for oneself, and like religion, there is something here for almost everybody to delve into. America needs this. May it continue.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## *Stephanie LaBaw*

Ms. LaBaw is a student at University of California at Davis. She is formerly from Sacramento California where she was studying. She is an English major who has worked actively as a member of the California Student Teachers Association. Her poem, "A Little White Lie" was published in the Yuba Community College *Yuba Review in 1994.* She plans to teach and continue free-lance writing upon graduation. Her exposure to the work of Audre Lorde in her Women Studies courses stimulated this paper, on Lorde's "Monkey Man" and her sensitive personal herstorical analysis.

### "Monkeyman"

There is a strange man attached to my backbone,
who thinks he can sap or break me
if he bleaches out my son my water my fire
if he confuses my tongue by shitting his symbols
into my words.

Everyday I walk out of my house
with this curious weight on my back
peering out from between my ear and my
shoulder
and each time I move my head
his breath smells like a monkey.
he tugs at my short hairs
trying to make me look
into shop windows
trying to make me buy
wigs and girdles and polyurethane pillows.
And whenever I walk through Harlem
he whispers—"be careful—
our nigger will get us!"

I used to pretend
I did not hear him.

***—Audre Lorde***

## Audre Lorde's *"Monkeyman"*: Discovering What This Monkey Is and What to Do About It

Her insides were quavering with a screaming but silent rage as she studied her instructor's pale, staid face. "How could you give me a 'B' for my semester grade?" she asked quietly. "I received an 'A' on every paper; I even brought them all to show you." She took a folder out from her book bag, pursing her lips and peering self-consciously over at her instructor. But he was not interested in the facts— waving away her folder dismissively and smiling slightly, abruptly standing up from his wooden, swivel chair to look down at her. "A 'B' is what you deserved," he answered simply, returning her gaze. "And you should be very proud of that grade. "A 'B' is very good for a woman," he added.

This situation which occurred twenty five years ago, is an example of the condescending attitudes many men had and still have toward women and their intellectual capabilities. And this narrow-minded condescension is exactly what the African American poet, Audre Lorde, speaks against in her poem, "Monkeyman."

In 1972 when this poem was published, women—no matter their occupation—were often not taken seriously; but Lorde focuses "Monkeyman" on how women are not taken seriously as writers. While, their novels, short stories, and poetry were published and made accessible to the general public, one would not find much woman's work in college or high school texts. After all, what could society learn from the petty writings of women? Why bother with Lorde when one could be reading T.S. Elliot, right?

Audre Lorde, however, infers that because women students are deprived of studying the writings of female authors, their minds and view points are extremely limited. Among other deprivations, the lack of female role models in writing (in 1972) constricted the aptitude of women, forcing them to view life and its complexities with bleary eyes. Lorde is fully aware that literary silence can hurt. Instead, her poem releases voice with an effusion.

"There is a strange man attached to my backbone"(1). The crucial first line of this poem must be understood beyond the literal surface assertion about the "strange man" attached to her backbone. Of course, one could just accept the word "backbone" solely for its denotation, but the word's connotations reveal how this strange man is affecting her. In fact this man who is attached to the poet's backbone leads a reader to think that the scoundrel is attempting to cause a degeneration of her ability to think and act independently of others' biases because

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*Now when I stand and face the Jury and ask them to look at my client and ask them if this looks like somebody who would rob a bank, you pull the cord which will make the wings flap.*

"backbone" connotes a kind of foundation; it is also used to symbolize strength of character. To think and act independently is the basis of her identity. To be unable to do so could weaken her psyche, and thus allow others to mold and control her personality. But who or what is this "strange man?" Allow me to make a connection. Because pieces written by women in the early 70's were frequently ignored or barred from college or high school anthologies, women seemed never to be speakers (for their own lives); they were either spoken of or not spoken about at all. Thus, women were cast by men into every role that men imagined. The stories of men told them what they could and could not be, what behavior was and was not appropriate, and men's stories decided what women desired and hated in life. In these male renderings, women were also the subject of many fantasies. And yet a woman's own opinion—proclaiming her true capabilities; her wants; her hates; and fantasies, these—for awhile—was never made known. Thus a woman, ironically enrolled in a learning institution to gain some independence, would only come away with a male's perspective of who she really was. Although a college student or graduate, a woman in those days could study much and still have no idea. So male domination or the stifling of a woman's creativity—is symbolized by the monkey, the "strange man" who is clinging to the speaker's backbone. Next, Lorde describes this strange man's intentions: he wants to sap her independence.

"...(He) thinks he can sap or break me if he bleaches out my son my water my fire"(2-3).

Not surprisingly, the denotations of the word "sap" are respectively (a) the wearing away of a foundation and (b) "using up." Obviously, a woman's foundation is being worn away if her independence is steadily (and stealthily) being stolen from her. Coincidentally, the definition "using up" recalls the Virginia Woolf metaphor about women serving as the looking glass of men, i.e. they are a mirror from which men draw a sense of themselves. So it seems in "Monkeyman", "the strange man" would drain the self-reliance and autonomy from women like gluttons. Gluttony is my metaphor for the dominance and superiority they covet so highly. As Virginia Woolf wrote in *A Room of One's Own*, "Women have served all these centuries as looking glasses... reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size."

In the poem, Lorde assures that if one did not catch the serious denotation of "sap," the idea would be reinforced by the word "break". Thus, "break" reveals to the reader that this "strange man's" desires to constrict this speaker's freedom. After all, if a woman started gaining some liberty, a man might lose much of his power. Consequently, this strange man can only triumph in his attempt to destroy if he "bleaches out" her "son," "water" and "fire."

Once when I was trying to do something nice and thoughtful for a friend, I accidentally put bleach into a load of his colored clothes. Obviously, I faded his original colors. But one shirt in particular, a shirt that was once an olive green, and had now become a brilliant sky blue. (Although I regretted ruining his colored clothes) I thought the blue shirt was rather pretty myself. So I told him at least he could still wear that shirt.

"No, no, no," he bellowed. *He would not wear that shirt. Sky blue was not his color,* he insisted. *Olive green was.*

That was the color he had picked when he had bought the shirt. Hence, when Lorde speaks of this "man's" desire to bleach out her "son, water, and fire"—she is speaking of his attempt to discolor something in herself that was never meant to be (bleached or) changed. For if that which makes up her own person is altered, she would become completely different. And no matter how much this "monkey man" may tell her how a change would become her, flatter her, or help her fit into society and succeed in life, this new and dependent person would simply not be her.

I ask myself why does Lorde refer to the "elements" of "son", "water" and "fire" to describe herself? One could interpret the word "son" as literally representing her own son. Thus, when she speaks of the "strange man" bleaching out her "son", she could be referring to a negative change that could take place in her offspring, a young African-American male—if and when he learns of (how schoolbooks tend to minimize his people's contribution to all areas of life. It would be as if he is) insignificant and non-existence. (Lorde recognizes that her son's) confidence and pride could be crushed—diminishing his creative potential. And if this strange man does succeed in bleaching out her "son's" confidence, the man hopes that Lorde's own creative talents might disintegrate in turn. But she clearly states (that nothing of herself will be lost) even if he bleaches out her "water." For she refuses to play the part of the poor, broken victim.

One intriguing definition of the word "water" is "the degree of clearness and specialness of a certain stone." Hence, if she herself represents "water" or a stone she has a strong, lucid sense of her own individual selfhood. (This poem says she can and does) speak her mind when she feels the desire. (Thus, she will not let him "confuse her tongue" with his "symbols". She keeps her words for her own use.)

Another interesting fact about water is its flexibility because it takes different forms: liquid, solid, gas. Lorde's writing of this man's attempt at "bleaching out" her "water" might be (inferred to be) the whiting out of the possibilities of her acquiring for different and elevated positions in life. For the fact that this "strange man" is attempting to discolor her rainbow of her (selfhood or) personality, demonstrates that the only trait he wants visible to the eye is not her violet creativeness, green independence, or red outspokenness—but (a) pale, white insecurity and dependence on other people.

Surely, such a faded, predictable female personality would strike men as much more appealing because it is not a threat to their own independence. When one considers the connotation of fire: (1) liveliness of imagination, (2) inspiration, (3) the act of plying with questions, (4) criticism, (5) protest—suddenly the reasons are obvious why men would want to stifle a woman's "fire." If women of any race, black (red, yellow or) white, were allowed to put their imagination, creativity and inspirations to good use, they might think of a way to snatch some of the power away from the men—to regain control over their own lives. And certainly men would not want the women questioning, criticizing, and protesting the reasons for the limitations they impose upon females.

So not only were female authors being kept out of literature books because (white males felt) their writings' lacked significance and did not equal those written by male authors but they were being kept out in order to preclude them from learning of other females' insights on diverse, significant topics. In other words, a woman could have: (a) read of another's pain and sympathized, perhaps even growing angry at the cause; (b) read of another's harsh but inspiring tribulations; (c) read of another women's protests, perhaps

*Continued page 18*

*Monkeyman Continued from page 17*

gaining a whole new view on the issue being protested—maybe even deciding to protest the same issue herself.

Therefore, if female literature as a general study had been taught, women (before the Women's Movement gained force) might have learned to think different thoughts, gain different perspectives, see matters more lucidly—to the horror and fear of men. But since the mind of the poet Lorde, and every other female poet and author, is limited to the insights of male authors—her tongue could very easily become "confused." For she has nothing but men's words and symbols—their "shit"—to draw from, which limits and narrows her own writing. "(He) thinks he can... break me/...if he confuses my tongue by shitting his symbols/ into my words"(2-5). But she refuses to be sliced, buttered, and chomped. Instead, she acknowledges that this limitation does indeed exist, and does indeed thwart her own creative abilities. And she refers to this unjust restriction of women's literature as a tangible weight on her back—a "monkey", to be precise.

"Everyday I... (have) this curious weight on my back/ peering out from my ear and my shoulder/ and each time I move my head his breath smells like a monkey"(6-8). This weight is the pressure she feels from the male dominated society to conform to the typical, passive personality of the female. And this pressure, this "monkey", is always there, whispering in her ear that men were created to dominate and that women were meant to listen, look pretty and serve the men. However, she refuses to take seriously the foolish words of this "monkey."

"He tugs at my short hairs/ trying to make me look/ into shop windows/ trying to make me buy/ wigs and girdles and polyurethane pillows" (11 - 5). Yet even when she chooses not to listen to the male's dictation of how women are supposed to look and act, everywhere she goes, everywhere she looks—in magazines, on the television, in shop windows—there are pictures, images, mannequins—all reeking of the petite, feminine image women are supposed to live up to. "Look like me!" they all say. "These short skirts, nylons, false lashes, and fake hair make me pretty, appealing and saucy. I can attract any man." But one can infer from Lorde's repetition of the word "trying" that Lorde refuses to listen to these pathetic cries. Polyurethane is not what her body or soul is made out of; nor is her body able to conform to whatever shape that might strike another's fancy. In addition, Lorde has more significant things on her mind than the choosing of wigs. Besides, her own, natural honey is sweet enough, and in the center of her life stands not a man—but her. Thus, she will not respond to the "tugs on her short hairs."

"And whenever I walk through Harlem/ he whispers—'be careful—our nigger will get us!" (16-18). These three lines are really the only obvious hints to the reader that the author is African American. Without these three lines, a reader could very easily read through and analyze the whole poem with the assumption that the author is white. But upon this discovery, he or she realizes that every struggle the author speaks of in this poem is amplified a hundred times when the struggles become those of Black Women. For instance, the word "bleach" in her poem can actually be taken literally when one considers how so many women denied and still deny their own blackness (by using products to lighten their own skin) because of the shame heaped upon them by white males and females. (In the antebellum South and in recent times) Black parents who wanted their children to succeed gave their children English names, and made sure their children wore the exact same style of clothes. (The parents saw that their children) imitated the way the white children wore their hair, and spoke English perfectly. They wanted their children to blend in as best they could—never to stand out. As a result, many black individuals grew up thinking that if they ever did stand out, disagreeing or standing up for their rights, "the nigger" would get them, and the white people would spit them out into the outcasts of society.

I remember, a few years ago, working with a young Black woman who was, and maybe still, trapped in that frame of mind. She was an old boss of mine—a very pretty woman, named Wendy, who always dressed to absolute perfection, with every straightened hair in place, and her make-up always flawless. These elements never would have caught my attention—I mean, for heaven's sake, I was the same way—except she was never failing to remind me how light-skinned her whole family was. She would constantly inform me of how her mother was as white "as ivory," and that a person would never be able to tell that her sister had an "ounce of black in her." Frequently, Wendy would tell me of her sister's children, and how light-skinned and beautiful they were, even bringing them to work one day to show off their beauty. Other times, she would tell me about her white husband, and how light-skinned their baby was going to be... At the time, I never really quite understood why it was so important to her that I know how much white blood existed in her family. Now I think I might know. Wendy was afraid that the "nigger" was "going to get her"; and as a result, (she was afraid that) I might not take her seriously as my boss. This situation was very sad indeed, as Wendy seemed to have convinced herself that her striving to be as white as possible was a rational and normal aspiration for African American women. For her, auditioning wasn't even necessary to receive this degrading role. Having been born a black woman, the part was already hers.

"I used to pretend/ I did not hear him (19-20)." This line is Lorde's hint to the readers that she actually used to conform to men's versions of what women are supposed to be like. And she probably tried her damndest not to attract any attention—perhaps looking and acting as "white" as possible—convincing herself that this was just the Black woman's role to play. But now she has changed her mind. And other women, she alleges, need to change their minds, too.

But for women to change direction they need to stop eating, swallowing and digesting the crap of men. They need to create some words of their own—a tough challenge when the only writings they could refer to, at that time, were men's writings. Thus, the message behind Lorde's poem becomes obvious: it is imperative that women's writings be incorporated into literature; for not only the men need to be convinced that change is good, but the women, too.

Fortunately today, women's pieces are included in modern college literature anthologies. I may have had to grope and feel my way around in high school, depending mostly on men's works to help inspire (my own) ideas, but as soon as I entered college, the blindfold fell away—a once silly (limitation) that prevented me from discovering so many varied perspectives on every topic imaginable. I am thankful and grateful to everyone, every woman and man, that (participated in the Women's Movement and who made the uncovering of my eyes) possible. Audre Lorde is one of them. "I have come to believe over an over again that what is most important to me must be spoken, made verbal and shared, even at the risk of having it bruised and misunderstood... (For) It is not difference that immobilizes us, but silence."

# Winner's Circle

## AUDRE LORDE PRIZE WINNERS 1997-1998

### *Crystal Weston*

Ms. Weston is a well-published author who makes her home in Oakland, California. Her activities include legal and literary research and writing. She has published "Hate Disguised as Justice", "Making America Keep Its Promise" and "Orenthal James Simpson: Gender, Class, and Race: In That Order," all political essays. She is a public speaker on such topics as Affirmative Action, Education, Racism, Queer Rights, Multiculturalism, and Human Rights. She has served on the San Francisco Human Rights Commisson. Lorde's influence on her own work is apparent, and we welcome the opportunity to publish "To Be Equal."

### To Be Equal

"I'm not homophobic," said Sonny Bono, R-Calif, during the Senate debate where the House Judiciary Committee approved a bill that would allow individual states to legally disregard same-gender marriages performed in other parts of the union. "I like Barney and I love my daughter," Bono continued, "but I simply cannot handle it yet... I can't say to my son, 'It's O.K.'"

Sonny Bono was right; he is not homophobic. These statements, do not reveal an irrational fear of gay people or a seeming fear of a repressed attraction to members of his own sex—as homophobia is defined. Representative Bono would be better defined as heterosexist. No, this is not a new buzzword in the pop psychology culture of victimization which, when used, is meant to squelch discourse. Heterosexism names the great disparity between heterosexuals and everybody else. It begins to speak of heterosexual affirmation and privilege.

The late Audre Lorde, (1934-1992) who identified herself as a "Black, lesbian, feminist, poet, mother, warrior" was indeed one of the first out and active advocates to embrace and broach the subject of self-love. She coined the term heterosexism in 1978. (**Sister Outsider* Firebrand, 1984)

Heterosexism: The belief in the inherent superiority of one (usually heterosexual) pattern of loving and thereby its right to dominance.

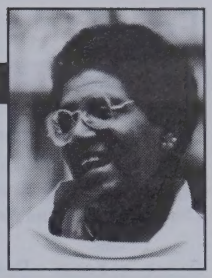
Heterosexism can manifest to produce comments like those by above Sonny Bono, or others. For example, he said that he could "like" his congressional colleague, Barney Frank, an "out" gay member of the House of Representatives, and "love" his "out" lesbian daughter, Chastity Bono, yet still vote to relegate against the legitimacy of same-sex marriages in all of the States of the Union. In effect he would relegate them to a second-class citizenship because he and others like him believe Barney's gayness and Chastity's lesbianism are inferior to heterosexuality. He also has the power to translate this belief into policy. Human rights advocates have long known that prejudice plus power equals an "ism," hence heterosexism (or ageism, racism, sexism).

I can recall the many times I've casually talked with someone heterosexual about love and relationships, only to have that person realize, "Your relationships are just like ours!" To me heterosexism assumes their way of loving or having intimate relationships is the standard and homosexual relationships must be very different. But "heterosexism" accurately names this problem because it keeps the onus on heterosexual people to correct or recognize they're limiting themselves. For it is they from whom the oppression descends.

For example, in American culture, we speak of racism, not Blackphobia, and we speak of sexism, not womanphobia. Similarly, homophobia places the onus on the despised group (homo) and speaks only of an irrational fear (phobia), while heterosexism speaks to deliberate and calculated efforts to suppress all forms of loving that are not heterosexual, legally, educationally, and socially .

The term heterosexism shines a brilliant light on notions of who is equal and not; who is favored and not; who is privileged and not and, especially, on who is heterosexual and not. Heterosexism waves a constant flag at this inequity and makes it nearly impossible to blame the brutal repression of lesbian and gay people on a mere "phobia."

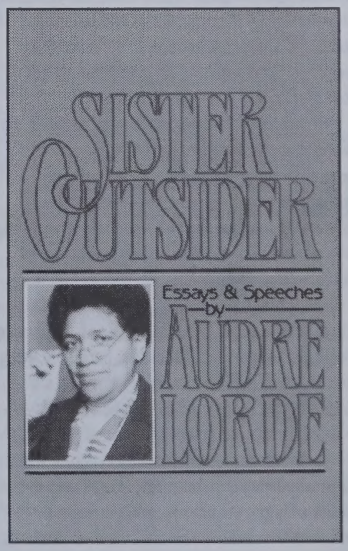
To have the Supreme Court begin to discuss gay people in regards to their legal and given rights of Equal Protection under the law has been encouraging. It has been equally encouraging to have the Human Rights Campaign Fund "come out" on pro-equality by incorporating a symbolic equal (=) sign into its literature, (an idea first popularized by the National Urban League). And though the queer movement tends to name what ails in the society, the recent theme for San Francisco pride festivities: "Equality And Justice For All" was heartening.



Yes, symbols are very important. But it is language—consistent and poignant language—that creates and controls our reality and it is language that we must master. Lorde has proposed turning language into action and this word, "heterosexism," is a start.

Heterosexism. Allow it to remind us that our/their /homosexuals' struggle has never been and is not now about the words "lesbian", "gay", "bisexual", and/or "transgender" rights. It is about "lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender *equality*. Equality to what? To heterosexual identities and unions. Period. And this is what the Sonny Bonos really dread and what queer people and progressive heterosexuals must strive to achieve.

*Editor's Note: This essay was published before the book *Sister Outsider.*



## Messages from Archangel Michael

***September 21, 1997***

***Reprinted from the Center of Attention***

***Channeled by Ronna Herman***

### Beauty of Form • Beauty of Spirit

Beloved Masters, much has transpired since we last came together, events which are confusing, disconcerting and painful. Allow me to give you an expanded view and bring you to a greater understanding so you will know that all is in divine order. That does not mean that these events were divinely planned, but it does mean that the precious souls involved agreed to be the vehicles of greater understanding and awareness at this important time.

I am speaking in particular of the violent death of the beautiful soul called Princess Diana and the transition of the be-loved saintly one called Mother Teresa. These two precious souls were aspects or fragments of the same great Oversoul who came to Earth to teach humanity an important lesson from an exaggerated, opposing perspective. Princess Diana born into the elite, titled, privileged class, was gifted with power, wealth and status beyond compare. But what this gentle soul yearned for the most was love and acceptance. She made many errors in judgment, but her loving nature and strong spirit prevailed and she moved beyond the self-indulgence and self-centeredness of the past to reach out to those in need—to give hope where there was none. She stepped across the boundaries and taboos to touch the untouchable ones, to embrace the helpless and defeated ones, giving them a gift of love and beauty, if only for a moment.

She accomplished her mission by showing the world that all the riches, power, titles and adulation of physical beauty mean nothing without love or a sense of self-worth. In the hearts of humanity, she will remain forever young as a symbol of gentleness, grace and beauty of Spirit.

The beautiful one called Mother Teresa chose a life of sacrifice and penance, rejecting all physical comforts, wealth, and status. She became a living martyr, serving those in need unstintingly with complete disregard for her own health and well-being. She had not beauty of face and form, but the radiance that shined forth from within was most wondrous to behold. She, too, leaves a legacy of hope, inspiration, and courage which will forever remain in the memories of humanity.

Do you not see the exaggerated image each of these dear souls chose to present to the world for scrutiny? The opposite ends of the spectrum: Diana totally immersed in her physical appearance for a time, to the point of self-destruction and even a death wish, while surrounded by all the opulence, adoration of the masses, title and power. Yet, what she yearned for was a sense of love and validation from those closest to her, which really originated from a lack of self-love and acceptance.

Mother Teresa was the living example of the old belief system of self-sacrifice, rejection of the gifts of physical comfort and joy of the material world out of a sense of duty and dedication. A belief that in order to be spiritual and to serve, you must turn your back on all the world has to offer in the way of pleasure and abundance.

Can you not see what has transpired, beloved ones? The transition of these two beautiful souls so closely together gives you an opportunity to examine your views and beliefs regarding service and sacrifice; beauty without, versus beauty within; that abundance and power without love of self and others is meaningless. They played their roles well and left a legacy of great import. These two blessed souls also provided humanity with an even greater gift. We have told you that home is critical, as the earth progresses and spirals into a higher frequency it is imperative that humanity at large awakens and moves forward as well. All that is needed is for those at slumber to open their minds and allow their soul-self to begin to take up residency within their heart center once more. This will begin the process of lifting their consciousness enough to allow them to continue the journey toward higher evolution along with Mother Earth.

Never in the history of your Earth, since the sinking of Lemuria and Atlantis, has there been such a great outpouring of emotion by so many people at one time. Do you not see the perfection in this scenario?

Just a few weeks ago, many of you came together to heal the ancient memories of the past for humanity beginning in wondrous refined frequencies of Christ Light. As this gift spread around the Earth on a golden web of Light, through you it was made available to all humanity, but how were we to get them to accept it? Who else could cause such a great outpouring of altruistic love and emotional release but these two beloved ones? Who else could cause the world's population to focus on their heart centers in unison, and in their pain and sorrow release much of the ancient impacted energies within, making way for the healing energies of Divine Love.

Indeed, a miracle was wrought, beloved ones, and the consciousness of humanity was lifted to a level that was not thought possible. Mourn not for these two precious souls, they are basking in the glory of reunion with us, their brothers and sisters of the higher realms. They are enjoying the rewards of sweet success for they are aware that they truly accomplished their mission.

There are other events occurring more frequently which give you cause for concern and alarm. Allow me to help you come to a greater understanding of what is taking place. More and more of the population is becoming ill from eating contaminated food and bacteria is becoming more aggressive and mutating at an alarming rate. It is believed that the fault lies in the processing and handling of food and this is partially true, but you surely must be aware that this not the root of the problem. Food processing, especially meat products, is bigger than it ever has been. There is more awareness as to proper hygiene and nutrition among the populace and still there are more frequent occurrences of illness due to tainted food.

Turn inward, dear friends and see if this does not resonate with your new, expanded truth. When you are attuned to the third dimensional reality and your body functions at that frequency, there is a density, a courseness, an insensivity, you might say. Just as an animal can, most often, eat putrid, spoiled food and not become ill, the human body in its baser nature develops a tolerance for germs and bacteria, and food which carries many impurities. However, as you begin to lift your vibratory rate, clear your auric field and begin to raise your bodily frequencies, you become more sensitive to negativity of all kinds. You become more sensitive to your environment, your's and others' thoughts, as well as higher and lower frequency patterns. Are you not aware that food has frequency patterns as well?

We have told you that as you progress along the path of spiritual evolution, if you listen to the nudgings of Spirit, you will naturally begin the process of eliminating certain foods and beverages, as well as habits of a grosser nature with ease. If you listen to your body and your faithful Body Elemental, you will know what is proper and appropriate for your evolving body\spirit, and as you begin to feel a sense of

*Illustration this page by Klosterman*

well-being and enjoy greater health and vitality than ever before, you will not feel you are deprived in any sense.

Those of you who have gone through this process and emerged triumphant know the truth of what we say, but those of you who still resist and will not face or listen to your soul's nudgings will suffer the consequences more dramatically and more frequently. This is not an idle threat, my friends, it is the evolving truth as to your responsibility to yourself and your budding consciousness. No longer will humanity be able to ignore the fact that the world is changing, that humanity is evolving and the old ways of being, thinking and living will bring about much pain and suffering. You are not being punished, you are not being tossed about by the whims of fate. You are all subject to the same universal laws and these laws are refined and restructured to a higher degree at each new level of awareness, or as you tap into a more rarified dimensional expression.

It is time for you all to examine your lifestyle, your habits and your responsibility to your Temple of Spirit or the physical body. Oh, what damage and destruction you have brought to that perfect, beautiful vessel you first manifested upon your arrival on Planet Earth. Many beautiful souls, who have caused damage beyond repair to their bodies realize there is no chance of reversing that damage and are choosing to leave their physical vessels and transcend back into Spirt form. They must return again, at a later time, when they are ready to honor and nurture the blessed gift given them: the opportunity to experience and enjoy the beauty and bounty of earthly life in harmony with Spirit.

Find your truth and create your own path, beloved and faithful ones, as you listen to your inner nudgings and the intelligence of your body as to what is proper and appropriate for you at any given time.

Do not eat just because the clock says it is the designated time to do so—listen to your body's inner messages. Do not be mislead by all the tempting advertising and the great diversity and complexity of food available to you. Eat simply and purely, and in moderation. Gluttony and excess in any area is pure self-destruction and will lead to pain and discomfort in the physical vessel as well as insensivity to your soul's and spirit's wisdom and is a sure way to retard the process of evolvement.

How can you become attuned to the higher frequencies and vibrations now available if your body is steeped in toxins, dense food, drink or drugs, and struggling to purify itself and create balance? Just as you are becoming aware that you must go inward to find peace and fulfillment, to gain love and acceptance of self, so it is with the desires of the ego body. Make no mistake, this is the source of the constant yearning for gratification, for "sense satisfaction," a constant need for external stimulus to give sense of peace and contentment—no matter how dieting.

Allow us to assist you in gaining the peace and harmony within that does not diminish, but only grows and becomes more exquisite with time, dear hearts. If you experience, only once, the bliss and joy of attunement in body\Soul\Spirit, you will forever seek that sense of unity and harmony and everything of an external nature will take on a lesser roll in your life.

We are aware that the strength and pull of habits, past conditioning and beliefs are difficult to break and relinquish, and that is why we are bringing forth so much new (old) wisdom, tools and the means for you to move gracefully forward, out of the old structures and constraints of the past. As we have often told you, it is imperative that you stay focused on "the event of the now," which keeps you in attunement with body and Spirit, as all facets of your Being endeavors to give you assistance and wisdom to overcome any trial or adversity. Each time you make the "higher choice" you strengthen your spiritual resolve and it becomes easier to walk the path of more enlightened awareness.

Ah, my sweet friends, the gifts we offer you are beyond any moment's gratification you may derive in the physical. We are not asking you to relinquish the pleasures earthly embodiment offers you—that is why you incarnated. We are asking you to allow Spirit to be the guide and director of your desires and actions, and you will find more peace, joy and contentment than you ever thought possible.

Indeed, this past month of your time will go down as a hallmark in the history of Planet Earth. The consciousness of humanity and the Earth were raised to a new level and the synergy and power of heart-felt love and devotion reverberated throughout The Universe. You have, indeed, created miracles, my faithful Bearers of Light. Know that I AM with you always as your Guide and Protector. I AM Archangel Michael.

Channelled by Ronna Herman, a Cosmic Telepath.
*STAR*QUEST* 6005 Clear Creek Drive, Reno, NV 89502
Phone\Fax (702) 856-3654

## Star Knowledge Conference

***a report by Paula Peterson***
***Reprinted from the Center of Attention***
***December 1997***

When well-known Lakota medicine man, Standing Elk, asked me once again to be a keynote speaker for his gathering of the Star Knowledge teachings, I became excited about reuniting with the Native Americans and their wonderful warmth and cheerfulness, and to rejoin with many others of previous gatherings who have become an important part of my spiritual family. The event came at the most perfect time in my life where a series of difficult events over a period of several weeks (where anything that could go wrong did!) left me feeling unloved, unappreciated, inadequate and a little sad (whine, whine!). And so I was eager to dive into the open-hearted healing presence of these beautiful people.

The stellar event took place throughout a crisp and clear November weekend in magnificent Estes Park, a picturesque valley nestled high up into the majestic Rocky Mountains of Colorado. By way of encouragement from Standing Elk, I arrived early on Wednesday to enjoy the magic of the high valley and to offer help in the preparations for the conference.

During the flight to Denver I had hopes of again meeting the powerful yet wonderfully sweet and highly acclaimed medicine woman, Grandmother Windrider. I asked Spirit to help create the opportunity if it was for my highest good.

Earlier in the year, in the mid-night hours of the Spring Star Knowledge Conference and well hidden in the hills of San Diego, we had prayed in the sacred sweatlodge. I had the honor of sitting next to Grandmother Windrider, a very privileged spot to sit, as she gave us her secret teachings.

Hopeful, I landed in Colorado on that sunny November day. Then through a series of unusually weird circumstances (Spirit works like that!), Grandmother Windrider and I arrived at the Denver airport at the same time. We ended up sharing a room our first night! Thank you Spirit! The hilarious stories she told and the old Indian secrets she gave away to me, carried us on high energy into the night. I was most grateful for the experience. She helped me understand the effects of the new energy and power that had begun to move through me and how it will continue to totally dismantle and dissolve everything in my life that represents my old identity (by way of some pretty emotionally difficult and sometimes

*Continued page 22*

*Star Knowledge Continued from page 21*

disparing events) so that my new spiritual life can be reborn completely anew from the ground up. The Phoenix rising from the ashes. (Wow ... ain't it the truth! I feel like I've been burned to a crisp!)

She validated my long time feeling that I am being prepared for some major spiritual experience through the hardships and adversities of my life. Such had been her experience as a developing medicine woman. In regards to the appearance of the way I live my life, she reminded me to not let the unenlightened judgments of others damage my faith in Spirit, that there is a reason why things are the way they are in my life at this time.

From that day on it was continuous magic, one miracle after the other, where my needs and desires were instantly manifested. Many participants had the same experience. And so it was the nature of this gathering. The Native Americans live that way all the time... with Spirit-Magic manifesting through their heart-centered way of life! When one hangs out with them and can attune to their rhythms and perspectives, it is amazing what happens!

I spent the rest of the conference in a rustic cabin high up on the side of the mountain overlooking the valley and conference area. When the other speakers left early to catch breakfast at the cafeteria, I lingered as long as I could in the quiet of the cabin, preparing my own breakfast so I could sit and look out the large living room window. From there, I silently watched the early dawn colors change and alter the mood of the panoramic view of the snowcapped mountain peaks. It was glorious!

Then it was a healthy hike, or a friendly ride, down to the conference area where I and many friends spent the rest of the day and late night absorbing vast amounts of information from the incredible kaleidoscope of talented speakers and gifted musicians and singers. We were especially blessed with the performance of Harold Moses, an exquisite violinist who moved us all. By Sunday night we were all pretty saturated yet pretty content and well spent!

One entire day of the conference was dedicated completely to Native American spiritual teachings. The audience of hundreds of participants laughed and cried as each elder took the stage to give away their wonderful wisdom. The Native Americans can be very funny! Their humor is simple and good natured. They like to poke fun at themselves and the ego in others, in a wise and loving way. We were honored by the presence of international shaman Nestor Night Owl, Steve Red Buffalo, Rainbow Eagle, the very funny Dr. Chuck Ross, Jack "Kewaunee" Lapsentis, Wallace Black Elk, the well-loved Grandmother Windrider, and of course the infamous Standing Elk, all highly respected Native American elders and excellent speakers to boot!

The non-natives that impressed us, inspired us entertained us, enlightened us, and some that even confused and annoyed us were Jelaila, the delightful Ken Page, Randolph Winters, the cynical Alex Collier, the sweet Barbara Lamb, the intense Al Beilek, the articulate Dr. Scott Mandelker, the courageous and tenacious Dr. Richard Boylan, Wayne "Mr.Tone" Perry, the congenial Jose Escamilla, the fascinating Almine Barton, the weird Michael Schusterl, the even weirder Duncan Cameron, and myself to name only a few.

The basic theme that most of the speakers conveyed and the most frequent advice, wisdom, and truths spoken by both Native American and non-native speakers are as follows: become knowledgeable about the dark side (as in the darker aspects of our government, human nature, ego-self and so on) without getting into fear about it nor overemphasizing its power (in other words... be aware and make appropriate adjustments in your thinking and behavior but don't overly dwell on the issues since dwelling on it gives the dark forces more power simply by receiving the greater portion of the energy of our attention), be aware that the sneaky dark forces work cleverly through unsuspecting human beings by showing up in our behavior as cynicism, laziness, denial, apathy, fear, hatred, hopelessness, self-loathing, lack of self-worth, blame, irreverence, unkindness, malicious gossip, dishonesty, competitiveness, insensitive criticism, holding grudges, etc.

The speakers further emphasized additional practices: develop a simple life style (let go of the clutter, let go of or give away those possessions you no longer use, stop accumulating material things, travel light, stop over-spending and creating more debt, etc.), take loving and excellent care of your physical body, clear up your debts, seek out ways to heal yourself of emotional pain, develop a compassionate heart, help one another, be responsible and stop blaming, forgive and forget, pray daily, speak the truth, stop suppressing your real feelings, let go of the need to control, be kind to one another, be humble, develop right and loving relationships with ALL people, all creatures, all living kingdoms and all things, create a stronger unity with and trust and faith in Spirit (God), walk the path of gratitude, be willing to transmute your difficult life-experiences into positive growth experiences, practice earth stewardship, be optimistic about our bright future (because it is emerging out of our present and increasing chaos), be ready for and prepare for extraterrestrial contact and the vibrational shift of the coming new millennium through the practice of all of the above!

The conference was a blessed event and felt more like a family reunion for most of us. We said good-bye to new and wonderful friends. And the old friends slipped away once more with lots of tears and long hugs. I think the biggest reason I went there was for the reunion with these people. My presentation and workshop was a definite highlight for me at this conference. However, the laughter, and the stories, the camaraderie, the love and service that we all shared as friends was really more precious to me than the applause from a grateful audience.

And to Clare Applegate, Rick Sanchez, Marc Davenport, and Michelle I send my deepest gratitude for the fun, the cabin dinners, the laughter, the beautiful support and cheerful help you gave to me. You have no idea how you added to my enjoyment!

As I bid my teary-eyed farewell to Grandmother Windrider, I said "I so very much enjoyed the time I spent with you that night." She responded with a broad, sweet smile, "I know", and she quietly turned away and wallked out into the snow.

Video and audio tapes of the star knowledge conference lectures and workshops, as well as information about the future conferences, are available through:

STAR KNOWLEDGE -
PO Box 120 - Marty- South Dakota - 57361.
The next Star Knowledge Conferences are scheduled for Albuquerque, New Mexico in March of 1998 and in Roswell, New Mexico in July of 1998
Be There!

## *Opening Up to the World*

***By Mary Westheimer***
mary@bookzone.com President of BookZone, Home of the Net's Most Interesting Books http://www.bookzone.com/

When I tell people that we are probably enjoying one of the most remarkable revolutions of the century, they sometimes reply, "Uh huh." Anyone who is using the Internet, though, has a glimpse of the incredible possibilities, because this technology gives us an opportunity to connect with each other like nothing has before.

You'd have had to convince me of that back in early 1994, however. Whenever I heard anyone mention the Net back then, I just turned away. In fact, just two weeks before my current business partner approached me, I literally turned my head when the subject came up at a business lunch. As a publisher, I was busy enough, thank you. I didn't need anything else on my desktop, my computer, my to-do list. And like a lot of people, I thought the Internet was a cold, cryptic place. My life—and my opinion—changed dramatically, however, when a fellow named Laurence Palestrant asked me if I'd like to help him start an Internet service for publishers. He wanted someone who knew something about publishing, and I was always open to new ideas. It wasn't until I actually saw the Net in action, though, that I got what I call "the chill." That electric current that sends goosebumps up my spine tells me that I'm witnessing something special. And the more I get involved with the Net, the more I'm convinced that's true.

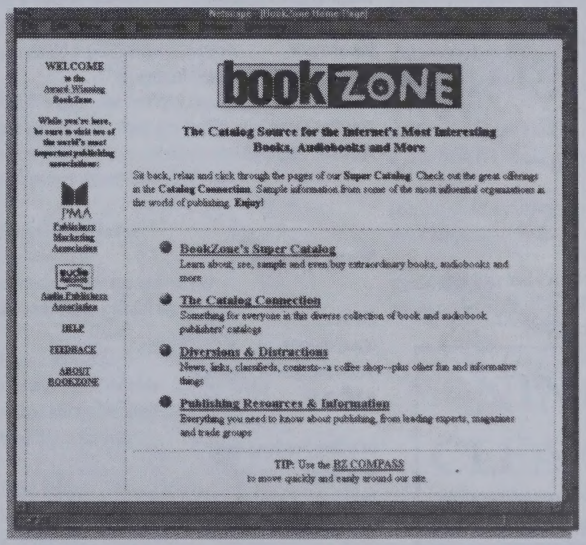
We spent some months looking at the technology and the challenges of the publishing industry, especially for independent publishers. What we saw was an opportunity to break down barriers and help independent publishers connect with their readers. If they could do that, they could not only sell their books directly and thereby make more money, they could learn what their readers want, hear their dreams, thoughts and hopes. What we developed is BookZone, one of the first book Web sites and currently the largest provider of site services for publishers.

What I didn't anticipate was how the Net would change my own life. To promote our business, I got involved in several mail lists, or online email discussions. I learned the nuances of communicating on these lists while spreading the word about what we do without violating the rules of "Netiquette," and I discovered the immense power of being able to share information without barriers.

I'm learning a tremendous amount about our industry, but I also have learned how incredibly warm and wonderful people can be. From sharing contacts and other inside information to holding an online baby shower or rallying around a group member who had a heart attack, we developed our own family.

The immediacy and privacy of email has opened other channels, too. I've shared deeply personal exchanges with people I've never met and likely never will. I've communicated with a Chilean firefighter who thanked us for allowing him to buy a book about his profession, a Korean man who was thrilled to get a book about height, and a Scottish fellow who would like to learn more about Arizona.

The Net is in its infancy, but it's already clear that, rather than a cold, mechanized venue, it's a place of passion, an opportunity to learn about people and places we could not otherwise ever really understand. The Internet is the place I connect with people in ways I never dreamed of, a level playing field where it doesn't matter what color your skin, what spiritual path you've chosen, how old you are, or where you live. It's a generator of hope, one that may indeed save the world, for it's difficult to want to annihilate someone you now know is an awful lot like you.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***Woman in the Moon's provider***

## The Formless Within

Deep in the crevice,
burrowed into a dark corner,
the form shudders with fear,
dread, anticipation.
It has waited a long time
to be released . . .
has prayer for the lightness
of being striving to break free.

The form has lived an eternity,
shapeshifted to fill the needs,
yet it always remained anonymous,
a closet creature not fit
for the company of others ...

Years of trepidation
governed its existence,
stringent rules tied it
to a frame, a structure,
which ended up foundless,
stuffed down,
crushed under the weight
of fear, of taboo, of terror.
Kept in a box to enclose,
to keep safe, to protect
beyond all else.

Comes a time though,
when the form shapeshifts,
when the outer persona relaxes her vigilance
becomes curious, quixotic,
to the point when she voraciously
rips open the door,
pries open the crevice,
sheds light into dark spaces,
and begins to coax
the frail creature
into the open.

The creature furtively stretches
her neck, craning it around corners,
unkinking long locked limbs,
and begins to emerge,
to integration, blending,
flowing, owning. . .
herself. . .
the creature lies within us all,
that secret person
of the real self . . .
the one holding the most integrity,
but is least likely
to own its rightful place in our reality.

***Debbie Nicaleson***
***Benicia, CA***

## Crooked Feather

in
the flickering firelight
as
the dancers shadowed the crowd,

there was one
—just one,
the one with the crooked feather

all
the painted young women
danced with straight feathers,
while she saw only one

young men watched as they stepped
to the beat with
vividly arrayed feathers

but she saw
the one with the crooked feather

***Deidra Dees***
***Mobile, AL***

## Many Moons

it's been
many moons
since she saw her by the
wash pots

braiding her long dark
Muskogee
hair
with thin strands of leather

she didn't say anything then
because
she was too young

she knew
she could never marry
the great chief's daughter

***Deidra Dees***
***Mobile, AL***

## Ebullience

Now that I am young again
I can wear flailing floppy hats
Long flowing skirts and silk sandals
I can sing and dance and talk to myself
As I walk down the street

Now that I am young again
I can stomp in rain puddles and pout
Stick out my tongue at you
Stuff lovenotes in skinny green bottles
And toss them in the ocean at noon

Now that I am young again
I can fly my crazy colorkite with
Purple, red and yellow ribbons
Lie on my back on limpid grass
And create dreams out of cloudy skies

Now that I am young again
I can slouch on park benches
Sit on sidewalks and curse passersby
Run with abandon in the rain
And wish upon midnight stars

Now that I am young again
I can stroll through pastures at dawn
Pick mushrooms, daisies and dandelions
Eat ice cream cones in the market place
And when I grow weary I can rest

***O. Maria Swan***
***Rockaway, NJ***

## Secret Trails

kissing your
lips

in secret
trails behind

the smoke clouds of
the teepees,
thunderous passion,

crinkling dry
leaves

-quick,
someone's coming

***Deidra Dees***
***Mobile, AL***

## Metamorphosis

Moonlight!
I too
devour it!

Once monthly I sit alone
stark naked in a borrowed field
head facing moonward, mouth open wide.

The light pours naturally
into my eager mouth.
The swallowing is quite clean.

A bright glow
slides down my throat.
No gag. No choke.

Far above in the lunar universe
a lonely lover smiles seductively
and—teasingly slow—pulls red silk
through a narrow moist tunnel.

After a while, filled with warm light
I become part of the soil.
Flesh folds neatly into earth.

The fallow cornfield is luminescent
a breathtaking blend of soft white
and midnight blue.

Tranquility.
Then suddenly a new star without a name
EXPLODES from the earth to the sky
becoming
a brave white moth.

Winging hard toward the starlight
the moth encounters a smiling lonely lover.
Gently fluttering down onto her pink lips
the moth transforms into a woman
a Wild Angel
who—teasingly slow—pulls moonlight
through a narrow moist tunnel.

White and red mesh. Flesh touches flesh.
The steady sound of two hearts
drumming the same ancient beat.

***David Brostrom***
***Dousman, WI***

## The Way She Used to Be

She used to be protective, strong and wily
smart and snappy
hands tough and worn,
could fix anything, big or small.

Little things were
important to her
anything to save a dime
embarrassing sometimes.

No name-brand products for her
something my peers could scoff at,
I see those things in stores now
they move me to tears.

She wanted to go to school
be a doctor, a lawyer
she would have been good at it
she could argue with a fencepost.

I didn't think she really wanted children
but persevered when she had them,
she suffered alot, sometimes an offering
sometimes of her own choosing.

For better or worse
she was mine
it was hard for me to love her
awkward and painful for us both.

I once thought
she was indestructible
would always be here
would live forever.

I lost her
before she ever died
it seems like
a long, long time ago.

I admired her courage
I feared her tongue
I loved her, but couldn't tell her
I regret that now.

***Nora Reinecker***
***Hutchenson, KS***

## Red Cloud Painted Upon A Postage Stamp

you used to hate me with a killing hatred,
with loathsome malice, you taught
your children I was the villain
of the century, the enemy of their souls;

you turned my own people against me, raising
their arms in insurrection, igniting Wounded
Knee; expensive extortion,
you paid them for my rivulet red blood;

bending down to see you more clearly, peering
earthward from true justice
that you will never know, I
see my image painted upon a postage stamp

in the color of my blood you spilled, though
obscure denominations, it's your
children's callow but wholehearted attempt to offer
penance for your blood-guilty souls; had your

children lived when I did, I probably would have fared
a little better; I would never have acquired being

painted upon a postage stamp, but history would
never have known the bloody American-Indian Wars

***Deidra Dees***
***Mobile, AL***

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## Elderwoman

for Mary TallMountain

She needs only to see
one raindrop
to close her eyes and know
the whole ocean

The rocking chair tells her tales
of where its wood grew tall
The window tells her
who passed by
who peeked through

These shapes are old friends
come to visit
again and again

Once she cried in the rain
outside the doors of wonder
Now she climbs the attic stair
that leads to other times
She merges with nightsounds of wilderness

She lives at the heart
of the mysteries laid bare.

***Kitty Costello***
***San Francisco, CA***

## Galaxy of Dreams

Somewhere beyond the twilight.
Through crystal lakes and streams.
Under velvet drapes of night.
Lives a galaxy of dreams.

High on cosmic mountain.
North of the brightest star.
Moonbeams dance in fountains.
How they wonder where you are.

In showers of electricity.
The star is calling you home.
To the pleasure and the ecstasy.
You have wanted for so long.

Close your beautiful eyes.
Dance into the ambrosia mist.
Drift along dream colored skies.
Love will greet you with a kiss.

***Bonnie E. Doss***
***Nashville, TN***

## The Great Tapestry

Before the universe found a name,
before the starlight or sun flame,
ancient powers lost in time,
joined together to create life.

They gathered in the emptiness,
a hundred colors of loveliness,
in the midst of the darkest night,
to weave a great tapestry of light.

With freedom, truth and harmony,
and fruits of philosophy,
humor, hope and humility,
they embroidered the tapestry.

Blending peace and equality,
with terrestrial democracy,
and magnificent tranquillity,
they united the tapestry.

We are children of the Universe,
as we journey on this Earth,
let us cherish the complexity,
of the old one's great tapestry.

***Bonnie Doss***
***Nashville, TN***

## Near Redwood Park

There are pines there.
I've slept there.
There are lies there.
I've told the truth.
There are mothers there.
I've turned them into fathers.
Friends live near Redwood Park.
Bees buzz there.
Stingers sting there.
Swatters brush by their intentions.
There are eyes there.
I've cried there.
There are tales there.
Secretly, I've died near Redwood Park.

***G. Oldmixon***
***Mansfield, MA***

## Jasmine and Bergamot

"What's the bergamot for?" She looks through me with moist trusting eyes. Her jasmine, sweet and fragrant, anoints the air with heavy anticipation. "Surely, we want no more than this?"

"Ah, yes Chameli. Your name sake should be on your lips as well as in your hair. But bergamot, sour, bitter bergamot, must also scent the night air, when sisters melt to kiss, that deep rich kiss which only sisters share."

When Venus brushes her fingertips across lashes and brow, when checks bloom full with desire, when sisters melt to kiss, that deep rich kiss which only sisters share, petals marry the orange-pear.

Tresses shine with the oil of bergamot and jasmine Young bosoms baptized by fire, hot flesh pressed to flesh when sisters melt to kiss, that deep rich kiss, which only sisters share, liquid Venus hovers there.

***Carol Cross***
***Ogdensburg, NY***

## Old Moon (Just When We Need You Most)

Forgetting your phase
we set out in the night alone
No one asks where the 13th month went
No one turns her face to the sky

Now when old ones die
the hole closes over behind them
Who still knows the songs to carry them to your dark side
the songs to call them back into our dreams?

We wander off, hapless, in corridors of moonbeams
try to shake the sacred sounds from trees—
tampering, wakeful—
Who remembers how to sleep?

We are lost!
Come find us!
Teach us just to feel
the roots drinking water.

***Kitty Costello***
***San Francisco, CA***

## Snooze minutes drift through a swinging gateway.

Outside of the window San Jose began to wake with horns and music. A gray day
didn't offer the sun the chance to begin evaporating the mist. Besides,
the dark make-shift curtain half-dimmed any light
happening to drift in. The alarm
snooze was too tempting to bat down
Bat! music music Bat!
This is the usual morning for our client
here, drifting in bed. He bends and twists before another snore reaches across
and overta...
The morning never was a good time to jolt oneself out of relaxation.
So the story goes on into the different angles of the sheets spread across
onto the floor. Colors clash downstairs as a roommate clangs together
breakfast to chase away the insensitive odor
of their morning smile. Thoughts
ease in pictures of this living being being across the room
Bat! Music fades.
Five minutes later our hero swims out of a cave of covers only
to arch like a dying beetle
across the dust glazed socks and papers dappling the
interior gravity of the room. An hour late for work in a uniform of
familiar sigh. A gateway hangs within blinding arc to
the hour of moon draped below flush velvet fields of
early springs in San Martin California, an hour glass away from
a lazy afternoon...
Could've been Rocca's market deli at two o'clock. Knowing-customers
spin with agitation like tops without minds. Like a clown our client
watches the matter in a despair that equals that of a close friend
with thin mustaches
talking to you like a demagogue in a striped suit
only hours away from sun's dawning new ideal.
(A room-mate makes mushy sounds
eating empty eggs.
Upstairs
(below the attic),
feet sounds thud-walk as if the steps are directly over one's own
sexless sleep. Visions of doll houses
rendered while in a water-fall annoyance—dripping
drip behind wooden stares into the attic above. Grumpy grumbles eek small
idiosyncrasies as the computer colorless chip embroiled
in an embossed cashed paycheck flips like
an old jazz record—skeletons of bogged spirits jumping out of a
spit of static coitus. music slides back behind the deli counter
and holds down our belated hero like a kung-fu porn guitar twanging
tart tang drink. Our hero's motherly breasts casually bulge insight. His lip bleeds.
His badge reads
"insert your nationality here".
A roommate unleashes the squealing shower
letting it steam away
the morning's coldness. Our hero drifts across sharped nails. The arm too heavy to hit
snooze is stuck beneath a pillow of last night's love patrol. A night against
the single bars of a cell world. Two hours late for work the sun finally burns green
through the flannel sheet pinned above the window in the attic where our
hero syncs into the role of money stomach.
Thinking. Working. F***king. F**k! Snooze minutes drift off. The gateway
somewhere between wake and sleep Bat!
music
m u s i c its em you es eye see sick muse
broken melody of awakening sleep....our hero's mind
creaks back and forth like
the hinges of an old picket gate between bay area meadows in spring and purgatory.

***Jaime Wright***
***San Jose, CA***

***Mary Pascual***
Gemini
In-house Editor's Assistant to the publisher. New hire. B.A. in English Literature with creative writing minor. Hobbies include jewelry working, automobile repair, reading and writing.

***Kathryn Lingener***
Associate Editor of *The Spirit* 7 months at WIM, BA in English.
Kathryn's hobbies include writing, reading, and movies.

***Holly Milton-Benoit***
Editor
9 months at WIM.
BA in Communications with a teaching credential. Published journalist Holly volunteered to reorganize Greenfield Historical Society Library and taught high school literature, communications, and adult ESL.

***Scott T. Shuker***
Editor 16 months at WIM. Scott enjoys music, macramé, collage, hiking, biking, and yoga.

***Jaime D. Wright***
Accounts Representative 5 years at WIM and began as intern. BA in Comparative Religious Studies and minor in English literature. Jaime enjoys writing, reading music, and wall gazing.

***Michelle Wannenmacher***
Our new clerk/receptionist. Libra; hobbies: animal care, reading, cooking, TV and outdoors.

# Open Letters to Woman In the Moon

***Dear Sister,***
I do thank you for the Carolyn Thomas referral—wonderful people! The enclosed is a simple physical manifestation of the work we do.
Thanks, Again
***Teddie Narowcki***
***Sunnyvale, CA***

***Dear Dr. Adamz-Bogus,***
Please forgive me if I have misspelled your name. They are painting my apartment in a few days and I have had to pack up all my files. Deciphering your handwriting was a bit difficult. I wanted you to know that I am used to waiting on publishers and heartily extend to you the courtesy of happily waiting until you make up your mind!!! I was so surprised and pleased that you even took the time to write to me; most publishers are not at all that courteous!

So please, take your time, take a breather, and be blessed!
Sincerely,
***Naima Williams***
***Pittsburg, PA***

***Dear Staff Member,***
I was delighted to receive a copy of the fall issue of The Spirit and discover that my book review submission had been published. I am honored that my work met your standards,

I was a little startled, however, by my stated location: I live in Anchorage, Alaska, not Anchorage, Arkansas. The state abbreviation for Alaska is AK, while that of Arkansas is AR; many people confuse the two.

I am enjoying your publication, many thanks for the complimentary copy!
Bright blessings,
***Janet Dugan***
***Anchorage, AK***

***Dear Dr. Bogus,***
Here is my series on healing ourselves and our planet from Global Poisoning.
It's what one might call hard-core spirit work, because we all have to make tough decisions in order to deal with such an enormous problem.

I have decades of experience and eons of hope.

This is a simultaneous submission. If you are interested, I'll send the final three parts and blend them for your semi-annual publication.
For the Earth,
***Iona (Conner)***
***Clarksville, MD***

***Dear Ms. Adams,***
Recently I sent some samples of my illustrations, which you kept on file. Enclosed are some pieces I've done of women of color, as you requested. "Little Earth" is a prototype study for a children's book I was writing. At this stage I'm not pursuing it as I just finished submitting a story about Wind to publishers and getting sweetly rejected. I'm selling prints from that story and they are doing great, however. I'm enclosing those materials for you, to give you an idea of what I'm striving for.

The second piece, "Summer," is the second of a series of four paintings representing the four ages of woman. She represents fullness, ripeness, completion. Autumn is finished and I am working on Spring and Winter.

I hope I can work with you in some way. I would be interested in seeing a catalog of your products if you have the time.
Thank you so much,
***Suzy Hart***
***Sugarloaf, NY***

***Dear Ms. Adamz-Bogus:***
I understand that you have been honored by The Women's Fund with a Woman of Achievement award. Please accept my congratulations on this recognition which you so richly deserve.

Once again the Fund has selected truly remarkable individuals who have distinguished themselves not only in their professions but in their desire to improve the quality of community life. The commitment to excellence which you have demonstrated makes you a wonderful role model for young women and for us all. You are a credit to the Bay Area and California.

Again, congratulations. I wish you every success and happiness in the coming year.
Sincerely,
***Barbara Boxer***
***U.S. Senate, Washington DC***

***Dear SDiane:***
I was touched that you took the time to offer me encouragement and detailed advice about improving "Ghosts Out of Munich."

Your insightful points were good ones. I appreciate your helpful suggestions, and I shall wisely incorporate them into my story.
Best regards,
***Susan Campbell***
***Los Angeles, CA***

***Dear SDiane,***
I want to apologize for the long delay in getting back to you. My recovery from the automobile accident has taken a lot longer than I wanted or expected. As a result, I have not been able to write a review for Abby's book yet, though I intend to. I am quite bogged down for the moment in legal, financial, and health matters.

I am not on the Internet yet, either, so I will not be able to avail myself of any web pages right now. Thank you, though, for the offer.

I will stay in touch... hope you're doing well.
Regards,
***Nina Silver***
***Worthington, MA***

***Dear Mr. Riddle:***
As you can see, there's no reading fee check enclosed, so if you're not interested, please stuff the story into the self-addressed envelope and toss it back in the mail.

Hopefully, though, you'll read it and consider buying it. I admit that it's already been all over the place, but several magazines have taken the time to say they liked it ("but it's just not right for our magazine") an awful lot, so I figured it's worth a shot at Woman In The Moon. After all, it is feminist and diverse, and futuristic.

In any case, thanks for looking' at it, or at least for reading this lengthy letter.
Sincerely,
***David P. Grady***
***Palmer, AL***

***Dear Art Director:***
I am writing this to request a copy of your publication's Art Guidelines. I attempted to request them by email, but was told your 'address' was not correct. So I am trying this by snail mail.

I have enclosed a SASE and look forward to hearing from you soon. I am presently moving to a new location, and if do not hear from you before I have settled, I will write to you and notify you of the new address where the guidelines can be mailed.

I thank you for your time.
Sincerely,
***Rook***
***New Millford, CT***

# Open Letters to Woman In the Moon

***Dear Mr. Jaime D. Wright,***
Thank you does not even begin to express my heartfelt gratitude for your letter, dated July 23, 1997. It must have taken you so much time to read and comment on each poem individually, not to mention the time it took to write such a thoughtful and in-depth letter in return. I appreciate it very much!

You are no doubt a writer/poet yourself, says my aunt, who has also read your letter. I am only encouraged to write more poems after re-reading your comments, and to plunge more deeply into the poems that remain somewhat shallow. I have much work ahead, and luckily hard work is a joy to me.

I would like to inquire about the poem "it's the world that I see/ that makes the women broken." Oddly enough it did not get sent back to me with the rest of the manuscript. Is that because you are holding it for publication in an upcoming issue of The Spirit magazine? If so, will I receive one copy of the publication, or should I send in a check to cover the cost of one subscription to the magazine? Please advise me.

At your suggestion, I did write to Sinister Wisdom to request their guidelines, and purchased a copy from the bookstore. Thank you for that information. The writing that they publish is very impressive.
Please use the SASE for your reply.
Sincerely yours,
***Donna Dodson***
***Jamica Plain, NY***

It was sweet to meet you last week while searching for a bottle of champagne. Thanks for your help. Please put me on your mailing list, if you have one.
Regards,
***Linda Cannon***
***Larkspur, CA***

***Spirit of Woman in the Moon,***
Congratulations! Your publication is one of over 6,000 included in my *African-American Newspapers and Periodicals: A National Bibliography* which Harvard University Press will publish in the fall of 1998. This unprecedented resource identifies and locates the widest variety of newspapers, magazines, even newsletters published in black America since Freedom's Journal appeared in New York in 1827. In an effort to make the bibliography as useful as possible we have included contact information for current titles. Please review the enclosed printout describing your title and make any necessary corrections. Librarians around the world will be using this publication to identify titles for their own collections as well as for patrons.

In addition, we are planning a display of original issues of the black press and ask that you send us two copies of any recent issue if you wish to be included. This display will be featured at a number of events and serve to call attention to the contemporary black press. There is no charge for either of these services.
Thank you.
Sincerely,
***James P. Danky***
***Madison, WI***
***Newspapers and Periodicals Librarian***

***Dear Dr. Adamz-Bogus,***
I am an illustrator and would be very interested in doing some work for "The Spirit of Woman in the Moon." I have enclosed a SASE. Please send me your art guidelines so I can tailor my submission to the needs of your magazine.
Thank you.
Sincerely,
***Mark Evans***
***Jamaica, NY***

***Dear Stephen,***
Wow! i can't believe that you actually responded to the poem that i sent you, "In Defense of Men" but i am happy that you did. gosh it' s been a real long while since i had sent you that poem and thought it to be lost in the belly of the beast.

But now 3 years later looking back on defense of men i can say that you are pretty much right on target with your critique of it. it represents some of my earlier (much earlier) work. and as far as it being a satire, it's not. although it is a pretty strong piece it's not really a satire. although it is sort of a double satire, meaning that i am satirizing the satire, but that then i think would just be venting!

Since sending that poem to you i've had minor success in such publications as: ATOM MIND, the Chiron Review, Nerve Cowboy, Block's Poetry Review, Moongate de Homo Sentiens, the Great Lake Review and a few others. but i really respect a publication such as yours that responds to the author albeit 3 years later with honesty, integrity, and vision.

i've included some things that you might want to peruse and use for publication, thank you and stay healthy.
***Vincent J Calone***
***Massapequa Park, NY***

***Dear Friends,***
I'm happy to report that the poetry anthology, THE MUSE STRIKES BACK, which I co-edited with Katherine McAlpine, is just out from Story Line Press.

It's a book I think you would enjoy and I enclose the message from the back cover.

Looking forward to the "Spirit issue with my "lottery" poem and Barbara's "Conversation"—
Best Regards,
***Gail White***
***Breaux Bridge, LA***

**Doti Boon**

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# Community and National News

## Letter addresses Catholic parents' turmoil

Accept gay kids, U.S. bishops say

BY DAVID BRIGGS
Associated Press

NEW YORK—In a groundbreaking pastoral letter, U.S. Catholic bishops are advising parents of gay children to put love and support for their sons and daughters before church doctrine that condemns homosexual activity.

The letter, written by the U.S. Catholic Conference of Bishops' committee on marriage and family, says homosexual orientation is not freely chosen and parents must not reject their gay children in a society full of rejection and discrimination.

"All in all, it is essential to recall one basic truth. God loves every person as a unique individual. Sexual identity helps to define the unique person we are," the bishops say. "God does not love someone any less simply because he or she is homosexual."

## The Academy of American Poets

has established a new fund, under the umbrella of the Atlas Fund, devoted specifically to supporting the publication of first books of poetry. The Greenwall Fund will make grants of up to $3,000 to non-commercial presses to support the publication of first books of poetry.

Publishers may submit applications to both the Greenwall Fund and the Eric Mathieu King Fund.
The Greenwall Fund
The Academy of American Poets
584 Broadway, Suite 1208
New York, NY 10012-3250
Matthew Brigan 212-274-0343 ext 12

## Educating Girls in Africa

SJ/SB NOW voted at our June business meeting to become a sponsor of Judith Awinja a sophomore at Imbale school in western Kenya. Judith is the top student out of 227 students in her grade level.

The scholarship program, called CHES (Canadian Harambee Education Society, 'Harambee' is Swahili for 'let's pull it all together') was started in 1986 by Lorrie Williams of Vancouver, B.C. With ten sponsors at $35 per year, an impoverished, bright girl can be educated. There is an African saying, "Educate a boy and you educate a man, educate a girl and you educate a family and a nation." To become an individual CHES sponsor at $35 per year, call Meg Bowman at 408-292-1172. To become a full sponsor, send a check for $300 to: CHES, 466 Kelly Street, New Westminster, B.C., V3L 3T9, Canada. 100% of your donation goes to "your" student.

## Dr. Joycelyn Elders headlined Spring Banquet

Dr. Joycelyn Elders,
former Surgeon General

African-Americans have the highest overall cancer incidence and mortality rates of any racial or ethnic group in the U.S., are less likely than whites to survive cancer five years after diagnosis, and are more likely to have their cancers diagnosed at a later stage of the disease.

To address these issues during National Minority Cancer Awareness Week in April, the American Cancer Society's African American Committee is featuring Dr. Joycelyn Elders, former Surgeon General of the United States, at a spring banquet event, called "Visions for Conquering Cancer in the African American Community," was held on Saturday, April 25 at the Doubletree Hotel in San Jose (formerly the Red Lion Inn).

"It's a privilege to have Dr. Elders address us," said Dr. Oscar Battle, Jr., banquet chair.

## Welcome to the Good Red Road -

a Native American home study guide. We look forward to sharing information with you about the various cultures, beliefs and peoples of Native tribes from all parts of our continent. Unlike any other newsletter, The Good Red Road will act as a "study guide" or "learning tool" for the lay person who is interested in Native Indians. Whether you wish to get in touch with your biological Indian heritage, learn more about a different culture—or convert over to their spiritual way of believing—*The Good Red Road* will pass on the necessary information to you in an educational, lesson-oriented way.

The phrase—*The Good Red Road* is a term used by the Plains people. When one is walking the Good Red Road, one is living right and following the rules of the Creator. Many of us here hope that you will walk the path with us—or you will share in our journey.

In each issue you will find:

- Interviews
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- Recipes
- A profile of a person or a tribe
- Definitions
- Articles, news updates
- Poetry and stories
- Lessons and activities to perform
- Explanations of creation, traditions and "holidays"
- Addresses of places that will provide more information
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## MCE

offers two Take Your Pet travel guides to wonderful vacations, with your pets which will be featured in the NBC sitcom, "Mad About You"! Dr. Heather MacLean Walters, author of the 1995 and 1997 versions of *Take Your Pet Along; 1001 Places To Stay* is offering "The 10 Most Exciting Places To Take Your Pet!!!" and exciting and unusual adventures in her new book, *Take Your Pet Too! Fun Things To Do! FREE* from February through April. There are cruises, concerts, lobster dinners, black tie affairs, New England getaways, dog camps, stores, restaurants and many, many other neat places that welcome pets!!!

The Pet Travel Consultant for The Pet Channel, Dr. Walters has worked with animals for many years and worked closely with leading veterinarians in Preventive Medicine at Cornell University Veterinary College. Both books have been praised by numerous radio, and TV segments including News-12, NJN, and Fox TV. Praised by The Chicago Sun Times, U.S. News and World Report, New Woman, Dog World, RV Today and many others. Described by Prevention™ editors as a "Delightful book!", the Newark Star Ledger called "Take Your Pet Along," "A treasure for vacationers"... "Dog lovers need this book", said Travel Writer Market Letter in 1997.
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## The 1998 Mobile African American Women on Tour

Detroit: May 29-31—Westin Renaissance
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New York: July 10-12—Brooklyn Marriott
Washington, DC: August 21-23—Omni Shoreham
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"African American Women on Tour touches the hearts and spirits of women nationwide!"
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Phone: 619 570 2770, FAX: 619 560 9190,
Web: www.aawot.com, e-mail: aawot@mindspring.com

## The Fellowship for readers of The Urantia Book

The Fellowship's 1998 Summer Study Session, from July 9-12 in Washington, DC for a long weekend of fellowship, study, worship and recreation.
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- Media Public Service Announcements
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## Announcing: The Santa Cruz & Live Oak Water Fluoridation Alert

If you are a resident of or a visitor to the Santa Cruz & Live Oak areas and are opposed to the **state-mandated fluoridation** of our local water supply, it is urgent that you immediately—**Phone/Write the City Council Now!**
429-3550/voicemail/24 hrs/day 809 Center St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060
Just as important is your attendance at the upcoming Council meeting when Mayor Celia Scott's bill banning fluoridation will be considered.

## 1998 Special Events: Dance of the Deer Foundation,

Center for Shamanic Studies
June 19-21—Summer Soltice Seminar, Catskill Mountains, NY
July 3-7—Pilgrimage to Mount Shasta, The Healing Mountain, CA
July 23-August 2—Alaska, A Living Dream, 10 day program
September 5-12—The Crystal Heart Sacred Way of the Shaman, Feathered Pipe Ranch, MT
for information & brochure contact:
Dance of the Deer Foundation,
Center for Shamanic Studies
P.O. Box 699 Soquel, CA 95073
Phone 408 475 9560
Fax 408 475 1860
http://www.shamanism.com

## Learn to Play Shekere Workshop

Call for information on dates and times.
510 524 6254

# News from the Moon

Sister Soul-Joiner, aka Dr. Adamz-Bogus spoke at the San Francisco Whole Life Expo, April 24, 25 & 26.

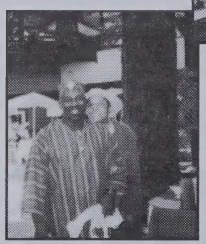
Dr. Adamz-Bogus participated in the AT&T & The Alliance of Black Telecommunication Employee's Black History Celebration. The celebration was held on Friday, February 27th, 1998

The Black History Celebration assisted *The Alliance* in raising funds to sponsor scholarships for high school seniors.

Dr. Adamz-Bogus participated in the Forum on Successful Strategies for Small Businesses, which featured U.S. Senator Barbara Boxer held on Tuesday, December 16th, 1997 at the San Jose Convention Center.

*Sister Soul-Joiner at Psychic Fair, Sunnyvale December 1997*

*Little girl playing Spiritual Hop Scotch at Psychic Fair*



*Thomas Sunbear & Elaine, at Sunnyvale Fair*

*Dr. Bogus with Parmelee Cober & Merlene Murphy at Poetry SLAM in Santa Cruz on 2/27/98*

Dear SDiane,
On behalf of the South Bay AFL-CIO Labor Council, please accept my congratulations for your recognition as a "1997 Woman of Achievement," I was a member of the audience during the presentation of the awards and I must tell you that your accomplishments are indeed impressive. In my opinion, your actions stand as a role model for both women and men.
Thank you for your incredible contributions to the community.
Warm regards,
Amy B. Dean
Executive Officer

Dear SDiane Bogus:
Your press has been selected for the California Feminist Presses Collection at the University of California. Each of you has perhaps been contacted informally by a UC librarian to ascertain your press output in order to purchase your books. The presses have been divided up among the libraries in the University of California Women's Studies Consortium. Each campus has made an ongoing committment to buy circulating copies of all your publications, excluding cards, calendars, and gift items. In addition, Bancroft/ UC Berkeley and UC Santa Cruz in the north and UC Santa Barbara in the south have made a committment to buy archival copies.

All your titles will be available on the UC Melvyl online catalog and will be identified as part of the California Feminist Presses Collection.

The librarians also hope that you will consider donating your archives to the University of California in the future. Again any questions about this, please let me know.

Happy New Year
Jacquelyn Marie
Women's Studies Librarian, UC Santa Cruz
Phone: 408/459-3255: Fax: 408/459-8206
E-mail: jamarie@cats.ucsc.edu

Dear Ms. Adamz-Bogus,

You have been selected as an Honored Member of the North American Registry of Who's Who Among Successful African Americans. We would like your permission to publish your biography, photo or logo, the business or organization you represent, your mailing address and phone number in the upcoming 1998 edition of the registry.

There is no charge for your inclusion. We only request that we be allowed to show prospective members an example of a page in the registry with real "live" biographies.

Please send us your biographical information along with your photo or logo for publication and promotional purposes. It can be in the form of a resumé or curriculum vitae or simply fill out the enclosed Biography Work Sheet and return it to us in the stamped self addressed envelope. We will call you for verification of the data.

Upon receipt, we will send you selected elements of membership in Who's Who Among Successful African Americans. It will arrive in the form of a "Welcome Package" which will contain a Synopsis of the History of the Buffalo Soldier and a Proclamation Certificate, both suitable for framing, a Press Release announcing your membership and a one year subscription to NAMREG, our quartely newsletter.

Please be kind enough to return your biographical information at your earliest convenience. Thank you.
Richard E. Logan
President & CEO

Dear Dr. SDiane Adamz-Bogus,
Congratulations on being selected as a recipient of a Woman of Achievement award. I was happy I could be there when you received this honor. Your commitment and work deserve all the rewards you receive. Collectively, our stories and our work as women create a better community for everyone. Coming together and recognizing the work that we do as women inspire and refocus our efforts. Providing this type of support is the only way we can accomplish all that we do.

I wish you much success in your future activities.
Respectfully,
Liz Figueroa
Assembly member, 20th district

# Black History Square

## Nita Willis

AGE: 44

RESIDENCE:
San Jose

TITLE:
Founder of
Nita Bees Tasty's

EDUCATION:
Two years of college San Jose State University

CAREER TURNING POINT: After working as a carpet saleswoman for years, Willis decided that selling floor covering wasn't very satisfying. "I was really tired of it, but I didn't know what to do," Willis said. "This is all I've ever done." For years, Willis has made her Oatmeal Surprise cookies to give as Christmas gifts. When her friends told her that the cookies were good enough to sell, Willis decided to take her wares and peddle them to local businesses.

WHAT SHE DID: Willis used her weekly grocery money—about $40—and $200 to start her Nita Bees Tasty's gourmet cookie business in February. She made the cookies in her kitchen (1997) and started selling them to friends and local businesses. Her clients have included Stewart Title Co., White Wings Beauty Saloon, and All Cal Title Co. Starting out with her trademark Oatmeal Surprise cookies (which contain six key ingredients: coconut, walnuts, raisins, chocolate chips, peanut butter chips and butterscotch chips), Willis now sells five types of cookies. Her repertoire includes Nutty Macs, Chocolate Chocolate Surprise, Peanut Butter May and Chips of Joy. She's sold about 2,000 dozen cookies so far. As her business has expanded, Willis now rents space in a bakery in Palo Alto.

WHATS HAPPENING TODAY: Nita has been in business for 3 years and her client list incudes, Western Digital, Omega, Siliconix, Business Objects of America, Bay Network, to name a few.

AMBITION: "I hope to be more famous than Amos," said Willis, refering to the maker of Famous Amos cookies.

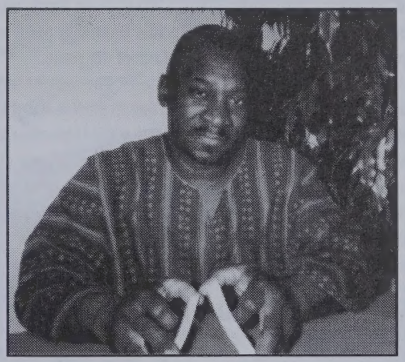
IN HER OWN WORDS: "If you're thinking of starting your own business, hold on because you're going to be on for a heck of a ride," Willis said. "Be focused. If you aren't focused, you will fail." —Sherri Eng

## Sunbear, Psychic Healer

***Builds Bridges through Metaphysics***

When first asked to write an article about myself, I was flattered that someone wanted me, Thomas "Sunbear" Evans to talk about myself: tell my life's story. I first began with the short condensed version: I was born, I died spiritually and was buried for 30 years in a drug-induced underworld. Then, one day, as I was literally driving towards my death, the lights of desperate reason shone forth and I cried out "Lord, if you have a better plan for my life, you better put it into action!" Ah! Yes, and that is the short of it, but not quite about me and who I am.

Just who am I and how did I get to become a Master Metaphysician? That too is in itself the story based mostly upon my spiritual evolution and the continued nurturing thereof. Born in 1946, a pretty good year, an 11 according to the Numerology System, which I learned, "Always give the highest attributes, even if the person isn't living up to them." Up until five, I led a carefree life with all my spirit friends, in-house and visitors. Then we moved to Chicago and according to palmistry, all my hopes and grand potential (was) taken from me. I now call that divine intervention, especially since I've become a professional palmist.



I was raised in the Baptist Church, which I left after an enormous upheaval and division within the church. Besides that, I could no longer accept as gospel "when you're dead, you're dead, at least until resurrection"; my reality was quite different. I was visited and at times even plagued by spirits who were earth-bound. Some good and some not so good, but all in need of help to which I unwittingly agreed to do.

After I left the church at 17, I went on a spiritual search for the truth, as I know it to be, and not finding anyone to even discuss the matter. I studied Astrology on my own and finding that unfulfilling, I fell in with a drinking crowd and lost myself. Sometimes I'd be high and talk about God and spirituality and my friends would say, "How can you talk about that stuff as high as you are?" My only reply was "This is God's all day school and it is never over." Needless to say, I was a social outcast, among other things. I hated it when people, even total strangers, would come up to me and say: "You know, you should be a minister" or "don't you know you're supposed to be ministering to people?" But how could I, when most of what I was taught wasn't true?

I married at twenty-one and by the time we had our fourth child, I had drunk away at least four good jobs and a mess of friends. By the time I was 30, things were getting very weird for me. One of the first things happened after or during a drinking spell. I had gone home and was lying on the bed when suddenly this over powering force seemed to invade my body. Years later I found out that this was a possession, a fulfillment of a spiritual contract with my brother Jereth from Drakos. I sprang from the bed knowing that something had occurred; what, I did not know. I looked out the window and was amazed at the sight I observed. This was a futuristic city. I knew what I was seeing was not real or at least not from where I stood.

Overwhelmed with fear, I fled the apartment; yet, the vision lasted a good half-hour. Friends I met stared at me and some even inquired, "What's wrong," but I would only say: "If you could only see the things I see, you would be amazed."

Over the next three years I studied various religions and, for a time, I was an Israelite. Another event, an auditory hallucination that occurred after three days of fasting, led me to stop working, and I went to Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. From there I went back to the church where I was raised. They gave me a full deconship, they did, but it is true, you can never go home.

Because of my experiences, I realized I was not a "Christian," but had become "Christ Conscious." This point was brought home to me when the Pastor looked at me from the pulpit and

*Continued page 34*

# Black History Square

*Sunmbear Continued from page 33*

said, "Brother Evans, if I die and find out there is no God, I'll still thank God." After service was over I walked up to the Pastor and said, "Good sermon, Sir, but I want you to know that if I die and go to Hell, I'll look up toward Heaven and still thank God." That was the last time I was in a traditional church.

In 1979 my fifth child was born, we moved to California and it was to him I bequeathed all rights and karmic inheritance. This was done by virtue of (my son's), Ultissimo Ukhandra which roughly translates "the ultimate King," or "Last King," the name, the inheritance could be a bit much. Five years later with the loss of three of my children, (my first born son, my second born son, my last born daughter, how ironic,) God and I had a disagreement. So I threw myself into more drugs and dug a deeper hole. Separated from my wife and, this is when the plot unfolds, and the true quest for knowing began.

I met Rosalind, whom I still hold in deep admiration, and she gave me a Tarot Reading. I cannnot tell you how scared I was, but I was willing to be open-minded about it. Even though she used the book, I was amazed at how accurately it portrayed my life circumstances. I had dabbled somewhat with numerology but felt that I should study the Tarot. After a short time, my friends were asking me to give them readings. Needless to say, I no longer used the book and quite frankly, at times didn't even come close to how the authors interpreted the cards. Interestingly enough, Rosalind stopped reading Tarot and began numerology where she is quite proficient.

The day I became a professional Tarot reader was in fact thrust upon me. Life changed for me then, yet I was not ready for change; was it not for two spiritual events which took place. Mind you, my drug and alcohol abuse was back in full force. By this time I was an addict, smoking marijuana and snorting cocaine, speed and drinking whatever.

Even though the events were years apart, to me it still seems like seconds. The first thing that happened was after a bitter divorce I still felt badgered by my ex-wife, so one day during a heated argument, I said: "if you don't quit f...'n with me, I'll kill you through all Eternity." No sooner had the words cleared my lips, than flood and flood of lives paralleled through my mind and I was speechless. I quickly left her presence and asked forgiveness from the All in All. The spirit that watches over us all. I tried to encase these lives with light. It was this self same incident that showed me the magnitude of thoughts and words. I was all powerful over my life, and I was humbled.

The next thing that happened was the birth of my first grandchild. I had gone to see her for the first time, I was unable to see her. This angered me to near explosion, and I mentally, began to recount all the thing's which my ex-wife had done to me when (suddenly) my own transgressions flashed before me. Seeing my own offensive behavior and continued drunkenness, I was horrified and painfully sickened.

Tears filled my eyes and it was at that moment I realized that I could not, would not and will not live another day or moment in such a decaying and debasing condition. I remember heading toward the Caldecott Tunnel going to Concord, sobbing and saying "Lord I refuse to live another day in this state of being; tonight is my last night on Earth; so, if you've got a plan for my life, you better put it into action. As for me, I'm out of the game."

The next 32 miles, I don't remember, and that in itself is a trip for me. You see, I trained at the Hypnosis Clearing House and as such, I no longer drove in a state of induced hypnosis or trance. When you drive from point A to point B without remembering, that my friend, is a trance.

Anyway, there I was with tears still streaming down my face, about to turn down the street where I live, but found myself looking at Mt. Diablo. So like the only thing I could do was say "OK, I've got the point." I went home and told my second wife that I needed some help, and that week I enrolled in an Alcohol and Drug program.

I had an opportunity to produce a TV show on public access, so I did that "Therapy" for two years. I also began to study Shamanism to which I was introduced through my hypnosis training. I received much healing by way of the Shamanic Journeys. I use to take three or four journeys a week. I was also beginning my studies in palmistry.

See, the way I figured it, the more the diversionary therapies I had the better. Besides, all these things I had an interest in, and I became quite good at all. If time permitted, I would recount some of my spiritually uplifting Shamanic Journeys, but suffice it to say, if you have the will to trust in Spirit, Spirit will take care and provide for you.

At present, I'm endeavoring to expand my Shamanic Work to include private lessons in conjunction with my classes and seminars. I also do Professional Hand Analysis and Tarot Reading. To be on my mailing list for upcoming events, write to:

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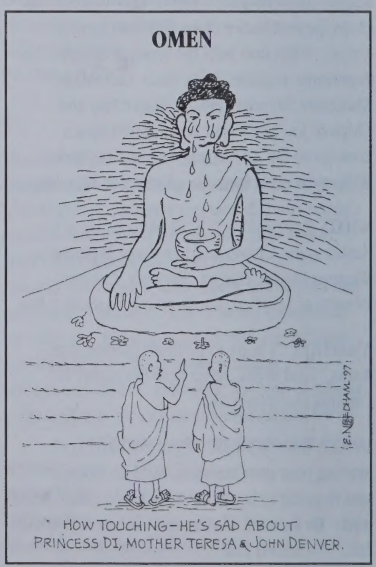

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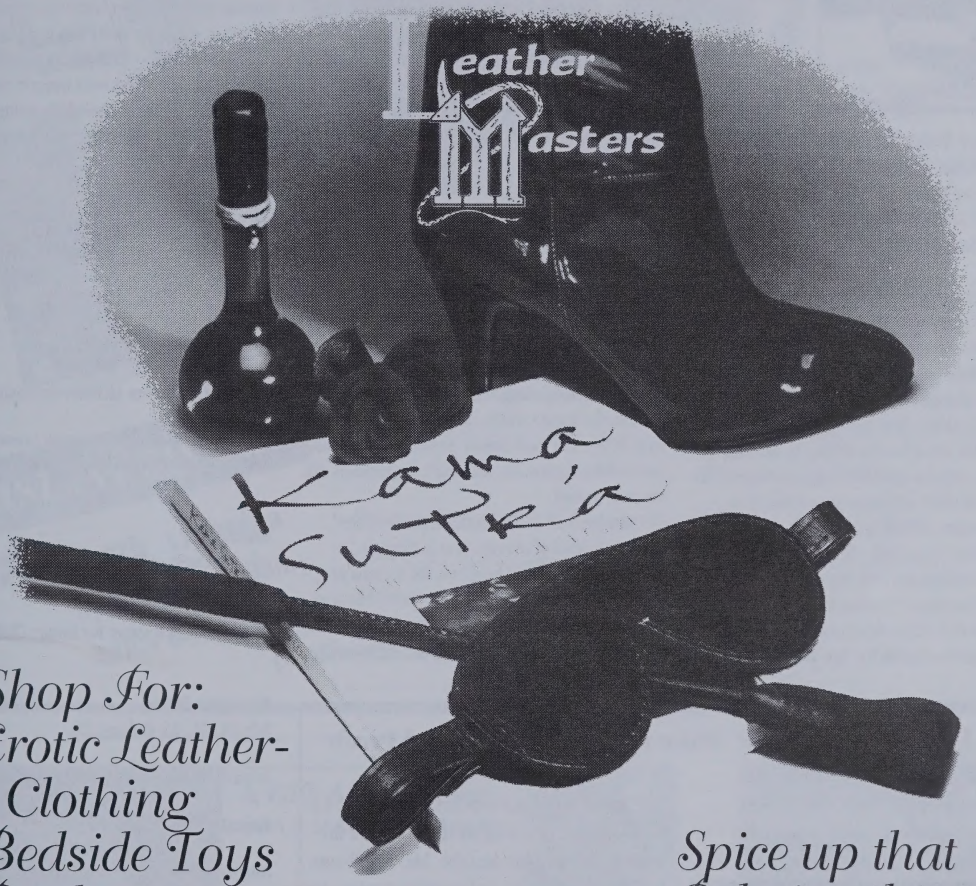


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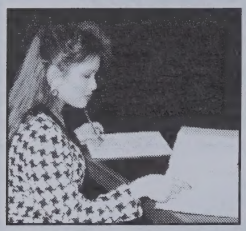
*We apologize for the omission of the Leathermasters logo in the last issue of The Spirit.*

# Our Best Sellers



**May I See Your Hand?**
***by Myrna Lou Goldbaum ©1997***
Woman in the Moon
non-fiction; 97 pp $19.95 ISBN 0-934-172-03-X
Review by Scott Shuker

When one thinks of palmistry, one might conjure up images of some mysterious old lady in the back of a wooden gypsy wagon, advertising "Fortunes Told" to some naive wayfarer. That stereotype, though true of the past, is quickly vanishing in today's New Age renaissance. Palmistry, the art of fortune telling by reading the lines of the palm, is experiencing a resurgence as many seek further self-awareness about their problems, wants, needs, and desires, as well as what the future may hold. "Hands," says author Myrna Lou Goldbaum, "are the mirrors of the soul." She has been a palmist for many years and what began as a high school pastime has flowered into a lucrative vocation for her, and she shares her secret skills with this timely book. In it, Goldbaum teaches readers the ins and outs of palmistry: what it is, how it's done, and how it translates in practical terms.

May I See Your Hand? gives readers the "inside scoop" on this ancient art. It thoroughly provides everything one needs to know—what Life, Love, and Reproduction Lines are; which hand is primary and which is secondary and what the difference is; how to read symbols like the "X" and "Island"; the Mystic Cross, grilles, stripes, and much more. Numerous diagrams and illustrations clearly denote each line and its location. This book has it all and Goldbaum leaves no stone unturned. She includes even the most obscure signs such as the "Simian", which represents "inner tension and is usually found on the hand of one who may be either religious, creative or mentally retarded". She shows how to evaluate a hand, using lines and characteristics such as the hand's width, shape, and knuckle type. Palms can even signify personality types like conformist, egotist, or "oddball"; fingerprints are covered as well.

Readers will find it fascinating, no matter what their level of interest. It is a "how to-" manual for the casual hobbyist, the serious pro, and everyone in between. It is not only practical, it is value-oriented—asking the deeper questions like "What does palmistry mean for the layperson?" and "How does this help others?" Goldbaum also tells how to go into business for yourself (it is for fun *and* profit!), like marketing, technology, and average fees. With a sense of humor, she shares her own experiences as well as historical accounts about this popular yet once forbidden practice. This practical guide provides many uses for readers with integrity and sincerity. "Happiness can be achieved by seeing what lies ahead and our being prepared to deal with it."

## Myrna Lou's Schedule of Appearances

**Book Signings**
August 14: Barnes & Noble, Denver

August 22: Quantum Alchmey (metaphysical store)

October 4: Tattered Cover (most prestigious bookstore in all of Colorado.

**Radio**
July 14: Guest on WVKS in Toledo, OH 1 hour on 4 hour show.

July 15: Guest speaker for Rotary Club, Bolder CO

**Summer Fairs**
July 24, 25, 26: Golden, CO

August 8: Westminister, CO

August 15, 16: Ft. Collins, CO

August 28, 29: Lakewood, CO

September 5, 6, 7: Celebration Denver, CO

September 12: Lafayette, CO

September 18, 19: Littleton, CO

September 24, 25 Denver, CO

October 16, 17, 18: Celebration Colorado Springs, CO

October 30, & November 1: Ft Collins, CO


**May I See Your Hand? Palm Reading for Fun and Profit**
**Myrna Lou Goldbaum**
**ISBN 0-934-172-48-x $24.00**

A practical approach to palm reading and the complex and revealing method of hand divination and psychic insight. Ms. Goldbaum makes the study fun and enriching, plus she offers the means by which the average person can become proficient and profit-making in no time.
Visit her web site: www2.privatei.com/~hmg

*We enjoyed reading Myrna Lou's book and also having her read our palms in the store prior to her participating in a Psychic Fair here. We are hopeful she will teach classes in palmistry for us.*
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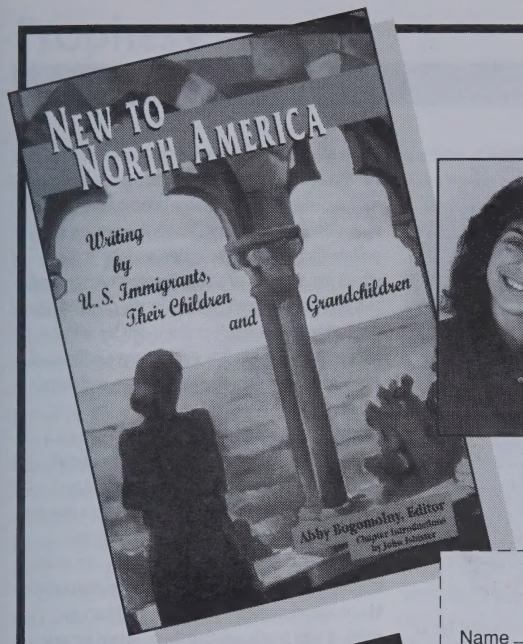

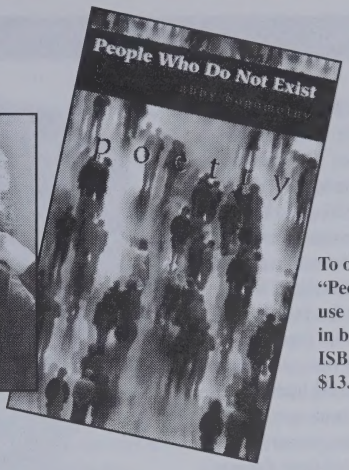


## Other books by Abby

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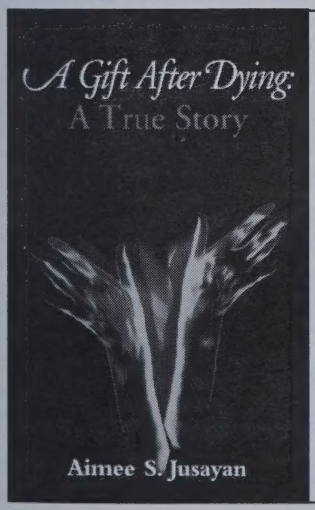


## A Gift After Dying

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*Aimee S. Jusayan*

A Gift After Dying tells the miraculous first person story of Aimee, a promising singer from the Philippines, who in her early twenties, in Manila found herself stricken by thyroid disease. This disease she did not want to acknowledge, thus, the tale of her medical trials and triumphant reincarnation unfolds.

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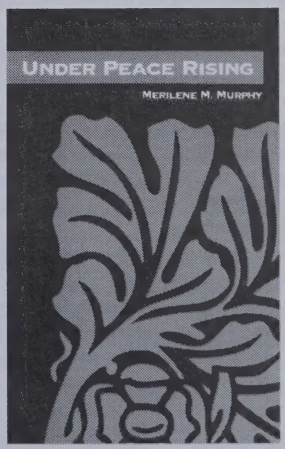


Order today! Use order form in back of book
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## The Power of Death & Prophesy

*by Linda Lee*

It is clear that with Chiron in Scorpio, we will be made very aware of death. Chiron is the rainbow bridge to outer dimensional knowledge, the healer of wounds—often through crisis. And Scorpio rules death, among other things. We are suddenly surrounded by death in a big way. First, the "mother" energies were called home—Princess Diana and Mother Theresa, each in their own way a symbol of the nurturing, healing feminine spirit. Then we were made very aware of the passing of movie stars of the glamour age—such as Robert Mitcham—and of those glamour stars close to passing such as Frank Sinatra, Katherine Hepburn, and even Bob Hope.

I don't know about you but it seems that every week or so, I am confronted with the death of yet another acquaintance, friend, or friend/relative of a friend. Death seems prevalent. Even Sai Baba has said "....there will be a certain clearing out of souls..." in reference to the cycle we are entering.

Diana's death occurred as Chiron was entering Scorpio, and this transit lasts for about 2 years. The worldwide attention and grief focused on this lovely woman woke us up to the fleeting beauty of life. The crowds gathered, the florists ran out of flowers, people cried openly. Over and over we heard and felt that it was particularly poignant because she seemed to have found wholeness and happiness just before dying. Many were comforted that she and her new love crossed over at the same time, feeling that they would be together on the other side.

The power of death stared us in the face. We looked at her life and wondered, "Why now? Why so young? What about her young sons? Her dreams of a happy life with her new love?" She was needed and treasured. She was inspiration and hope to many. She embodied a kind heart focused on helping others despite having known considerable suffering.

We can look at our own lives now, in light of this powerful death experience. What legacy would we like to leave? What unfinished business do we have? What can we contribute from our hearts and talents that would make the world a better place? Is there someone less fortunate whose life we could enrich? There is only transmutation of energy as we cross over to a new dimension.

Finally, the power of death is to make us

realize that the spirit goes on forever—that life is indeed eternal.

One additional note: Because Pluto (the ruler of Scorpio) in Sagittarius denotes truth about death matters and the bringing to light of hidden matters surrounding death, don't be surprised to read in the near future that Diana's death was not an accident at all. In some way, over the next few years, many truths about death circumstances will come to light... most probably JFK, Marilyn Monroe, and other unsolved mysteries.

### The Prophecies

A gathering of prophets—both Native American Elders and metaphysical spokespeople—took place at The Prophet's Conference in Phoenix on Oct 10-12, 1997. Most of the messages addressed the state of the planet and the changes we are going through, as well as how to prepare and cope with additional changes to come. There were many panels and workshops, with varied messages, and it was impossible to attend them all because of overlap. Some of the highlights (paraphrased) of a few panel/presenters are given here.

Native Americans—Robert Morning Sky, Standing Elk, Long Standing Bear Chief, Nestor Night Owl, Oh Shinnah, Jake & Judy Swamp, Lavon King, Grandfather William Commanda. (A mixture of representatives from Lakota, Blackfoot, Mohawk, Quebec tribes, and others.)

The Native Americans see themselves as caretakers of the earth and water is all; it gives life to all. The White People see the earth as a resource without thought for her being, and now we have to buy bottled water because of so much pollution. The government and the corporations pollute the land and the water, and the Indigenous are the first to suffer. Treaties are ignored, and there is so much disrespect for the earth that the Native Americans fear there will be nothing left for the children. The Lakotas gave billions of acres of land to gain welfare services and knew the budget and welfare cuts are affecting their nation and their children.

The Native Americans are very spiritual and always pray. They give honor and respect to everything. It is important that we all be a warrior for Mother Earth by speaking positively, by turning negatives to positives. The way out of the troubles is to pray. Because of putting men on the Moon and changing the balance of things on earth, it was predicted that there would be new diseases without any cures—AIDS, TB, Ebola, etc. This is happening. Again, the way out is to pray and return to our spiritual selves.

A fire is coming from the sky. Prepare. Learn more about it by going within and meditating. We are all teachers, masters, and healers and we are slacking off. We need to do the work! Don't look up to anyone; be our own God. We have the answers. We all have the same job—to raise the planet.

There should be no more secrets. Most of the Native Americans want to share their sacred knowledge. It is time for all knowledge to be shared. Those who ask sincerely will be given the knowledge. (Standing Elk, Lakota)

Don't let the message stop with us. Time is short. The time before the predicted changes is extended a bit because of our prayers but the changes will come. The prophets know a lot, but some of them must take extended breaks and go into caves because of the pressures of modern way.

The Native Americans are serious that something big is coming. Nestor Night Owl was told 6 mos ago that we have 3 mos to prepare. Walk the path in a loving way and be a healer. Take care of our "selves." Heal our emotional bodies, speak the truth, be compassionate. Take the changes seriously. Pray a lot and ask Great Spirit for the next step. Eat pure food and grow our own food. If we eat meat, eat buffalo, deer, elk.

Robert Standing Bear cautions again that time

is short. We have until Nov-Dec to come into our own; there is no time left really.

There is confusion now about relationships. We are regathering the Eagle clan and connecting the spiritual grid. Many people have broken relationships. We must have unconditional love for all—one heart, one mind. There is no room for jealousy and possessiveness. Be careful not to misuse sexual energy; be in the heart.

The valley around Phoenix is an activation portal. Men must stand back and let the women come forward. Phoenix activates the spiritual heart. Men need to get in touch with their feminine energies and the Earth. Fast on a mountain, in the desert, on water, in our rooms. Be humble and vulnerable and always tell the truth.

The women must take out their shield and look at their sacred male; we must have our balance—both shields (Oh Shinnah.) The female Christ consciousness is returning and this will heal us.

The Hopi prophecy that the purification will come; this is the only way we can have peace. If the world governments do not strive for peace, it will be up to nature. The wicked people will be scourged from the Earth. Love requires constant work and constant praying. Let tears cleanse us. All things are possible if we keep asking the Creator.

We must have a personal relationship with God the Creator and with Mother Earth. The tragic effects taking place on Earth (pollution, vanishing species, etc) are becoming irreversible. Earth is being destroyed. She is tired and ill; the food and water are becoming too polluted. If we ask the Creator, he will answer but at this point it may be too late. Reawaken the misguided and avert disaster. Prayer is powerful and can change things.

The Hopis never forget every living thing in their sacred ceremonies. Pray for the continuation of all life, for a beautiful life and good health for all.

Summary—Perhaps the strongest message from the Native Americans was to pray. Pray for the Earth, pray for creatures on the Earth, develop a form of prayer that works for us, and also teach the children how to pray. Be thankful and remain hopeful. Give honor to all things.

Another message to lightworkers was to "do the work." Time is short. Whatever you can do to help—whether spreading knowledge, praying, teaching children, planting trees, writing letters, do it. We must "assume command."

As far as dates, most presenters agreed that 1998 is the year of big changes. Drunvalo mentioned winter of 1998. At one time, Barbara Hand Clow predicted 1998-2001 as the time of the biggest earth changes. You must decide for yourself whether to take this seriously, for we have heard so many predictions of this kind.

Drunvalo Melchizedek—In every conference I have attended where Drunvalo was a presenter, he has always been most impressive and loving. He is simple, humble, kind, compassionate and very pure of heart. He is also very in touch with his child-self. His message at the Prophet's Conference was very in tune with the simple, heartfelt messages of the Native Americans. His message can be summed up in the words of Meher Baba: "Don't worry; be happy." He differentiated between preparing physically for the possible changes (storing food and water; living in a safe place), if we feel the need to do so, and preparing our inner selves. Three steps were recommended for preparing our inner selves: (1) Remain positive and loving and believe in self, and believe in Mother Earth as an advanced conscious being. Develop a personal relationship with the Earth. (2) Allow our childlike nature to come out and be in joy. Allow magic to happen. (3) Meditate on the Earth and Sky with love and feeling in our hearts. Allow ourselves to be in an expanded state as often as possible. This will guide us to the fourth dimension.

He then led the group of several hundred in a powerful and moving meditation that brought forth tears from many participants. It is included here for those who want to perform it on their own.

Imagine a tube of light from the Sky, through your body, and into the Earth. Breathe deeply and imagine a mist surrounding you as you breathe out. Imagine the Sky energies entering from above the tube and the Earth energies entering from below and see them meeting in your heart. Center your energy in your heart. Feel your deep love for Mother Earth—the trees, waters, mountains, etc; gather it in a ball in your heart. Send this ball down deep into the Earth. Wait a short while and feel her response. You will feel her response. Then feel your deep love for Father Sky—the planets, clouds, stars, galaxies, etc, — and gather it into a ball in your heart; send this ball into the Sky. Wait a few moments to feel the response of Father Sky. Then surrender to the love of Father Sky and let your being expand to the farthest reaches of the universe. Be in that expanded state for as long as you desire. Stay in that expanded state when you emerge from meditation.

Jose & Lloydine Arguelles—The closing address of the conference was given by these two powerful presenters. Their basic message is very simple: Change our calendar from the Gregorian calendar to the Mayan calendar of 13 moons, 28 days, in order to enter the fourth dimension, the expanded state where telepathy reigns. For the last several years, they have traveled the world to give this message and have received positive response from many countries, including Japan, Brazil, and Hawaii. They caution that as long as we follow the Gregorian "old" time calendar, we are buying into the greed, wars, and power abusiveness of self-serving governments and corporations. They ask that we switch to the Mayan time calendar by July 26, 1998, to be in tune with natural Earth/solar system time and return to the ways of love, art, sharing, and service.

At the conclusion, Jose played a moving flute serenade. These two are so impressive because they are walking their talk. They have chosen to move into 4th dimensional time already by living without credit cards, jobs, mortgages, social security, etc. They are forerunners of our future and totally dedicated to helping others move forward.

Zacharia Sitchen—The title of Zacharia's talk was "In Search of Celestial Origins: The Key to Prophecies." He gave a mesmerizing 2-hour presentation with slides of Sumerian tablets, as the key to our origins, and "space stations" in Mexico, Jerusalem, the Moon and Mars. One sensed the incredible mind and childlike wonder of this lowkey, hobbit-like man whose speech is punctuated with wonerful dry humor. His subjects are researched in incredible detail and with one-pointed persistence, and the information just poured out of him, keeping the audience spellbound. Although he did not present any prophecies to speak of, he did say that the predicted return of the star people, or Annunaki, may have "Enke" as their representative, which is good because Enke represents Aquarius, or futuristic, humanitarian ways. If it is the other fellow (I forget his name), we are in trouble!

*Continued page 40*

*Power of Death Continued from page 39*

**Archangel Michael and the First Ray of Power**

Ronna Herman led a group of 250 or so on Maui during August to introduce the availability of the First Ray of Divine Will and Power from Archangel Michael. The weekend conference consisted of talks, exercises, and guided meditations to prepare the body to use the first ray. The culmination was a gathering on Haleakala Crater to activate a buried crystal on the morning of the full moon in Aquarius (August 18). This ray has not been available for 10,000 years and is now brought forth during this time because there is a need for change in a dynamic way. This ray of will, faith, and power that activates the crown chakra is now available to lightworkers as they begin to accomplish in a powerful way. This ray brings forth the "power to create perfection by doing God's will." It is the most dynamic ray of the seven rays of our solar system, and great caution is given to always use this ray in conjunction with tenderness, compassion, humility, tolerance, patience, and love.

The first ray was withdrawn after the last destruction of Atlantis because it was used negatively for war, dominance, control, and violence. It should be used instead as the Fiery Blue of Divine Will. It gives strength, courage, truthfulness, and ability to lead, as well as protection, Divine Order, perception, and victory. It can now be used by those who come from their I Am presence and use it with compassion, in harmony with Divine guidance.

It is interesting that this ray is being made available now, when Chiron is entering Scorpio, symbolizing a crisis of empowerment—a need to own and integrate our power and to use our life force in the most effective way. For those who are contemplating an expansion and personal empowerment in any area of life, especially your work/service, the First Ray of Divine Will and Power will certainly help manifest your particular vision. It seems that a key word here is "surrender," as indicated by the following channeling from Djwhal Khul.

**Doing the Work**

As you know, the Ascended Masters work tirelessly for the good of humanity, never really stopping. It is work that we love, work that we choose to do with light hearts and willing hands. As you move into your fullness, into your ascension, you will find yourself serving humanity in all that you do. And the work that you do will arise from your innate talents. It will not be something that is difficult for you. If you are a writer, a speaker, a communicator, your communications will illumine others. Your words will carry subtle messages—and not so subtle messages—that will point the recipient in the direction of greater light.

Even if you think you have no talents to offer, surrender yourself and ask to be guided. You will be led to serve in the way that will most enhance yourself and others. During these next few years, many will step into powerful and meaningful work for the planet. Though each soul serves in its own way, you will ideally join your hearts and hands together to increase the light on the earth, to further the ascension of earth and of each other.

Surrender is a key word here. As you have noted, the planetary aspects are about empowerment, but they are also about surrender. One of the greatest challenges to the soul is surrender. A soul may offer healing, commitment, deep knowledge, but surrender of the total self to the higher will is the paramount lesson. It is then that the soul can truly soar and know the promised ecstasy of the Eagle's flight—the bliss of transcendence.

This will be the challenge of all those who contemplate giving their lives to work for spirit—the degree of surrender they are willing to undergo. Ascension requires total surrender of the personal will to the will of God. Then the soul walks in the ecstasy of union, never to be separate again.

These next few years will be a test of your ability to surrender and follow the promptings of your inner knowing, of the higher will made manifest to you through visions, dreams, telepathy, synchronicity, and direct messages from Ascended beings. You may be taught through interactions new to you—for example, with an animal or a tree. Animals are very aware of love and the softer vibrations; they have much to teach if they are listened to. Even a tree, so patient and life-giving, can impart wisdom and guidance if one knows how to watch, listen, and learn.

Be alert and aware of the happenings around you. Stay firmly grounded on the Earth and let your hearts and minds soar and be open to the gifts and guidance of spirit. We in the Spiritual Realms are always available to you. Call on us when you are uncertain, troubled, or in doubt. Call on us if you feel despair or confusion, if you feel that your light is dim and the way is cloudy. An answer will be given... a path will be shown... a comfort or spiritual upliftment will be felt.

Life after ascension is a life of joyful service, using the aspects of your being that fulfill you and lead to ever greater expansion—to ever greater richness of the soul. For those who are doubtful, I promise you that you will not have regrets. Take courage then, and be about your life with a determination to find and forge your way, as guided by the Higher Will. Surrender daily, hourly, in clarity. Speak directly to the Creator and ask for guidance. Offer yourself, your gifts and talents. Do not be afraid to voice what you never thought were yours, and guided to areas of service that you never dreamed possible for yourself.

The incomplete soul sees with limited vision. The Lord of Creation sees all and sees your expanded self, and will gently guide you to that self.

Do not be afraid, Dear Ones. Go forward in trust and surrender. Be prepared for joy to overtake you and lift you to undreamed of heights.

I am yours in service, Djwhai Khul (Reprinted from Planetary Lights Newsletter, by Linda Lee) Reprinted from the Center of Attention October, 1997.

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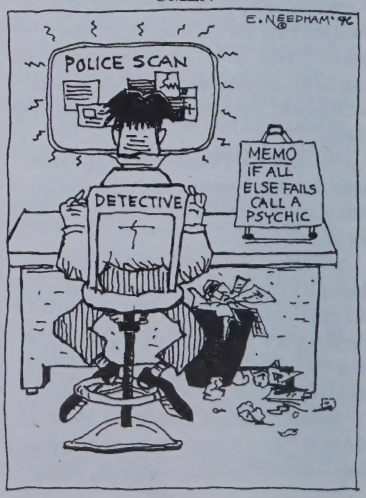

## Coming Mass UFO Landings, Earth Changes Update From The Galactic Federation

"Greetings! We come here now to address you on some very important matters. These subjects will include the mass landing scenarios, the beginning Earth changes, and your continuing Ascension process. The time has finally arrived for us to begin a series of important disclosures that will help you to get a better view of how the next period in your existence on Earth will be unfolded. Right now, your planet has just begun the first of its many low-level beginning episodes of Earth changes. These severe geologic and meteorological events will start to gain some unique degree of momentum in the next few weeks. Be prepared for what is to come, for the early stages will affect many different areas of your globe. Our Galactic Federation scientists have notified us that your planet has been giving off numerous warning signs for your Earth's scientists for the past few months. These scientists have notified your governments of what is about to happen to your planet. Unfortunately, your world-wide governments have decided to use this information for their own selfish purposes. Now we must be the ones to inform you of what to expect from the coming Earth changes.

"The key element is the spiritual reconstruction of your planet. In the Galactic Year of 1 Eb (1992-1993), the local Spiritual Hierarchy began to manifest the future grid pattern for the fully conscious Earth. This etheric grid pattern began the reconstruction of your beloved planet Earth in earnest. At the same time, the Galactic Federation was fully informed by its Spiritual Councils that we had to prepare for a divine intervention upon your planet. These two separate but interlocked events began the processes that are still in effect to this day. As the planet moved forward in its evolution, it became clear that severe Earth changes were inevitable. Our first thoughts were to have you completely ascended before these changes were put into full operation. However, the divine timings have now made such a procedure impossible. Hence, we have decided to commence with a partial evacuation scenario. Our prime purpose, as noted previously, is to use these critical times to make you well aware of our existence, as well as of our intentions.

"One of the basic conditions is the fact that your population tends to panic or go into fear and denial at a point of maximum stress. The Earth changes and our arrival easily fit these parameters. Consequently, we have decided to begin to inform you of what will happen when you are evacuated by our special "action teams". It is our sacred mission to provide all Earth dwellers who are in harm's way with an alternative to their certain demise. The cataclysmic events on your planet are occurring to cleanse the surface and to provide a pristine environment for Earth's biosphere. If you are a "star seed", you shall have been teleported to your assigned ship and been trained in both full consciousness and galactic counseling. You will accompany your "action team" to the Earth's surface. There, you shall aid your fellows during a great time of need. For most persons, you will be part of either of two basic procedures. Either one of these particular procedures will be carried out relative to what is transpiring on your planet's surface.

"The first aspect of our evacuation operation involves the use of the Earth's subterranean holographic environments. Here, all the materials we have previously inventoried for you will be immediately teleported to your new residence, before they are destroyed by the cataclysm. Hence, your personal items will be saved and put in a very safe place. Therefore, it is important for you to remember that you will not need to take anything with you. All that you need to do is to listen to, and to follow, the specific instructions of your Galactic Federation counselors. To bring a calmer response to our sudden appearance, all "action teams" will be accompanied by special Angelic representatives from the Spiritual Hierarchy. Before you are brought to the holographic interiors, there will be a period of training that will last about two hours on board a special Mother ship. During this special training, you will be provided with shelter, food and clothing. All that we ask is that you follow the standard operating procedures that will be laid out for you. You will be involved in a very intensive amount of training that will entail some very advanced accelerated learning techniques. This special training will prepare you for all possible eventualities that can be offered by the new Earth. Furthermore, you will be given advanced educational equipment that will make you ready for a rapid return to full consciousness. With your training finally completed, you will be teleported down to your future home.

"The second segment involves those persons whose holographic environments are not yet ready for occupancy. These elements of your populace must be placed in special shipboard housing for up to two weeks after their evacuation from the Earth's surface. During this time, there will be the same training as we have just mentioned. However, we shall also train you in some general shipboard procedures. All personnel housed aboard Galactic Federation vessels must follow standard operating procedures. These unique protocols will help you to blend into the ship and its daily procedures. We in the Galactic Federation feel that our ships are our homes. Hence, you will learn about Sirian, Pleiadean, and other galactic human cultures. We hope that the time spent with us will help you when you are creating your own galactic human society. When the time comes, we will then transfer you to your holographic interior and to your future residence. You will receive full consciousness when the Spiritual Hierarchy grants it. The Earth and its human population will receive this gift simultaneously.

"Our mass landing fleet is now in the final stages of its preparations for arrival upon your shores. The joint command board of the mass landing fleets has issued specific orders that have assigned all personnel and all ships to each evacuation procedure. In keeping with orders issued in the last week, the fleet is now maintaining its 'full alert' status. In addition, we are now conducting daily drills that allow both fleets to interact with one another. We have permitted all evacuation commanders to pull any ships that they may require from the other mass landing fleet. The defense forces are closely monitoring the new weaponry that is beginning to come online with the surface government's covert military operations. Suppression raids are now being put together to counter these weapons, as they are made available to their various inventories. We see no great threat being offered to us. In any case, it is better to be safe than sorry. The Galactic Federation fleet is now awaiting the proper Angelic signals for when to begin our operations.

"Our Federation planetary scientists have been closely watching your beloved planet for the past few galactic months. This concentrated period of observation has shown us that

your planet is gradually moving toward its grand moment of graduation. What the planet has been doing is moving though periods of high activity, followed by a brief quiescence. Each new period of activity is at a slightly higher level of intensity. These cycles also follow a lunar phasing pattern. High intensity near and around a full moon and low intensity about the new moon. The reason for these results is the high aberration of the planet's magnetics. The magnetic poles, especially the north magnetic pole, have been moving all around the place in the past few months. This geographic shifting has affected many aircraft and caused the crashes of the more sensitive military aircraft. These actions will continue until a critical point is realized. At that time, the first stage of the cataclysms will commence. Our opinion, based upon our scientific measurements, is that this event time is very near to happening.

"Meanwhile, your Ascension process is making great strides. The Angelic Realms are very pleased with the rapid progress of your population. Everywhere, someone is awakening. The spiritual potential of the Earth dwellers is becoming manifested. All members of the Spiritual Hierarchy are in great glee over what is occurring. Even though most of your populace has just barely become cognizant of the spirituality factor, your planet has exceedingly benefited from this wondrous process. The Angelic Realms sincerely desire to give acknowledgement to the many Earth "star seeds" that have participated in daily rituals to help both your beloved planet and its enlightened human population to Ascend. Much has been done that will help to unfold these graduation procedures with grace and, above all, with dignity for all involved. At this moment, your planet is giving off a magnificent auric glow. This glow can be seen from deep space as you approach this solar system. Indeed, it is a clear symbol of the great work that all of you have already rendered.

"The time has come once again for our message to draw to a close. As we do so, we would like to remind you of the wonderful accomplishments that you have made possible in the last few galactic years. First, you have gone through a magnificent transformation that has deeply affected all of you. This directive especially goes out to those "star seeds" who have been the vanguard for these changes. Your many bouts of physical pains and discomfiture have now permitted an entire human population to start to shift to a new reality. Second, your graduation time is now near. The Spiritual Hierarchy has informed us that the point for denouement is just about at hand. Please use this remaining time to help each other and to prepare yourself for the coming events. We now depart with countless blessings of unconditional Love, boundless orgasmic Joy, and limitless Prosperity and Supply. Selamat Ja! (Be in Joy!)"

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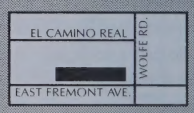


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# Community Servant Community Service

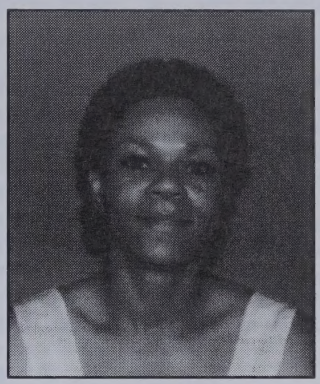
**Interview with Altheal Ware,**
**Physician's assistant**
**Founder of Sister-Woman HIV/AIDS Project**

AIDS IN AFRICA AND THE LESBIAN COMMUNITY
In a recent a article published in the AHF Health Care PAAN Newsletter, "AIDS in Africa: A Family Disease," (spring 1997) licensed Physicians' Assistant, Altheal Ware, spoke to the lesbian community at large about mental and physicial well-being as well as encouraging them to take a more active role in their communties and the fight for the health of women. The Spirit is happy to represent the content of the article in hopes of spreading the word to help the work.

After returning from Nairobi, Kenya where she went in 1996 to help treat women with HIV/AIDS, and extending the reach of the Sister-woman Network, her own organization conceived in 1994 to serve as a bridge to women and their families who are affected by this disase, Altheal shared the content of her daunting experience. She has reported that women in the USA share with women of Africa a sense of powerlessness in their attitudes of denial and guilt for being HIV infected. They become resigned when faced with their own responsibility. For example, how many of us and them continue to have sex with a partner without protection? She says it is because routine and culturally compulsive sexual practices are not easily discarded, even knowing they are harmful, or even deadly. Where a lower socio-economic lifestyle may be the justification for the oppression of women in other lands, it doesn't explain the growing number of disfranchised women in our own society who suffer from infection and reinfection. "In my work as an AIDS healthcare specialist and woman's advocate," she goes on to say, "I've experienced just how eaily a woman's responsibility for her own well-being gets preempted". A majority of the women I've counselled and treated for HIV/AIDS discovered that they were infected after a husband/boyfriends's death from the ravages of the disease. Too many women know the risks they face with men who refuse to use protection (i.e. condoms), yet feel powerless to demand it! If not to protect your own life, at what point does a woman say, "Enough!" ?

Ware says, that she has discovered that because women in Africa are valued largely as wives and as producers of male off-spring, they may not be in control of their sexuality; what's more, the laws and folk customs protect the men and the woman is more likely to face the blame and shame of becoming HIV infected even though married men may have many sexual partners of questionable reputations.

In fact, she reports, although the World Health Organization reports that 70% of the AIDS cases in the world are occurring in Africa, nobody in Kenya wants to admit it is happening in their town. Millions are dying, but certainly, not of AIDS. "Nobody wants to admit there is any problem with the disease in their town. I think this is partly because of the shame, partly because of their feeling cursed, but also because of hopelessness, and there is little or no medicine to treat the ravages of AIDS. No AZT. No 3TC. Certainly no triple drug cocktail. Furthermore, some Africans with the dreaded "Ulkimki" or "Slim" as it is called in different places there, are allowed to think they've got Malaria or some other malady. So denial and deception are paramount."



Appalled and yet motivated to challenge others to help with the work of education and preservation of human lives, especially those of women, physcian assistant , Ware, says, "I discovered that in a culture where women are powerless, diseases thrive, particularly AIDS, and the future of an entire continent is being threatened."

She believes that as *sister-women*, "lesbians are in a position unique to womankind that could overwhelmingly impact women's lives—both in this country and globally!" Though lesbians have their own challenges in dealing with sex, money, family relationships, gay politics, and so on, they are most definitely are challenged to deal with AIDS in all of our communities. (I'd like to see lesbian women—the fiercely independent, self-governing women that we are—broaden our focus.) We have a voice. We have a face, and though, some practicing lesbians do have and have had sex with men, it is not true that lesbians can't get it. I have clients who are lesbians. They admit that the source of their infection was either an infected male partner or someone who had been an intraveneous drug user. Certainly if an infected lesbian has sex with another lesbian who is not infected, there is a risk of transmitting the disease.

"In creating the Sister-woman project, and using it to help women in Africa, I was able to provide by permission of my home clinic and the Kenyan Embassy in Washington, D.C. to take a supply of expired medicines and disposable minor procedure trays along with Reality, female condoms, for use at the Infectious Disease Hospital in Nairobi Kenya. Understand, that to call it a hospital is an overstatement, people go there to die when they can no longer care for themselves. AIDS competes with Tuberculosis for these people's lives, and the caregivers work against tremendous odds. However, I was able to provide care for a woman who had been married 9 years though her husband nor her child was infected. When I encountered her, she weighed 75 pounds and had a CD4+count of 21. Her skin was leathery and her hair had fallen out. On last report from Nairobi, I learned she has regrown her hair, is weighing 146 pounds; her CD4+ is 114. Her skin is beautiful and she is able to care for her family again. Sister-woman helped save a LIFE."

Start where you are right now. Give voice to our sisters who still can only whisper. As for myself, I will continue to engage with people to contribute their talents and their resources (including financial support) to our project, and I will continue to expand my knowledge and ability to educate others about HIV/AIDS. Perhaps, what the general public can do, wherever this article finds the open gateway, is to be aware that there is a terrible waste of good medicine because some people stop taking it or throw medications out, or because these medicines may exceed quality control expiration dates—hospitals do the same. Kenya does not have endowments from private industry and corporations, as we do in this country, nor is it given subsidy as our federal governnment provides HIV/AIDS patients. There is great wealth untapped here. I want to encourage workers and people with in-roads to be in touch with Sister-woman.
Forward the correspondence to this publication or call (818) 760-2703.

# Call for Submissions

**Regular Submissions**
Woman in the Moon Publications accepts for consideration Black, feminist, religious, business writing, and narrative poetry manuscripts (48 pages for new poets); we also publish how-to books, New Age manuscripts on spirituality, healing, and enlightenment (50-200 pages) throughout the year. We are also interested in the work of people incarcerated. All work should be typed on clean, white, standard 8 ½ X 11 sheets. Poets and writers are to title their manuscripts and enclose appropriately sized self-addressed, stamped envelopes for possible return of work. All manuscripts should be accompanied by the author's resume or writing/poetic philosophy and publication track record. The reading fee is $100.00. We acknowledge within two weeks; report within eight or sooner. Work submitted after reading season must be approved by phone or letter and a $125.00 reading fee is required. Our catalog is available for $5.01 in postage or cash.

**The Fourth Annual T. Nelson Gilbert Poetry Contest—$100 First Prize**
(formerly The Woman in the Moon Poetry Contest) begins January 1 and ends March 31 (with grace period of two weeks). Female and male Poets national and international are invited to submit poetry for consideration. The yearly four Place Prizes are $100, $75. $50. $25. plus Honorable Mentions. Winners receive a certificate of merit and are invited to read in our current reading series "Healing Words, Healing Hands," the winning poems are published in *The Spirit*, our quarterly literary news magazine, and winning poets are also invited to submit a full-length manuscript, and to help with the judging for the next year's contest. The submission fee is $8.00. You may submit up to three poems per entry at that same fee. No more than three packets, (9 poems) please. Poems of all kinds are considered but we would not like gross profanity, explicit sexual or horror poetry. Poems should be **typed** on a standard white sheet of paper 8 ½ x 11. Include title. **The poet's name should not appear on the poem**. The poet should write her or his name, address, phone number, and the title of the poem on a 3x5 index card and send this along with a self-addressed stamped return envelope (96¢) along with the $8.00 entry fee. Winners are announced at the end of June and published in the next issue of *The Spirit*, literary news magazine.

**The Pat Parker Memorial Poetry Prize—$250.00**
To honor the memory of Pat Parker, Black lesbian feminist poet (1944-1989), and to assure continuing support for Black women's poetry, W.I.M. Publications offers an annual prize of $250.00 for a 50-line or less, free verse narrative poem, dramatic monologue or contemporary poetry composition that celebrates the life, and extends the themes of the work of Pat Parker. Winners also are invited to judge the next year's submissions, and invited to read in our quarterly reading series, "Healing Words, Healing Hands." Submissions accepted May 1 to July 31. The submission fee is $21.00. Poems should be **typed** on a standard, white sheet of paper 8 ½ x 11. Include title. **The poet's name should not appear on the poem**. The poet should write her name, address, phone number, and the title of the poem on a 3x5 index card and send this along with a self-addressed, stamped return envelope (55¢) along with the entry fee. Winners are notified by September 1 and are published in the next issue of *The Spirit*, literary newsmagazine.

**The Audre Lorde Memorial Prose Prizes for Nonfiction & Fiction—$250 each**
To honor the memory of Audre Lorde, Black lesbian, feminist poet (1934-1992), and to assure continuing support for women's writing, particularly on the themes with which Lorde was identified, W.I.M. Publications offers two annual prizes of $250.00 for 500-3000 word expository essay or narrative that celebrates the life, and extends the themes of the work of Audre Lorde. Winners also are invited to judge the next year's submissions, and invited to read at our quarterly reading series, "Healing Words, Healing Hands." Submissions accepted September 1 to December 31. The submission fee is $20.00. Essays should be typed on a standard, white sheet of paper 8 ½ x 11 and include title. **The poet's name should not appear on the work.** The author should write her name, address, phone number, and the title of the essay on a 3x5 index card and send this along with a self-addressed, stamped return envelope (78¢) along with the entry fee. Winners are announced on February 18 and published in the next issue of *The Spirit*, the W.I.M. news magazine.

***THE SPIRIT OF WOMAN IN THE MOON*** our newsmagazine accepts New Age, erotic, enlightening fiction, poetry, book reviews, nonfiction, and features for fillers. Circulation 3000 plus. Bi-annual. Open submissions year around. $30.00 reading fee for nonfiction and fiction up to five pages ($3.00 for each page thereafter), $15.00 fee for packet of five poems. Payment is in cash, usually $25.00-$100, and subscription, negotiated with author. All writers receive written evaluations of their work. Writers may be invited to submit book length manuscripts. For a past issue or an individual copy, enclose $6.00 (includes postage), write and send SASE to the above address or fax or e-mail for details. womaninmoon@earthlink.net. Visit our web site www.womaninthemoon.com
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## NEXT ISSUES

*We are looking for stories, poems, and photos, cartoons and essays and features on:*

**FALL/WINTER ISSUE 8:**
*Reincarnation and Other Worlds*
About life after death, out of body experiences, dreamscapes and dream experiences, and/or poems about other worlds. The issue can include personal experience and book reviews about the topic (for books published in last five years). Photos and Art welcome. Deadline December 30.

**WINTER/SPRING ISSUE 9:**
*Kids*
Children, especially extraordinary kids. The issue can include famous kids and those who are deceased. Stories and essays about your sister, brother, son, daughter. Photos and Art welcome. Deadline March 14.

**SPRING/SUMMER ISSUE 10:**
*Celebrities Living and Dead*
Especially Michael Jackson. The issue can include famous persons who are deceased; stories and essays about your personal heroes and sheroes. Photos and Art welcome. Deadline August 31.

**THE WIM POETRY LOTTERY—$20.00**
Twice the fun, two chances to win!
Your poem can appear in this newsletter and earn you twenty dollars to boot! All you need do is select one of your typed (8 ½ x 11) original unpublished poems of no more than 40 lines and send it to us. Make sure it has only the title on it. Write your name, address, phone number, and the title of the poem on a 3x5 index card. Put them in an envelope with a self-addressed, stamped return envelope along with the $5.00 entry fee. And wait to see if we call you! You may enter as many times as you wish, but one poem per envelope, please. Twice the fun, two chances to win! All entries are held over for the next drawing. Winning poems will be published in a subsequent magazine. Payment upon selection.

**How the Poetry Lottery works:** we mix the index cards blindfolded and select one. The poet's poem is selected and published. Literary merit is not a must, but is implied by the publication. Winning poems are often marvelous creations, yet we want to give beginners a chance at publication as well as to provide encouragement.

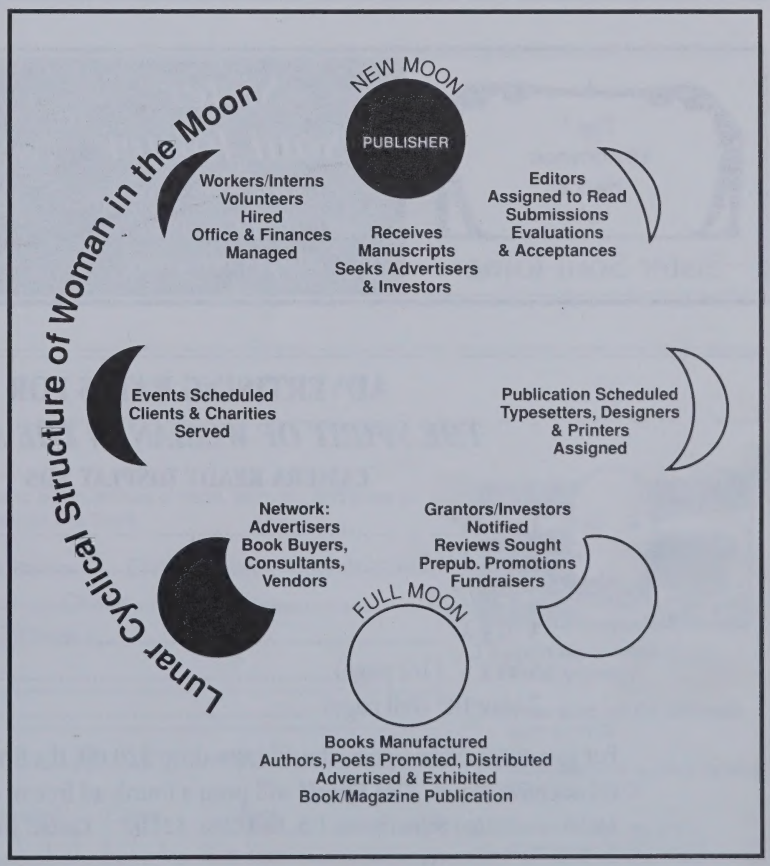
**GUARANTEED BOOK REVIEWS DONE HERE**
Do you have a book that you want reviewed? You can be an individual who self-publishes or a press looking for quality and insightful reviews of your authors' works. Send your new books or books published within the last four years to Woman in the Moon. We guarantee the review. Include $50.00 reading fee (payment to readers and mail costs); four addressed, stamped envelopes: one to yourself, the other three addressed to the publications to whom you wish to have your review sent. We'll do the rest and notify you. Our pledge is to review critically and justly, not necessarily favorably because you paid a necessary fee. Average time for review is six weeks. Books of special interest may be selected for review in *The Spirit.*

**$300 WRITER'S GRANT AVAILABLE FROM WOMAN IN THE MOON**
Woman in the Moon has established the Lawrence Thomas Waterhouse Woman Writer's Grant for $300. Women of any ethnicity, race, or age may apply at any time during a given year from January through September. All or part of the grant may be given each quarter of the year. Two awards made in 1995. Small application fee. Write for details. Enclose $2.00 for application mailing and handling fee.

Our 1997-1998 books, products and services Catalog is available for $5.01. All submissions and inquiries should be addressed to Dr. SDiane Bogus Woman in the Moon, P.O. Box 2087, Cupertino, CA 95015-2087 (408) 279-6626.

# Thank You's

**Rev Ike**—for the prosperity plan; **Eckankar**—for the fellowship; **SGI—Unity Christian School**—for The Daily Word; **Divine Science**—for friendship and support; **Evelyn Tong Wan**—for grant for Spirit; **Abby Bogomolny**—for grant to press; **T.Nelson Gilbert**—for advance on Office '98 software; **Rattan Dahliwal**—for tax preparation and audit support; **Claire Dietz**—for sincere bookeeping; **Jaime Wright**—for consistent energy and support; **Mr. Earl Hayes**—for repairs; **San Jose Redevolopment Agency**—for remodeling the store front; **Michelle Wannenmacher**—for positive attitude and energy; **Russ Walter**—for Secret Guide to Computer Women's Edition; **Nina Rubanov**—emotional & office support, and a job well done; **John McAnally**—for computer support & consultation; **Laura Kwon**— for volunteer office help.



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We need your help! Your contribution can help our company grow and keep going. Donations (Grants) to Woman in the Moon will be graciously and gratefully accepted.

All grantors receive a copy of our annual catalog, a choice of books from our catalog up to the limit of the grant, a 40% discount on any book purchased thereafter, free gifts and love notes from time to time, and an on-going thank you from Woman in the Moon to you! We're not too proud to accept a small gift; don't be too proud to send one.

$5.00 buys a ream of paper, $25.00 rents internet access, $100.00 supports our contests and awards, $250.00 helps us publish "*The Spirit*", and $500.00 helps with down payments on book production. Remember, Woman in the Moon is totally Self-Supported. Like Public T.V., we depend on our readers.

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# *At The Gateway*

Slowly, step by step we depart this continuum of matter and energy we call our bodies. So unobtrusively do our cells age that we do not notice when it is exactly that we leave the ranks of the young. The images of our young glistening selves once reflected in our mirrors, are forever captured behind our retinas. And we do not see the slow attrittion of age, the graying hair and the fine wrinkles about the eyes and mouth. One by one our cells die leaving our stubbornly youthful spirits stranded high and dry in a body wearing out before our startled gaze.

Does this mysterious essence we call spirit dissolve also, or do we, perhaps, spiral together in clusters of radiant particles spinning and dancing in a space and time leading we know not where?

Depending on the durability of our given bodies, we must all of us, arrive at this period at different chronological ages. But it doesn't matter. Sooner or later we must, all of us, come to this parting, this separation from all we know.

And now I find myself at this gateway, and I wonder—what next? At this juncture, I remember what our physicists have learned—that matter and energy are never destroyed—only changed. And like Alice going through the looking glass, I feel curiouser and curiouser.

***Lea Leahpold***
***Fort Bragg, CA***

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